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New-York.

UNIVERSITY PRESS—JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER.

THE FLAG SHIP:

OR

A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

SECTION I.

PENANG.

Leave the frigate, in a boat, while the ship is twenty miles distant from the shore. Dine with the Consular Agent. The Mangusteen. A night-sail.

OUR ships doubled Achin Head, the northwestern end of the island of Sumatra, after a few days' passage from Soo-Soo, without incident, and arrived off Penang, Prince of Wales' Island. A boat was sent ashore, to convey the compliments of the Commodore to the Governor, and to obtain a pilot to conduct the Columbia through the straits of Malacca to Singapore.

Lieutenants Palmer and Jarvis, accompanied by myself, landed at the town after a pull of five hours in one of the ship's boats, and over a distance of twenty miles. The distance was greater than supposed when we left the ship; and before we reached the shore, the highest truck of the Columbia had sunken in the distance, and was entirely lost to the eye. The broad folds of the American ensign were floating in front of the Consulate as our boat approached the town; and Mr. Reverly, our Consular Agent, was at

the landing-place to meet us, and to conduct us to his residence. We were pleased with the neatness presented by the green-coated area through which we passed, intersected by the public avenues, gravelled and lined on either side by sluice-ways, for conducting the water from the grounds; and we but a moment had contemplated the air of neatness and comfort and beauty which the place presented to our first view, before we were wishing that it might be compatible with the duties of the squadron to delay a few days at this anchorage. But the scarcity of our stores requires that the ships, without further delay, should proceed to Singapore, where the first store-ship for our supply has been directed to meet us from the United States.

It was five o'clock P. M. when we reached Mr. Reverly's. A bountiful table, with the air of domestic comfort, was awaiting us; and we found ourselves agreeably entertained as we sat down to the acceptable repast, with Mr. R.'s family.

Among the fruits presented us at the table, was the mangusteen, (garcinia mangostana,) so invariably alluded to by all visiters to the Indies, as the choicest fruit which the earth produces.

"And this is the mangusteen of which we have heard so much, but which before I have not seen," I said to Mr. R. as the fruit-dish, containing fine specimens of the fruit, was passed to me. "And some days ago, when a gentleman, on whose left I was sitting, helped me to the delicious mango, he added, if you will pause a moment I will show you how to eat it. I doubt not you will be equally kind."

Mr. R. placed his knife upon the centre of the globulous fruit, and passing the instrument around it, raised one-half of the thick rind from the other, leaving exposed to

the view the beautifully white pulp of the fruit, resting in the other half of the bowl, in beautiful contrast with its brown covering. This inner globule of pulp is divided into four or five unequal parts, each enveloping its seed, but together forming a complete scalloped whole. You take these with your fork easily from the cup or the thick rind, and the mildly-acid pulp convinces you, that the mangusteen justly holds, for its richness and exquisite acido-dulcis taste, the first place among the delicious fruits of the East.

Another fruit yet more peculiar and nearly as delicious as the mangusteen, enriched the dessert. It had the appearance of a dish of immense oblong strawberries as they occupy the fruit-dish, but you wonder that they should be so large. As you take one, you find the external coat bristled with elongated and flexible fibres; and cutting the red cuticle, it exposes a semi-translucent pulp resembling the grape, and enclosing its single oblong seed. This fruit is called the rambutan. Several were crowded upon my plate, together with the mangusteen with its severed rind, leaving the beautiful white pulp resting in one half of its brown cup, reminding one of the magnolia in its green calix, and suggesting the idea that it holds its pride of place among the fruits of the Indies, as the magnolia grandiflora blooms the reigning queen in the kingdom of beautiful flowers. The doctor having whispered me, not to indulge in the eating of fruits when he heard of my intention to visit the shore, I refrained with admirable self-denia , I thought, with such temptations before me.

Carriages were waiting us at the door, through the politeness of Mr. R., as we rose from the table, to give us a short drive through the town and into the country, along the beautiful and ever-green paths, which characterize all

this region of the East, and rendered additionally lovely and commodious by art, wherever the English have planted themselves, whose hand beautifies whatever it touches.

We returned to Mr. R.'s to tea; and having spent the evening and been favoured with music, which carried our associations far over the waters, we took our leave between eleven and twelve, with the expectation of spending the night upon the water. As our boat put to sea to find our ship, the land breeze had just commenced to blow from the shore. Our sails were set, and the breeze strengthened, and the sea increased. We stood on our night-path, hoping in an hour or two to raise the ship in the direction we supposed her to be lying, presuming that she had not changed her position since we last saw her, when she had come to anchor, after standing to the northward some miles from where we had left her.

"Shall we have more wind, pilot?" was inquired by the officer, as the sails began to feel the pressure of the freshening breeze, so as to drive the boat with considerable velocity over the sea.

"A little more breeze," answered the pilot, who was placed upon his bag of traps, and now turned his eye as directed towards the north, where a cloud seemed to be deepening as the gleams of lightning occasionally shot horizontally across the dark field.

"Pilot, is there a prospect of more sea?" again asked the officer, after an interval, during which the wind continued to freshen and the waves to dash with greater force against our boat, as she bent to the impulse of the heavy air.

"A little more sea," replied the pilot mechanically, "but not more than the boat will stand."

"In the bows there—see you the ship yet?"

It was impossible to catch a glimpse of the naked spars in the dark distance, I well knew, although the watchful care of the officer strained his eye to find the first indication of the rising masts of the frigate, of which, we knew not yet, but that she had changed her position, and as we hoped had stood further in to meet us and to lessen our row.

The fair breeze however took us onward—every now and then some one of the look-outs expressing his belief that he saw the spars of the ship in the dim distance beyond us. But the awakened hope generally soon faded, as some tracery of cloud melted away and left the field again a blank and dark expanse.

The moon had emerged from a clouded heaven, while we had been gliding on our course out to sea in our light barque, as the veil that concealed moon and star threw aside its folds, and the silver path she marked upon the sea south of us held my own gaze, as I hoped the ship, if yet under way, might be discerned as she crossed this brilliant wake of the peerless moon. But we stood yet on our course without gaining a view of the object for which we were searching. More than three hours had passed, and we had been driving before the stiff breeze off the land.

"I say—the bows there!" cried the officer again, for more than the twentieth time. "See you not the ship there, a point on the weather bow? I know I see her," continued the positive officer, as he farther directed the eyes of the look-outs.

"Ay—ay—sir! I see her," replied the sailor in the bows of the boat.

"Keep your eye on her then, sir," continued the officer, as he satisfied himself that he was not again deceived, as he traced the distant poles like three spindles, faintly lining themselves on the horizon. "I know she is there,

and the Adams lies beside her—*by George*, they are there, both of them."

The Adams must have come up during the day, as she was not in sight at the time we left the Columbia in the morning. And now the moon, on her course, was already fast settling, and in another half hour would be driving her chariot and peacocks beyond the rim of the dark sea. She had already, for more than an hour past, assumed the melancholy of the farewell, and an hour before we finally reached the ship, she dipped the wheels of her night-car in the farthest-seen wave beyond the Columbia.

I know not in nature a more melancholy object than the *setting moon*. And I shall never forget where I first saw it. It was from a stage-coach, at midnight, in a state far south, on my return from a tour to the southernmost part of our union. It was at a point where the coaches exchanged their passengers, and travellers from every point replenished the vehicle for its new course. The coach had been crowded, and one seat alone was unoccupied as I took it at the window; and all seemed to wait for the morning light to develope the countenances of the party, before words were exchanged. And yet, so sad did that moon look that night, as in her full orb she settled behind the distant forests, I ventured to direct the eye of the lady-passenger, who sat in front of me, to the mournful object. I know not that this page will meet that eye, with which but few I have since seen in this world could at all compare, for its loveliness of expression and colour, as it opened in the morning's light; but should it, she will remember the incident, and the rescue that saved others besides herself from the perils of a grave in the deep. Reader, watch you the declining moon at the hour of her next midnight-setting, and tell me if it be not a sorrowful thing.

The second officer of the boat had now taken his look, after we had approached still nearer to the ships, and retook his seat, satisfied that we were nearing her on the right course, as he added, in his own manner: "No mistake—she's there—yonder is her light; now, all ahoy!

It had gone six bells, or was past three o'clock in the morning, as we ascended over the gangway of the good ship, and reported our return to the officer of the deck, a worthy young gentleman and officer of merit, now pacing the still deck in the mid-watch, and doubtless, thinking of those he loved in—*Brooklyn.*

Our ships were early under way the next morning, and we are now standing on our course for Singapore. We have learned of the island of Singapore as a spot containing beauty of scenery, hospitality among its residents, and health in its atmosphere.

SECTION II.

SINGAPORE.

The Chinese junk. Beating into the harbour. American Missionaries and their prospects. Chinese at Singapore. The Moorman's daughter. Fruits of the Malacca Straits. Pepper plantations. The nutmeg. Dine with the Scotch Missionaries. The Rev. Mr. White, English chaplain, and his family. An evening drive. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, Baptist missionaries of Siam. Surprising a Siamese and a Chinese, by a development of their phrenological character. Siamese coins. Siamese dream-book. "The departure of the Missionary bride." Missionaries preach on board the Columbia. Services and communion on shore at the mission-room. Malay language. Translation of Po Chute Abdullah's agreement with Commodore Read. Also, of a letter from a Rajah of Muckie. Also, of Po Kwala's letter to Commodore Read. J. Balistier, Esq. and family. Society of Singapore. Mrs. Balistier's collection of shells. Sudden death of Mrs. Wood, a young and interesting missionary. Her funeral. The burial place of Stevens, a college class-mate of the author. Episcopal church at Singapore. Preach for the Rev. Mr. White. Courtesy of the English clergy in the East. Last visits, and drives, and adieus, and sunset at Singapore.

WE anchored off the city of Singapore, February 5th, 1835, among the little fleet of vessels now lying near us. Another change has come over the spirit of the scene. The Chinese junk has come down to meet us on neutral ground—a thing not to be forgotten after once seen, for its combinations of as many dissonant proportions in a specimen of naval architecture, as could well be assembled in a monster of ugliness. It is a thing to be drifted and blown before the wind from Canton to Singapore during the northeast monsoons, and back again from a terrestrial

adventure for trade to its celestial home, when the wind, after a six months' blow, changes. The ghosts of some thirty or forty of these celestials lie some mile and more distant from us, nearer in shore than ourselves, and gazing from their immense eyes, which are affixed to their bows designating the head, otherwise unknown from the stern, each being equally broad and equally high, and equally nondescript. In truth, a Chinese junk is just such a thing as a flat would be, or a *scow*, to use a New Englandism, were it to be increased in length and proportionably in breadth; and then, a little more rounded in the bottom, be built right up in the air for twenty feet; and then, extending from stern to bows on one side and bows to stern on the other, long horizontal ribs, to strengthen said junk. Then, paint the whole white outside, with a red eye on either bow as big as a full moon, and looking about as much like the thing represented, as the face of the bright Dian resembles a green cheese. This eye is placed in its post never to be closed, on the principle, "he have no eye, how can see?" The monster is a ponderous and heavy thing; spacious, to accommodate innumerable unenumerated trifles of these innumerable traders in nothings, as they would seem to the observant European; and in the view of all utility, for they are gewgaws of distorted shapes and fragile mechanism, such as found in American toy-shops for children, and which seem to be the very things which keep this nation, with all their greatest excellencies which can be enumerated, *a nation of grown children.* The mind of man is measured by the objects of its employments.

The appearance of the town of Singapore is picturesque. The hills of unequal elevations, and crowned with respectable dwelling houses, rise above the buildings located on the plain; and the relief of the green hill-side mellows

the scene, in the too great absence of forest and ornamental trees; while the air of neatness, but newness, marks the *tout ensemble* of the panoramic view from the ship.

Our frigate beat up the narrow passage among the islands to the harbour, and made a number of tacks in full view of the town. The strong northeaster blew in our teeth; and the ship proved herself in every particular a superb vessel. All the officers were delighted with her action; and certainly she played her part like a thing of life, as she reached forth on her short tacks buoyantly and true, never missing stays, and eating to the windward like a clipper, even as she tacked. The Columbia had not before been so faithfully tested as now, as to her properties and powers for beating to the windward. All deemed her, in this particular, the truest ship in which they had ever sailed.

On visiting the shore, I was happy to find, at this station, quite a number of the American missionaries: with them my sympathies lie. Besides the gentlemen and ladies regularly stationed here, some six or eight have taken up their temporary residence, with their brethren, at Singapore. This is owing to the circumstance, that the Dutch government of Java, with the sanction, it is supposed, of the mother country, who, with her buckskin breeches, etc., is ever one age behind the century of the times, have prohibited the missionaries from locating themselves at any other place in the Dutch East India dominions, save on the island of Borneo. And before they shall repair to this continent of an island, they are required to take an oath that they will engage in nothing tending to promote rebellion against this grandfather government. Part of the mission, therefore, are now at Singapore, waiting for an opportunity to go to Borneo,—two of their number having

visited the island and found, according to their impressions, an opening for their labours. The results of the observations of these gentlemen are about being made known, in a communication nearly ready to be sent to their friends in America.

Singapore presents an inviting position for a town, destined erelong to become of considerable extent, as the result of its fine commercial situation. While riding through its different sections, to wait on the several families of the mission, many of the houses already constructed presented themselves on a scale of spaciousness, and considerable elegance and taste in the adaptation of extensive verandahs and airy rooms to meet the circumstances of the climate, in wooing the sea-breeze from the ocean, and to court the land-zephyr from the groves of the nutmegs and the palms. Many of the sites of the residences are commanding, and the houses are very generally surrounded by spacious grounds.

I was not disappointed in finding interest in the characters of the missionaries and their wives. Some of them are young married couples; and in manners and person a number of these ladies strike you as most deserving of the interest they awaken. Why should a young woman, with the intelligence, manners, and person that would grace the halls of the noble as she moved among the elite of a court-levee, leave the happiest land in the world, and a circle of relatives and friends devoted to her, to seek a place among foreigners, and devote her life to the strange and dark people of eastern climes, who care not for the sympathies that are poured out in their behalf; and in a thousand instances, not only are not grateful, but positively unkind in the manifestation of their indifference to those who are lavishing their lives in furthering their best in-

terests mentally, physically, and religiously? What, but a love which lies deeper in the soul than a worldly man can fathom, and which the opposers of missions could never dream of?—so far is it all beyond the experience of the prejudiced mind. Did I not think the action practicable, in its hoped-for results, as put forth by such self-sacrificing individuals, forsaking home and kindred, and devoting youth and maturer age, in labours difficult, and oftentimes sorrowful and disconsolate, I yet would look with an eye that should float in warm admiration and sympathy, on the generous sacrifices of so beautiful a spirit, as is often found among the missionary band. And merits not he the language of severity who can speak not only lightly but slightingly of such a class of citizens, who make the world the object of the swelling benevolence of their hearts, and sometimes even coarsely question the motives of such men and women, as if some sinister views had caused them to come over seas, forsaking the home of their early associations for a life among a heathen people? I can forgive and forget a remark that is addressed with unkindness against myself. And I may forgive but I cannot forget the language of disparagement, used in dishonour of such men and such women as those of whom we are speaking, of whom, as to the character and the excellence of many of them, the world is unworthy. I take it as an evidence, than which none can be more conclusive, of the ill-breeding of an individual, however loud and frequent may be his own self-constituted claims to the chaste and pure feelings of the *true gentleman*, when I hear one indulging in sweeping remarks against such a class of persons, intelligent and deserving, and better bred than himself; and in most instances *better born*, both as to the respectability of their connections and the antiquity of their families.

I dined at the Rev. Mr. Doty's, and met Mr. and Mrs. Polhman, and Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Doty—having previously called on Mr. and Mrs. North, and Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood, and afterwards rode to Mr. and Mrs. Ball's, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood's. Time did not admit of my extending my calls to the families of the Scotch mission. But in the evening, it being the first Monday of the month, I gladly consented to stay on shore sufficiently late to attend the monthly concert, which was to be held at the house of the Rev. Mr. Orr. I met, as the consequence, all the missionaries of the station, and others who are temporarily residing at Singapore. The large private hall was already lined by this company of missionaries, as I entered; and I am sure that I shall not forget the scene, as I contemplated their number, and carried back my thoughts to other days, when I had read of India missions, and now mused of the self-sacrifice of some whom I had known, and others whom I had learned to love for their gentle memories, and who had ended their lives in these eastern lands. It was not among my young fancies that I should visit these regions, when, while yet a boy, I poured my tears upon the pages of the memoir of Harriet Newell, when reading her plaintive story, or while I turned the leaves that gave forth the breathings of the beautiful and classic spirit of Martyn. But, to-night it was my privilege to stand among this "chosen band," and to sit and commune with chosen spirits, and to kneel and blend my own feelings with theirs, in prayer to our common Lord.

I had thought much on the subject of missions since reaching the Indian seas. My heart had been depressed as I contemplated the barriers, which, like impassable bulwarks, seemed to rise, to debar the advance of Christian principles among the thousand casts of the people of the

East. Were they an intelligent people—had they intellects capable of generalizing, drawing conclusions from just reasonings—could two in ten of their number read the books in their own language, when placed in their hands—indeed, were they any thing but a race who seem to have no other idea of life than securing *pice* to buy curry with, or to hoard up in their coffers this miserably *pitiful coin*, then there might be hopes for the enlightening of the mind now benighted on the grandest subjects which pertain to the best and the immortal being of the soul; and more immediate results might be expected from the efforts of the devoted missionary. In the present state of the heathen nations, however, there seemed, as we first entered these regions, no gleam of well-grounded and happy expectation streaming in the horizon which skirts the vast expanse of the eastern continent, and the isles of these oceans.

But the mind wrestles, when oppressed with disappointment, to gain relief from the burden; and in my own case, while revolving the circumstances of the eastern nations, as we have been passing them, and observing their customs, opinions, and habits, and apparent prospects in connection with their domestic, political, and religious destinies, with the missionary efforts among them, better and most consoling views have presented themselves; and even high-wrought expectation has possessed the mind, when my views have extended on to the future result of the *present action*, and dwelled upon the causes tending to the ultimate success of the cause of missions, in the encircling of the globe in the light of the Christian religion. But it is not this generation which shall be thus illumined. The millions yet to come, who, compared with the present generation are as the ocean to the drop, are the people to

reap the advantages of the present action of these devoted men and their associates, throughout the world. Although not a thousand in ten thousand can read the books of their native language; and though the people of this age are not to be the recipients of the greatest benefit of these labours, yet the action which is being put forth in the instruction of children, and the creating of Christian books in the different languages of the world, is the preparatory step. The children will be ashamed of the superstitions of their ancestors, when they contemplate them in contrast with the Christian religion. And as we look over the world, (a mere ball when viewed in its proportions of a diameter of but 8,000 miles, but a mighty earth when regarded as the residence to be of yet unborn millions of coming generations,) we find a band of faithful labourers engaged in the same instructions and with the same purposes, at almost every point of our globe. These points are comparatively near each other; and the influence of Christian nations is everywhere setting in from them, while the books are everywhere in every language prepared to spread the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Take, for illustration, the stations of the Mediterranean, not far even in miles from Hindoostan, with the intervening stations in Persia, and all along the coast, at the Cape of Good-Hope, Bombay, Ceylon, Singapore, Siam, Chinese Empire, Pacific Isles, with the Christian shores of Europe and America. If we join these several points, we find the earth covered with a net-work of intersecting lines, which, from one to its neighbouring point of intersection, is but a short distance even in miles. How, then, shall these points, like radiants, send forth their direct rays over the surface of the globe as ages advance! And how shall these influences, which result from the instruction of these

thousands of children, and the increasing facilities of communication between the points as the consequence of the extension of European and American intercourse, spread and produce convictions under the higher influence of heaven, of the "truth as it is in Jesus Christ!" It is a bright belt that already spans the earth, more brilliant to the Christian's eye than the band of Saturn to the vision of the astronomer. And the men who are now labouring in the field of missions, at these different points, are the workmen, who shall not be ashamed of their labours when the accounts for eternity shall be made up. It is their early work which is to tell on the nations of the world in the advance of the sciences and improvements which are now making such rapid strides in the world, to encircle the earth in their blessings. And though they see not the present generation, in great numbers, embracing the system they are engaged in propagating, and are thus deprived of the consolation they otherwise would have, yet they are to be commended the more for their unwearied action in these preliminary and necessary steps of instruction to spread the gospel story, and for the universal diffusion of other books of wisdom and interest, leading to the one result of begetting in the preference of *the universal mind of the world* an acknowledgment and an embracing of the religion of the cross. Others shall come in their steps, and bless their memory, as they labour and see the greater ingathering of the nations, as the result of the preparations they shall have made; and the glory of these self-denying and labouring disciples of Jesus Christ shall live to bless the earth when they themselves shall long have been gathered to the unbenighted abodes of the happy dead.

During the week, several objects of interest have presented themselves to my observation. Singapore is filled

with Chinese, and they seem to form the largest class of its inhabitants, while offering a new object for the study of the voyager around the world. Their dress is a pair of large trousers, varying in colours—some of black glazed cotton, others of blue nankeen, and still others of white cambric. To this is added a frock or shirt, generally white, hanging loosely, some with sleeves, and others with no sleeves. Their shaven sculls, however, attract the attention as being most particularly characteristic with their long quieu hanging down in its braid, and composed of the gathered hair growing in a circular patch, as large as the hand would cover, from the crown of the head. This braid falls nearly to the heels of the celestials, with their toes encased in their thick-soled and turn-up toed shoes. They pass with a quick step; and their loose sleeves and trousers flutter in the gale they create in their passage, with nothing upon their shaven heads but the tuft-knot upon the crown, and sometimes the long braid curled in a plait around it. Their heads are remarkably round, and their brows smooth, indicating ideality, but little powers of reasoning or locality. Of the defect in this last particular we have daily evidence, as our boats, in passing to the shore, drive into theirs, as if these celestials thought themselves some intangible spirits, and manifest no kind of perception, apparently, that the boats are coming into contact, until the rencounter takes place, when they laugh with their little cocked eyes, as if it were all a good joke, should their boat chance to survive the contusion, and save their yellow skins from a desirable ablution—a thing not always their good fortune, as one of our boats has already emptied one Chinaman's crew into the sea, while the boat dipped herself to the full, and gave way for the passage of the heavier body of the cutter.

All the eastern people are excessively fond of ornaments. I visited the house of a Moorman to-day. He had accompanied me during the morning to examine some objects of curiosity; and having returned to his residence at the hour for dinner, he took me to an upper room, where were his attendants and his young daughter, a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, quite pretty and smiling, and covered with ornaments. A red silk bodice covered her chest, leaving her arms bare, and a loose robe of white cambric was carelessly wrapped around her body. I was curious to note the number of her jewels as she came to me at the direction of her father, and gave me her little hand, darker than a brunette's, with her clear nails reddened with a stain. Her ears were fringed with rings, twenty-one in number, covering the whole crown of their upper edge with golden fillagree. Two rubies gleamed, one on either side of the nose, being confined to their place by a screw, which penetrated through each nostril, and fastened inside the nostril by a knob affixed to the screw. Five bracelets of gold decorated her wrists, and seven rings graced her tapering fingers. Two heavy silver bracelets encircled her ebony ankles, and three silver thimbles encased as many of the young nymph's toes. She was the old man's only child, and her mother had died three months before.

I had thrown myself on the mat which had been spread for me, on a couch, while one of the slaves of the Moor flourished before me a sandal-wood fan, whose fringes, being moistened, gave out the rich odour of this precious wood.

In a few moments, curried rice, with chicken, was placed before me, and warm milk and fruits, while the dark-bearded Moor ate from a separate dish with his young daughter, on another couch, and occasionally manifested

his affection for his child by patting the cheek of his pretty little girl.

While walking with this Moor, we met the Moorish priest, robed in his red and graceful costume, and white turban. He was a very graceful man in his *salam* and conversation. I told him that I should visit his mosque, and we parted. He sent to the frigate a present of oranges for me the succeeding day.

Fruits of the Straits.

The fruits of the straits are not only almost innumerable for their variety, but exquisite for their richness and delicious flavour. A great variety is produced in Singapore and its neighbourhood, but a still larger assemblage is gathered to the market here, from the surrounding islands and the Malacca coast. I have in my possession thirty or forty illustrations of the different fruits of the straits, well done in colours, by the interesting Chinese artist, employed by Sir Stamford Raffles; and most of these fruits I have seen growing on the grounds about Singapore, since we arrived at this place.

I commence the specification of these fruits with the mangusteen, (garcinia mangostana of Linnæus,) as being the most delicate and delicious fruit of the Indies, and said to be peculiar, with the durian, to these regions of the Malacca peninsula. I first tasted it at Penang, as before described. And although I had heard so much of this fruit, and anticipated something exceedingly rich, I found it equal to its reputation. It is a beautiful thing too when opened—the contrast between the white pulp and the roseate and scalloped capsule that encloses it. The flavour of the fruit is a most delicate dulcis acid, without the property of lusciousness. It is a drupe with a rind two

eights of an inch thick, and of the size of a common apple, and much resembling some dark red species of that fruit—the rind being hard on the outside and soft and succulent within, the juicy property of which is an astringent. This external envelope encloses the scalloped and perfectly white pulp of several divisions, occasionally tinged with the royal purple; and this rich and beautifully encased pulp melts in the mouth, to the great acceptance of the gratified taste. The number of the relievo petals in the fanciful little forget-me-not on the end of the fruit, opposite the calix, tells the number of scallops into which the beautifully white pulp is indented. It therefore would not be difficult to *guess* how many kernels the fruit contains, which make up the scalloped pulp, could one gain a slight view of the proper end of the fruit, before the rind is severed in half, for developing the secret. I have seen them vary from five to eight.

The durian (durio zibethinus) is another fruit, which no one will forget, after once tasting or smelling it; and few, at first, who are brought to the perception of its effluvia as it gives forth its strong fragrance, will desire to taste it. When the first, and I believe the only specimen of this species of fruit was introduced into the ward-room of the frigate, the steward was directed forthwith to bear it hence, and never to introduce another. It was then deemed enough to smell the disgusting thing without tasting it. Not deeming myself an individual of very strong prejudices, and perhaps more curious than some others, I caused my *dubash* to bring me a fine specimen of this fruit, since our arrival here.

The natives are inordinately fond of it, and the European soon learns to love it among the most, if not the most, luxurious fruit of the East. The external appearance of

the fruit is like the bread-fruit, though rougher and larger, yet smaller than the jack-fruit; the external rind of the three in appearance not being very dissimilar.

The fruit when ripe splits at the lesser end, and the rind being opened quite in two exposes the white and luscious and cream-like pulp, placed in different pericarps within the rind, and covering a seed of the size of a large acorn, and of the colour of a light chestnut. The creamy pulp might easily be fancied to be cream itself, mingled with the condensed juice of a roasted onion, only supposing it of a consistency sufficient to adhere to the oblong seed which lies imbedded in the pasty substance. The taste, when one is divested of the idea of the unpleasant odour of the fruit, strikes you as being rich, and you think you could and most probably would become fond of it were you to eat it but a few times. And yet, it is so unlike all that you have associated with fruits, that you deem it some way a mistake of nature, and that it must be some manufactured thing, or at least should be classed as something that grew beneath the ground rather than above it.

The properties of this fruit are said to be beneficial in their action upon the system, though when eaten too abundantly are injuriously heating. They are a tonic, and otherwise congenial to the system. This fruit demands a higher price than any other in the markets. The tree producing the durian is large and lofty. The leaves are long and pointed, though small in comparison with the fruit. The flower grows in clusters from the stem of the tree and on the large branches. Its petals are five in number, of a yellowish white; and the stamina are arranged in five branches, and each branch containing about twelve stamina, and each stamen pointed with four antheræ. When the stamina and petals fall, the empalement re-

sembles a fungus; and a shape, not unlike a Scot's bonnet.

The bread-fruit, (artocarpus incisa,) in external appearance is somewhat like the durian. When eaten, however, it is boiled, or roasted in the fire. The trees are seen here with the fruit in considerable quantities. The leaves of the tree are deeply indented like the fig, but they are larger.

The jack-fruit (artocarpus integrefolia, L.) is an immense thing, as it is sometimes seen pendent from the very stem of the tree, and growing directly out of the largest branches, and sometimes weighing fifty or sixty pounds. I first saw this fruit in the botanical garden near Rio de Janeiro; and it will always strike one, on his first observing the jack-fruit, as a thing of great peculiarity in the vegetable kingdom. Of this fruit I have never eaten. When it ripens a cloth is thrown over it, for the purpose of protecting the fruit from the birds; and yet it looks, in its green and rough and huge exterior, of a density sufficient to defend itself against the bills of the most daring of the feathery thieves. The kernels contained within the rough external coat (which, when roasted, are said to have the taste of chestnuts) are enclosed in a fleshy substance, rich, and eventually agreeable, after a few times eating it, but at first deemed too strong in smell and flavour. The yellow wood of this tree is much used in various ways, as timber, and for boards; and the root affords a dye.

The rambutan (nephelium lappaceum, L.) is a beautiful fruit, to which I have already alluded, as resembling mammoth arbutus; and you suppose them at first, when at a little distance from you, a delicious dish of some tropical strawberry. But you find, on inquiring into the "particulars within" the outer coat, that there is concealed

beneath the red and hairy covering a semi-transparent pulp, of a pleasant acid taste, enveloping a single oval and oblong seed. I know not but I am peculiar in my memory of the beautiful fruits of the straits, but none lingers in my recollection so sweetly, in its clustered beauties of the fruit-dish, as the bearded and rosy rambutan.

The custard-apple, (annona squamosa,) for its kindred taste, should have been placed next to the mangusteen. It is more luscious—rather, it is too much so to allow of its being as freely eaten as the mangusteen or most other fruits. Like rich cream and strawberries, it soon satiates, while it is yet delicious. The fruit is an irregular cone, of the size of a medium quince, and more rotund. It is made up of lesser cones, with each its apex directed to a centre within, and each including a dark seed. The pulp is soft, constituting the whole of the fruit, excepting the seed and the irregular external coat. It is a very choice and delicate fruit. Its external colour is green. The internal part is white. It is soft when ripe, and a slight pressure of the hand will crack it open, as a well-baked custard would fall to pieces on being turned from its cup.

The pomegranate (punica granatum) is a sub-acid fruit, delicious to a thirsty man, and acceptable to the fastidious, and gorgeous in its associations with ancient mention, and the rich crimson of its flowers. The fruit would much resemble, externally, the capsule of the poppy, were the poppy's seed-vessel as large as the pomegranate, which is the size of a quince. When the fruit is broken open it presents different layers of seeds, of the size of the seeds of the sun-flower, but of a clear and juicy substance, encasing the harder kernel. These seeds are sometimes red, and generally tinged with colouring matter varying from the pearly transparent to the deepest crimson. We found this

fruit very fine at Muscat, and it exists in still greater perfection around the shores of the Mediterranean.

The pine-apples are in their perfection here. They are deliciously sweet, immense in their size, and abundant as the miserable *pice* of the currency; four of which, being equivalent to a penny, will purchase one of these luxurious cones. There is one variety more beautiful than I have elsewhere seen. A hedge of these, with their straw-coloured leaves, I saw lining an extensive circular plot in the fruit-grounds of a friend I visited but yesterday. They would delight the eye, and yet more the taste, of some of my friends of New-York, could they eat them in the perfection in which they are served here.

The mango (mangifera indica) is a fruit, in its external appearance, resembling a small melon, but is a drupe of the plum kind, being three, four, and five inches in length, and two or three in diameter. At Colombo we found it in its perfection; and there it is regarded as a choice variety among the different ornaments of the fruit-dish. The external colour of the fruit is green; the internal pulp is a rich yellow, and adheres to the large seed as the cling-peach adheres to the stone.

The papaya, (carica papaja,) like the preceding in its external appearance, though larger and yellow when ripe, is like a smooth melon, not striking for its flavour, though a rich and healthy fruit. Its seeds are more peculiar, filling the internal long and scallopped cavity. They are of the size of a swollen mustard seed, and flavoured like the water-cress. The pulp is a reddish and rich yellow.

The guava, (psidium pomiferum,) from which the rich jelly from the West Indies is made, is not very unlike a pear in its external appearance. The flavour, both in taste

and to the smell, some are greatly pleased with, others dislike it. To myself it is too strong and sickening to be agreeable. The guava jelly, on the contrary, is a delicious sweet of agreeable flavours.

The blimbing (averrhoa carambola) is a peculiar acid pentagonal fruit. Its seeds are flat. It reminds you of a craw-fish, although nothing like it; only it looks somewhat strange, with its pentagonal ridges and green gooseberry-like colour and transparency, to be hanging upon a tree as the real fruit of it. I remember first to have tasted it in a garden in Rio de Janeiro, South America, and it was very grateful, in its abundance of sub-acid juice, to the thirsty lip.

The lanseh is very like bunches of gooseberries in resemblance of external appearance, hung up on the branches of a large tree, and like that berry serve to make very good tarts, when well baked and properly sweetened; or rather when properly sweetened and well baked.

The tamarind tree somewhat resembles the thorny locust, and the fruit hangs pendent like the pod of the honey-locust, and appears like bean-pods pendent from the boughs. They are used by the natives among other acid ingredients, in making their curries.

The jambu (eugenia mallaccensis et aquea, of L.) is a beautiful thing—resembling the pear more than any thing else, save itself, in shape, but less tapering at the stalk—with a smooth and very fine skin, tinged with red, and deeper and lighter shades of the pink and the rose. The handsome tree that produces it, is regular and conical in its shape, and its foliage of deep-green and pointed leaves. The fruit of one species is white inside, the other tinged with pink. Its smell and taste is of the flavour of roses. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the blossoms. The nu-

merous stamina are long and of a pink colour, exquisite and bright.

I might continue the list and description of the fruits, so numerous and varied, which are found in the Malacca countries, and to be purchased in the markets here, and most of them seen growing on the young plantations of the residents at Singapore. I shall however only enumerate the names of those so familiar to the eye of the North American, common to the tropics, and found in the markets from the West Indies.

The plantains are in their perfection here; the green variety is the best—the red, which we have not before seen, are very fine and most peculiar. The natives number some forty or fifty varieties, including the bananas, which are very fine flavoured, and abundant as the lazy native population need desire to support their life of inactivity.

The best oranges of the market are brought from China, while the fruit grows in any abundance here when cultivated. The oranges brought here in the Chinese junks are extremely fine in their flavour, though they can but little compare with the magnificent fruit of the same genus, of Rio de Janeiro.

I might sooner have mentioned the sour-sop, a very agreeable fruit when perfectly ripe. I like to associate the time and the occasion of my first tasting these fruits, and the persons with whom they were partaken, with the memory and mention of the fruits themselves. The sour-sop is rather a large, green, and irregular conical fruit, with a rough external rind and a soft succulent pulp. The first of this fruit which I had seen, was a noble specimen of its kind; and when I had taken my leave of the family I was visiting, I found the said specimen of the sour-sop gently re-

posing on a little worked mat in my palanquin, where it had been conveyed after I had mentioned that I had not before met with the fruit. A few days served to ripen it, as it reposed in its place on my bureau on ship-board; and the sour-sop itself and the little mat on which it reposed, shall serve often to recall my Scotch friends and their politeness.

Besides the abundance and great variety of fruits in the straits which are mostly being cultivated on the plantations in the neighbourhood of Singapore, the pepper, coffee, nutmegs and cloves, are produced in great perfection and considerable quantities. The large plantation of Mr. Princeps, within a few minutes' ride of Singapore, includes in its spacious grounds of some hundred acres, all these varieties of productions and fruit trees, though most of them are of but few years' growth.

The pepper plantations in the neighbourhood of Singapore are cultivated principally by the Chinese. The vine is of the creeper kind, raising its knotted stem to twenty or thirty feet, unpruned, but generally kept down from ten to twelve feet in height, as producing more fruit than when suffered to reach a greater elevation. At each joint of the stem, the plant puts out its fibrous tendrils, which adhere to the prop, up which it climbs. Were the plant suffered to run upon the ground, these tendrils, as in the case of the strawberry vine, would shoot into the earth; but like the ivy, in such a case, would exhibit no fruit. The prop therefore is necessary to encourage the plant to throw out its bearing shoots. The leaves of the plant are deep green, heart-shaped and pointed, but they have not the pungent taste of the fruit. The stem of the pepper vine soon becomes woody, and in a few years acquires considerable thickness; some of the stems I have

seen measuring at the foot of the stalk three or four inches in circumference. The branches are generally short, brittle, and readily separate at their union with the stem. The blossom of the plant is a small white flower, and the appearance of the fruit, as found in commerce, is universally known. On the vine, however, it hangs in long clusters of some thirty or fifty grains, each grain adhering to the stalk, resembling some kinds of the smallest wild grapes. The grain, while the fruit is young and after it has reached its full size, is green in its colour, but when ripe and in its perfection, is of a bright red colour.

This plant is propagated by cuttings, which are generally placed with their props either of large stakes or natural trees, some six feet apart, the vine commencing to bear after three years, and continuing to do so for several more. As soon as the berries begin to redden, the bunches are gathered, not waiting for all the corns to have changed, as by so doing the riper grains would fall from the bunch. The bunches being collected in baskets, are spread upon mats to dry in the sun. The changes in the weather have but little effect upon the berries to injure them, which soon, in their curing state, turn black and become shrivelled, as they are seen when prepared for transportation and for consumption throughout the world, as the black pepper of commerce.

The white pepper was formerly supposed to be a different species from the black, and esteemed to be the superior of the two, and a higher price was demanded and given for it. But it is the same article with the black pepper, having gone through a different operation in its curing. It is more mild; and the mode of preparing it is by putting the grains in baskets, into water—running water being preferred—the excavations for the purpose being made by

the side of running streams, or else the pepper is put into stagnant water. This process causes the external coat to swell, after which, the grains being exposed to the sun, the exterior pellicle, by rubbing in the hands and winnowing, is separated from the other part. Whether, in fact, this is an improvement to this article, is a matter of dispute. The white pepper is to be regarded as superior in one particular at least. It is composed of the best grains of the bunch, as none but the full and well-ripened berries will make the white pepper. It evidently must lose some of its strength from exposure in the water; and though the white pepper has the advantage of the quality of the grains, the tegument of which it has been deprived is deemed to possess a flavour more aromatic than the heart, though more pungent.

I conclude this brief description of some of the fruits of the straits, with the *beautiful nutmeg*, as it is seen growing in its place.

The tree that produces this aromatic and highly-valued article among the spices, is an ever-green of great beauty, conical in its shape, and reaching from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, with its branches thickly decorated with their polished deep-green leaves, like the foliage of the orange, rising quite from the ground to the top. The fruit, with its yellow external tegument, resembling a middling-sized pear, with a smooth skin, lies thick among this green foliage. When the fruit is ripe, the thick rind cracks open, so as to exhibit the beautiful white of the internal part of the rind in contrast with the deep-red mace which overlays the black shell containing the kernel or the nutmeg, as we have it in commerce. It is an exquisite thing as seen in this state. The shells which contain the kernels, or the nutmegs as we generally get them from the shops, are almost a jet polished black. Over this is woven in its

interlacing threads, the mace of commerce. This dark of the shell and red of the mace in contrast with the beautiful white edges of the split rind and the yellow of the external tegument, form together the most beautiful specimen of nature's colourings and contrasts I have ever beheld, and is worthy of all the young fancies we have ever drawn of the beauty of the spice-tree. We thus see that the nutmeg and the mace of commerce are the product of the same tree. The leaf and the blossom are strongly aromatic, like the fruit. There are numerous plantations of this spice in the neighbourhood of Singapore. But as yet they are young, and extending, the soil being deemed particularly appropriate for the growth of this valuable article. The government nutmeg grove is perhaps the most extensive, or rather, at the present moment, is containing the largest number of well-grown trees, while other plantations of greater extent in the number of their young plants, have also a considerable number of bearing trees. While walking through the plantation of Mr. Princeps, the servants, then gathering the nutmegs from the trees, (a daily work the year round,) informed us that they generally secured 400 ripe ones in a day. The produce of these plantations eventually will be very considerable, most of the gentlemen of Singapore having encouraged the growth of the nutmeg tree upon their country premises in the neighbourhood of this beautifully situated town.

Since the arrival of our ships at Singapore, I have several times called upon the missionary families, now resident at this place. On the 13th dined with Rev. Mr. A. Stronoch of the Scotch mission. Scotland and the Scots have always possessed an interest in my associations. They however cease to please when they begin to forget their own highland and lowland associations, and mani-

fest their preferences in commending the English, to the neglect of their own more peculiar characteristics. Were I a Scotchman I should never think of looking to England for a national or individual fame, on which to value myself, when a history so rich in story and a romance so storied in history were glowing before me of my own native Scotland.

There are two brothers here, who are attached to the London Missionary Society. They appear to be very worthy men, and their wives greatly esteemed. The ladies have just enough of the Scotch in their accent to render their conversation of deeper interest to me than it would have been without it. It reminds one that he is conversing with one of Scotia's daughters, from that land we have learned to love for its intellect, and worth, and story, and song.

The Rev. Mr. White, the English chaplain at Singapore, is a gentleman of great mildness of character, and has the reputation of some cleverness in the natural sciences. He seems to be fond of them, at least. He is a Cambridge scholar, and all Cambridge students seem particularly fond of their alma mater. Indeed all the English chaplains whom I have met in the East do credit to the service to which they are attached, so far as their general intelligence is concerned, and in most instances have exhibited the practical effects of the principles of the religion which they teach, in their Christian action and pious lives. The chaplains in the Indian service are allowed to return home, at their pleasure, after having spent a certain number of years, and retire upon a pension of about two thousand dollars per annum during their lives, after leaving the service. Their salary while in the Indian service, in most instances, is five thousand dollars, and upwards, per annum. The residence occupied by the Rev. Mr. W. is a commanding one—the

whole sheet of beautiful water, expanding itself in full view from the verandah, dotted over by the huge and nondescript Chinese junks—the Cochin-China yellow-sided warships, bearing the merchandise of the king—the yet better looking ships of the king of Siam—the finer specimens of naval architecture, as seen in the French, English, and American merchantmen—and still farther out and beyond them all, our own two gallant cruisers, in the beauty of their squared yards and tall spars, and graceful and perfect hamper and symmetry and order, filling up the picture, and presenting to the view of the gazer a charming nautical scene.

All shipping lie moored by their anchors in these eastern ports—the surf and the exposure of the winds being too great to admit of the construction and use of docks. And beneath you, as you look from this residence, lie the crowded bazaars of the Chinese, and the Moor, and the Malay; while on the more distant plain and along the northern beach extend the better houses of the English and American residents. The hill-side, up which you wind to reach the prospect which I have described, is covered with the luxuriant and beautiful nutmeg grove, interspersed with the aracca palm and the banana, and other fruits of this tropical clime, with the shrubs and gaudy blossoms which give forth their bright colours but faint perfume to the moist and balmy air of the morning and evening, but intensely heated atmosphere of the noon-day hour.

My visits to this amiable family have always been agreeable. Mrs. W. executes with taste on the pianoforte; and at different times has gratified me with a number of old specimens of Handel's composition. I am sure that most of the modern belles would have been surprised

by the absence of most of the fashionable music of the day; and indeed I was almost ashamed of the tendency of my own inquiries, from habit, for the love ditties and "mamma's favourites" of the modern school. "Bid me discourse" carried me far over the seas, and recalled in gentle memories to my mind *somebody* who has sung it for me at home, with effect and with an indescribable and delightful thrill, which comes over the spirit when the soul of song awakes. And "The Pilot"—I remember how the same *somebody* told me that Miss G., who sings so sweetly, taught her to sing it. I love a cricket-singer, one who in the simplicity of a young heart, seated on an ottoman at your side, on a winter's evening when all is cheer and comfortable and still, and the coal fire is burning, and a snow-storm without is raging, will look you kindly in the face, and with an eye floating in affection and sentiment and artless nature, will give you the sweet song you desire—or the plaintive melody—and, perhaps, once and ever, as if some wild freak of witchery, unusual but natural when occurring, had come over the spirit, will sport with you in a laughing recitative. There is a charm of melody in the note of such, whose eye melts in sorrow or dilates in joyousness, as the sentiment glows in the melancholy, or expresses emotions of the peaceful and the happy. And such is the note of *somebody;* and no vesper strain from deepest vault of Abbey, nor swell of chorus from fullest orchestra, nor softest music of the full band on the lake, at moonlight, ever threw such a spell upon the soul as the artless song of that dearly remembered *somebody*. You would not wish to conceal your tears when she sung for you "The Mistletoe Bough." And you would have thought that some simple and sweet rosy-cheeked milk-maid, who, in her fresh health and purity, sports free as the lark in the morning country

air, was at your side, as she had unaccountably become sad and pale as the lily that had drooped before some sudden blast, while she sang "Kathleen O'More." And then you would be aroused and surprised that so late an hour had come when she repeated the Scotch ditty,

"O they're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
O they're a' noddin at our house at hame."

And I remember how, and when, and where she has sung for me "The Pilot." And Mrs. W. repeated it, this evening, with feeling. And the words are worth more than the trouble of transcribing them here, but space forbids.

I was grateful to Mrs. W. for the music she gave me, as indeed I am for all real harmonies in these eastern regions, where music is almost unknown, or at least almost altogether neglected.

The evening ride, near sunset, is an agreeable pastime for an hour, and very generally indulged in by the residents of Singapore. In company with Mrs. White and my little pet, Mrs. W.'s "only and beautiful," I enjoyed the evening air at an hour so calm and balmy, when the wing of the zephyr is beginning to feel the pressure of the falling and sweet-scented dew. The Singapore rose, decorating the side-ways as you ride from town, is an abundant and beautiful shrub; and the rosa vincula everywhere through the streets meets the eye as a graceful and luxurious thing. Little B., my little pet alluded to, (God bless her,) was bare-footed; so comfortable did her little white feet and naked arms seem in this warm clime, encased in loose cambric ruffles. Innocence and flowers; how just and beautiful is the association!

Among the missionary families now resident at Singapore is the Rev. Mr. Davenport and lady, who are tempo-

rarily here from Siam, being attached to the Baptist mission at Bankok. Mr. D. is now attending to the casting of a fount of Siamese type, and expects in a month or two again to return with Mrs. D. to Bankok. They are from Virginia; and Mrs. D. is a sprightly young lady, who left her native land with her husband at the age of seventeen; and I was happy in spending the day that commemorates her twentieth birth-day, (fifth of March, 1839,) at their residence, since our arrival at Singapore. She has accomplished a knowledge of the Siamese with great facility, and I have in my possession some manuscript translations by herself which she was kind enough to present to me. I shall remember, with most cordial feelings of friendship and interest, their generous efforts to make my stay at Singapore pleasant to myself, and my memories of it altogether of the agreeable kind. Their hospitality was extended with a warmth that declared its sincerity; and I am sure I shall not forget the social hour, the brief but ever agreeable interview, and the family worship, as we have knelt together at the family altar at the hour of evening parting. Indeed, this act of family worship has been a source of great pleasure to me in my intercourse with numbers of the agreeable families at whose houses it was my pleasure to visit. At the Rev. Mr. White's, the Holy Book and the Common Prayer reminded me that I was worshipping with friends of a common creed as well as of kindred feelings. The Bible and the Hymnbook at another dwelling would tell me that I was with Presbyterian brethren, but Christian and devoted hearts. Again, the Dutch Reformed, and the Congregationalist, and Independents, and Baptists, with bosoms swelling with kindred sympathies and kindred views, and kindred expectations beyond the life of earth. The very consciousness that most of these were

American Christians was quite enough to warm the heart in Christian love, and cause one to forget, or *to waive* all distinctive principles in church discipline and orders, where intelligence and devotion characterized the mind and swelled the heart.

In Mr. D.'s family are two or three Siamese. The subject of phrenology having been made a topic of conversation, these Siamese, together with a Chinaman, were desirous that the doctor, as they styled myself, should tell them their characters. Mrs. D. was desirous of gratifying them. I make no pretensions to a practical knowledge of this science, nor am I any way strenuous as to the principles it is said by its advocates to develope and to confirm. Whether true in its deductions or the contrary, it is but the application of the science of the mind, or mental philosophy, to certain physical localities of the cranium. I was willing to be amused, and the Siamese teacher presented himself with considerable gravity, and departed with a full persuasion that I possessed greater knowledge of men than the Siamese priests.

Another less intelligent but apparently good-natured Siamese retained his gravity and composure for a short time, but, finally, put both hands over his face in astonishment, and rushed from the room, exclaiming, *true—true—all true.* He again entered, after a while, and begged that I would tell him how long before he would have a perfect knowledge of the English language.

A Chinaman, in some way connected with the mission, also presented himself, being equally curious with the Siamese, and desired me "to speak about his head." I knew nothing of this celestial, and the examination was entirely unexpected; and I felt no disposition to trifle with either of these persons. This gentleman of the long braid,

however, seeming to linger in profound expectation, as if something most certainly would be developed, I was unwilling to disappoint him altogether. I assured him that I could not pretend to describe his character, but without knowing whether it were true or not, I should think that he was a believer in *ghosts*. The celestial raised his hands akimbo, turned his oblique eyes upward, and exclaimed, "Yes, I believe in them, and *I fear them much.*" His unanticipated astonishment excited a slight smile at his expense, and he left the room, perhaps to burn Josh-sticks, certainly to procure me a present of oranges, as I had an occasion soon afterwards to know, as he brought them to Mr. D.'s for me.

Mrs. Davenport has upon her tables numbers of Siamese curiosities—consisting of their books, coins, and deities. The books are things strikingly curious to the eye of the American—being formed of a continuous sheet of paper, gathered into folds like the plaits of a ruffle, and yards in length when unfolded. They vary in size from three or four inches in length and two broad, to a foot in length and four inches broad; when folded each piece, generally three or four inches thick, constituting a volume. The paper is generally black, and the letters traced with white ink. "As *black* as ink, and as *white* as a sheet of paper," therefore, are expressions which might need a little explanation to a Siamese.

The Siamese silver and gold coins are small pieces of bullion, flattened on each end, so as to compress the whole into an irregular globulous form, on which the die leaves two small impressions. In case of a scarcity of small shot and a plenty of coin, during a war, the Siamese would have in their silver and gold currency a very good substitute for bullets and buckshot. This coin is a very curious

thing in contrast with our ideas of the flat surface of the American ond European money.

The Siamese, in their religion, are Budhists—credulous and superstitious—believers in transmigration of souls, in dreams, and omens derived from a thousand sources. Their sacred books are said to be considerably numerous.

I give here a few extracts from two works, which Mrs. Davenport has translated for me, and presented in a manuscript most beautifully written in her own hand. One of them is called

THE SIAMESE DREAM BOOK.

The writer introduces the subject of the work thus:

"In former times a great prophet and magician, who had much wisdom, and could foretell all future events, gave the following interpretation of signs and dreams. Whosoever sees signs and visions, if he wishes to know whether they forebode good or evil, whether happiness or misery, if he dream of any animals, insects, birds, or fishes, and wishes to know the interpretation, let him examine this book."

Of these signs and dreams I make extracts promiscuously from the manuscript.

"If a person be alone, and an insect or reptile fall before the face, but the individual see it only without touching it, it denotes that some heavenly being will bestow great blessings on him. If it fall to the right side, it denotes that all his friends, wherever scattered abroad, shall again meet him in peace. If it fall behind the person, it denotes that he shall be slandered, and maliciously talked of by his friends and acquaintances. If, in falling, it strike the face, it denotes that the individual will soon be married. If it strike the right arm, it denotes that the individual's

wishes, whatever they are, shall be accomplished. If it strike the left hand, it denotes that the individual will lose his friends by death. If it strike the foot, it denotes that whatever trouble the individual may have had, all shall vanish, and he shall reach the summit of happiness. If, after touching the foot, it should crawl upwards to the head, it denotes that the individual shall be raised to high office by the rulers of his country. If it crawl to the right side, it denotes that the person shall hear bad tidings of some absent friend. If the insect or reptile fall without touching the body, and immediately flee towards the northeast, it denotes deep but not lasting trouble; if towards the northwest, it denotes that the person shall receive numerous and valuable presents; if towards the southeast, it denotes that he shall receive great riches, and afterwards go to a distant land; or that he shall go to a distant land, and there amass great wealth.

"If an animal, insect, bird, or reptile cross the path of any one as he walks along, the animal coming from the right, let him not proceed—some calamity will surely happen to him in the way. If the animal come from the left, let him proceed—good fortune shall surely happen to him. If the animal proceed before him in the same road in which he intends to travel, it denotes good fortune to him.

"If the left ear tingle repeatedly, it denotes that the individual shall receive evil tidings from abroad. If the right ear tingle, it denotes that he shall receive speedy and pleasing intelligence from absent friends.

"If the upper lip tremble repeatedly, it denotes that the individual shall receive presents of the most rare and delicious dishes. If the lower lip tremble, it denotes severe illness.

"I now beg to interpret the signs of the night. If at midnight an individual hears the noises of animals in the house where he resides, I will show him whether they indicate good or evil. If any insect cry 'click, click, click,' he will possess real treasures while he abides there. If it cry 'kek, kek,' it is an evil omen both to that and the neighbouring houses. If it cry 'chit, chit,' it denotes that he shall always feed upon the most sumptuous provisions. If it cry 'keat, keat,' in a loud shrill voice, it denotes that his residence there shall be attended with evil.

"I now beg to interpret with regard to the spider. If a spider on the ceiling utter a low tremulous moan, it denotes that the individual who hears the noise shall either change his residence, or that his goods shall be stolen. If it utter the same voice on the outside of the house, and afterwards the spider crawl to the head of the bed, it denotes troublesome visiters and quarrels to the residents.

"I now beg to interpret with regard to dreams and visions of the night. If an individual dream on Sunday, whether it be good or evil, it pertains to others, and will not affect the happiness or misery of the person himself. If any one dream on Monday, whether good or evil, it will affect his friends and relations, but not himself. If on Tuesday, it forebodes good or evil to the parents of the dreamer. If on Wednesday, the omen pertains to the consort and children of the individual who dreams. If on Thursday, it relates to the dreamer's teachers or benefactors. If on Friday, the omen belongs to the servants or cattle of the individual. If on Saturday, it forebodes good or ill to the dreamer himself.

"If any one dream of having or wearing handsome clothing, it denotes great peace and prosperity.

"If one dream of receiving a ring, it denotes either a speedy marriage or the birth of a child.

"If one dream of putting on a gold ring, it denotes that the individual, if married, shall be blessed with children of great beauty; or, if single, with a beautiful consort.

"If one dream of putting on new clothes, it denotes speedy marriage.

"If one dream of seeing his house consumed by fire and of being much burned, let him take a lighted candle, flowers, and other offerings, to the brink of a river or canal, and there relate his dream to some friend. If he omit this, some great calamity shall surely befall him.

"If he dream of walking on the air, it denotes that he shall have great wisdom and be renowned for learning.

"If he dream of being clothed entirely in red, let him beware lest he speedily suffer a violent death.

"If he dream of seeing a heavenly being of great beauty, or the spire of a palace, it is an omen of good.

"If he dream of a house full of new-born infants, it denotes that his servants snall continue faithful and true to his interests.

"If he dream of sleeping in a boat with one foot in water and afterwards his head falling in, let him not relate the dream to any one, but seek a large tree, and seating himself under it, there tell over the dream, and great good shall result.

"If he dream of seeing a princess, let him relate the dream to himself on the bank of a river or canal, and prosperity shall surely attend him.

"If he dream of seeing a woman of beautiful form, his consort shall exactly resemble her.

"If he dream of reading prayers or sacred books, it denotes that all his sins shall be pardoned by the gods.

"If one dream of holding an umbrella to protect him-

self from the rays of the sun, it denotes that he shall rise to greater eminence than any of his ancestors or family have done.

"If one dream of blowing a trumpet, or beating drums and kettles, he shall be raised to an office of great eminence.

"If he dream of placing an image of Budh in a temple, it is an omen of supreme happiness.

"If he dream of being struck by a thunderbolt, it denotes his speedy and violent death.

"If he dream of travelling on a tiger or an alligator to some distant land, it denotes that he shall be regarded with terror and suspicion by all his acquaintances.

"If one dream of the entrails being torn out of his body, it denotes continued health to himself, family and friends.

"If he dream of riding in an ox-cart, let him beware, it is an omen of evil.

"If one dream of eating the sun or moon, it denotes that he shall be a great prophet and magician.

"*If he dream of being bitten by a tiger, it denotes that he shall receive valuable presents from a beautiful woman.*

"If he dream of seeing the moon fall and then eating it, it is an omen of the greatest possible good, let him remember it.

"If he dream of bathing in a pool dressed entirely in white, of being able to walk on the water, and bringing up the lotus-flower from the pool; it denotes a speedy and happy marriage.

"If one dream of gathering flowers and placing them behind the ear, let him offer sacrifices to the gods, and he shall speedily obtain a beautiful wife.

"If one dream of walking on roads covered with gold and silver, let him carefully offer sacrifices, and all his desires shall be gratified.

"If he dream of losing a hand and ear, he shall speedily be seated on a throne.

"If he dream of seeing many dead people, it denotes that he shall be free from trouble all his life.

"If he dream of having the right leg bitten by a snake, whatever property he may have lost shall be speedily recovered.

"If he dream of seeing a toad enter a house, he shall possess great treasures.

"If he dream of being fanned by another, he shall become a magistrate of great authority.

"If he dream that he sees a great many persons dance together, it denotes that he will die in a prison.

"If he dream of seeing a lady splendidly attired, he shall pass all his days amid peace and plenty.

"If one dream of stabbing himself, he shall be made a noble of high rank.

"If he dream of his body emitting the fragrance of flowers, it denotes that he shall have a beautiful daughter, who shall be the consort of a king.

"If he dream of eating the *raw* hand of a dead man, it denotes that he shall be king of his country.

"If he dream of eating the head of a man, dressed up as food, he shall possess great treasures, but shall die at an early age.

"If one dream of his teeth dropping out, it denotes sickness and death.

"If one dream of his own death, it denotes long continued prosperity.

"If he dream of seeing a woman adorned with red flowers, clothed entirely in red, and having her body painted red, it denotes that in seven days he shall die.

"If he dream of seeing a woman clothed in black, and

holding black flowers, it denotes the stealing of his goods and his own death.

"If he dream of an elephant standing over the mouth of a water-jar, he shall possess rank and affluence, and all his friends shall take refuge in him.

"If one dream of weeping much, he shall see pleasant sights.

"If he dream of having the flesh cut off his bones, it denotes elevation of rank.

"If he dream of his eyelashes coming out, it denotes that his money and treasures shall be stolen by a woman.

"If he dream of a frog eating the sun and moon, it denotes continued happiness.

"If he dream of falling down and rising without injury, it is an omen of good.

"If he dream of being in great distress, let him make offerings, it is an omen of good.

"If he dream of being hung, it denotes good fortune.

"If he dream of stretching out his tongue, eyes, and nose, it forebodes a violent and distressing head-ache.

"If he dream of being borne on the shoulders of others and attended by music and rejoicings, it forebodes the death of his consort and children.

"If he dream of seeing a bat on the roof of his house, it denotes the supreme favour of the Deity.

"If he dream of seeing a star of uncommon splendour fall into his house, his consort shall be the daughter of a king."

Not being a strenuous believer in dreams myself, I have sought to select a few specimens rather of the curious and characteristic kind than those of general application, from this manuscript interpretation of the Siamese Dream Book. It would be curious, were the whole of it published,

to trace out the resemblances between many of the dreams (some of them embracing the precise words) and those in modern times; and if the modern omen derived not its origin from the Siamese Dream Book, the omen of the modern and of the dreamers among the Siamese must have had a common origin. And it would still further be curious to run the parallel between these signs and omens and those of the Greeks and Romans, some of which are so strikingly similar that their origin seems to point to a common fount of stuperstition and credulity, and all taking us back to a common people and ancestry.

The manuscript from which I have been transcribing concludes with the following paragraph:

"The interpretation of dreams is ended. Whoever has the foregoing dreams, whether man or woman, may rely upon the interpretation here given. If one dream in the first watch of the night, after eight months the dream shall be accomplished. If he dream in the second watch, after four days the dream shall be fulfilled. If he dream in the third watch, in one day the result shall be made known. If he dream in the fourth watch of the night, the period for the accomplishment of the dream is uncertain.

"The end of the Siamese Dream Book."

There is much of the customs and the manners and the religion and characteristic modes of the thinking of the Siamese to be noted in this otherwise uninteresting work, to the more enlightened Christian. The allusions in it to the occasional fate of the moon, induces me to introduce in this connection a curious paper, derived from the same source as the manuscript Dream Book. It shows how a nation's superstition modifies their philosophy, religion, and enters into all their habits of thought connected with their private and public life.

"THE MOON DEVOURED BY RAHU.

"I will relate a story concerning what happened when Budh had perfected himself in Chetúwaú Temple, in the city of Sawatthi, in South Behar. When the moon was full it was seized by Ráhú, who hid its beams and obscured its brightness.

"In the morning the attendants of Gandáná came in haste, and having bowed their heads in adoration, told him what had happened. Seeing their terror, his compassion was excited, and he said to them, 'Cheer up, my lords, be of good heart, and listen to a story of three téwás (heavenly beings,) who were brothers. In ancient times, since which creatures have been transmigrating through several hundred systems of worlds, there lived a man of honourable race, named Kúnlá, in the capital of Hongsáwadi, who had three sons. The title of the first was Lord Watió; of the second, Lord Khún; and of the third, Lord Ratthakó. On one occasion, when alone in a jungle, they took their food and curry-pot to cook their dinner in haste. The elder mixed the food, the second prepared the vegetables, and the younger took wood and built a fire under the rice-pot. While thus employed, the smoke from the fire affecting the eyes of the elder, he broke out in abusive language to his two brothers, upon which, the second being vexed, snatched a ladle from the hand of the elder and beat the head of the younger brother, who in his turn being enraged, uttered the following imprecation against his two brothers: 'Hereafter, whatever power you may attain to, may I exceed you ten thousand times, in order to tease and annoy you, until I have avenged myself,'—thus laying aside his anger to a future state.

"At length, after these brothers had transmigrated through many states, they were born again as three bro-

thers, in the days of Gandáná. And going in company to make offerings to him, the first put a golden cup into his begging-box, the second put a silver one, and the third gave a black curry-pot, after which they entreated that their future state might correspond with their several offerings; and Gandáná bestowed his blessing upon them three times in succession. When their life on earth was finished, they ascended to heaven, where the elder became the sun, the second the moon, the younger, a monstrous black téwá, called Ráhú.

"Ráhú's height was forty-eight thousand miles. His arms were thirteen thousand miles asunder. His face measured five thousand miles. His head, nine thousand miles. His forehead, three thousand miles. The space between the eyebrows, five hundred miles. His nose was three thousand miles long. His nostrils were three thousand miles deep. His mouth was of a deep-red colour, and was two thousand miles wide. His fingers and toes were of equal lengths, that is, five hundred miles.

"Ráhú is bold, fierce, and malicious. He watches the sun and moon continually; and when the latter is full, he hates her so excessively that he cannot rest, but stands in her path, with his mouth wide open. Sometimes he compresses her between his lips. Sometimes hides her under his chin. Sometimes buries her maliciously in the hollow of his cheek. And sometimes, shuts her up in his hand, according to his inclination. On account of his former imprecation his anger cannot cease, for his prayer was answered by the great teacher of religion. When the sun and moon are thus annoyed, being greatly frightened, they recite their prayers in great haste. For, the sun being only 500 miles in circumference, and the moon 290 miles, when thrust into Ráhú's mouth they lose themselves, and are as

if they had fallen into the infernal regions. All the heavenly damsels being alarmed at this, cry out in great distress—some dishevelling their hair and beating their breasts, cry out, 'The moon is destroyed—we remember all her beauty—she was a bright body and protected us from evil. Ráhú is very audacious thus to frighten her in her path!'"

"The astrologers say that this phenomenon forebodes evil. When Ráhú has released the moon, he enters his palace in haste, and throwing himself down, says that he has been playing tricks with the moon, in consequence of which his head is almost strained asunder, and that he is nearly dead.

"Thus Ráhú and the sun and moon are at perpetual variance."*

It must at once strike the reader, that such absurdities entering into the religious and credulous systems of the Siamese, one effectual way of convincing them of the error of their own teachers and that the systems to which they adhere are false, is by giving the rising generation among them true ideas in connection with astronomy and philosophy. It is said that their system of religion embraces the idea that there is a central mountain in the universe, and that about this are located seven states of existences. The earth is one and the lowest for men and animals. Above it are the others, arranged for heavenly existences according to the respective excellencies of their natures and spiritual prowess. The light of true philosophy alone will do away such absurdities, and with the undermining of the

* "The above corresponds precisely with the belief of the Siamese generally. All eclipses are supposed to be occasioned by this fabulous monster, whom they endeavour to frighten off by beating drums, kettles, etc., and exerting their voices in producing the most hideous and frightful noises. When the eclipse is over, they think they have succeeded."

basis of their system must crumble the fabric of their superstitions. A fit illustration of this sentiment is found in an anecdote repeated to me by the Rev. Mr. White, the English chaplain at Singapore. A gentleman of sientific tastes in India, at considerable expense and trouble procured a fine microscope from England. Having properly arranged it, he invited a Bramin to look at its developments. The Hindoo priest gazed with astonishment at the revelations which a drop of water exposed to the effects of the microscope, made to him. He had for a long sainted life, according to the tenets of his Braminical system, been priding himself on the consistency of his action with his creed, *in never having in any instance destroyed life.* Here his whole self-complacency, and his supposed consistency of a long life, and profoundly believed tenets of his system, were at once overthrown and destroyed. He manifested the greatest agitation. And after an interval begged that he might be possessed of so remarkable a thing. The owner, finding it difficult to reject the unceasing importunities of the Bramin, finally consented that he should have it. The Bramin took it—and having left the dwelling of his friend, was watched on his way as he departed, when he was seen to take the lenses and deliberately demolish them all between two stones. The donor having expressed his surprise and displeasure, was answered, with a triumphant air, on the part of the Bramin, that he had thus acted and was now happy; but while that instrument was in existence his religion was unsafe. Had it gotten abroad, the system of the Bramins would have been overthrown.

What then is the moral of these facts? It is that in all the actions of the missionary, he should aim to spread correct and incontrovertible *first principles* in philosophy; and that *instruments* which should amuse and practically

instruct the native children and make them wiser than their superstitious fathers, should accompany the missionary abroad, and be used in enlightening the mind of the heathen, and riving the chain that now holds them in obedient ignorance to their superstitions of cast and binding habits of many centuries.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have introduced here the Siamese ten commandments, found in the sacred books of the Budhists; the first five being obligatory upon all the people, the last five upon the priesthood only.

1. Do not kill animals.
2. Do not steal.
3. Do not commit adultery.
4. Do not tell lies.
5. Do not drink ardent spirits.
7. Do not eat any thing from mid-day until past midnight.
8. Do not sleep on a place more than one cubit high.
9. Do not anoint your body with fragrant oil or powder.
10. Do not look at a female, nor at theatrical exhibitions.

The missionaries at Bankok, the capitol of Siam, are said to have the favour of the king and his court at the present time. A very beautiful specimen of Japanese work, in an article of a lady's dressing box, occupies Mrs. Davenport's table, which was a present from one of the princes of the kingdom, who partially speaks English and frequently visits the missionary families.

I trust I shall not be deemed departing from the most delicate dictates of considerate and partial friendship, by introducing the following lines, associated with the lady already mentioned, as one of the missionary band lo-

cated in Siam, whose residence for the few months past at Singapore, has given me the pleasure of her acquaintance. They were written by her brother on the departure of his sister from her home for this foreign land, with breathings of Christian benevolence towards a heathen people swelling her young bosom. They do credit to the writer, as evidencing a mind imaginative and cultivated, and a heart swelling with the refined and warm sensibilities of a brother. How should they shame the coarse perceptions of those persons who are incapable of appreciating the delicate and pure sympathies of a Christian heart that goes out in generous and ennobling feelings of interest for the spiritual welfare of a benighted people; but who, in the absence of a kindred benevolence, seem ever to seek for some sinister motive as the propelling cause that urges the self-sacrificing missionary to leave the endearments of his native land for the chances and the toils of a foreign and strange and unlettered race. If ever there were a generous forgetting of one's self for the good of others—if ever there were a scene of moral beauty that the magnanimous and the ingenuous of heart would admire, and to which they would accord their approbation and respectful but unqualified praise, whatever may be their sentiments as to the practicability of the missionary cause, it is the young, and intelligent, and refined, and Christian female, who, unmindful of the ties of kindred and home, ventures forth in reliance upon her God for protection and support, to dare the vicissitudes of a missionary life among a heathen people. I envy not that man his *head* or his *heart* who perceives not and feels not the moral effect of such a picture. To him, the tear, the sigh, the parting word, the glowing enthusiasm of a young and ardent and Christian heart, the moral energy of a cultivated mind, encased

in a form fragile but fair, are things which must have lost what another reads in them—the truest poetry of nature.

How appropos the lines alluded to will be found in many instances besides the interesting one which originated them! I suppose they have never before been printed.

"THE DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

"The time had come. The stern clock struck the hour.
Each long-loved haunt had shared a mute farewell,
And drank a blessing from her loving eye
For the last time. But now the climax came.
Methought she lingered long, as if to gain
Respite from some more dreaded pang,
Appalling though unfelt; for, near her side,
With eye close following where her darling moved,
Her widowed *mother* stood. And so she laid
Her on that dear breast, where every pain
Of infancy was soothed. And then arose
One wild, deep sob of weeping, such as breaks
Upon the ear of death, when he hath torn
The nerve fast-rooted in the fount of life.
'Tis o'er—the bitterness is past, young bride!
No heavier dreg shall quiver on thy lip
Till the last ice-cup cometh.
"Then she turned
To him who was to be her sole shelter now,
And placed her hand in his, and raised her eye
One moment upwards, whence her help did come.
Then, with a steadfast step, paced forth to take
Her life-long portion in a heathen clime.
"Yet to me it seemed
That, in the flush of youth and health, to take
Death's parting was a strange, unnatural thing;
And that the faithful martyr, who doth yield
His body to the fire's fierce purifier
But one brief hour, hath lighter claims on heaven
For high endurance, than the tender bride,
Who, from her mother's bosom lifts her head,
To 'bide the buffets of an Indian clime,
Bearing the sorrows of a woman's lot,
Perchance for many years."

The moral courage, the devoted zeal, and the free sacrifices of the missionary, to be rightly estimated, must be viewed in connection with the positive conveniences they were enjoying at the time of their decision to leave their homes; their many means of happiness, social and intellectual privileges, for the probable exposure, difficulties and trials that were expected to be their lot abroad. It was in full view of such a contrast their resolutions were taken; resigning the reality of the present and the pleasant, for the uncertainty of the doubtful and apprehended future. If, however, on reaching a foreign country, they find that Providence has so disposed things as to render their situation more comfortable, in external circumstances, than they expected, it becomes a matter for gratitude on their own part, their friends at home, and Christians universally; their conveniences being so much the more advantageous for prosecuting their benevolent labours, as is their situation the more favourable than they anticipated. Thus we have found the missionaries at this station. Their dwelling-houses are spacious, and neatly but *plainly* furnished; having been built before they reached the place, and affording pleasant residences, at a reasonable rent. Most of the houses of the missionaries are occupied by two families; and at the present, while the Borneo missionaries are remaining at Singapore, they are residents in the same buildings with their brethren. The building on the hill, most pleasantly situated, is the most spacious one occupied by the missionaries. The rooms are so arranged as to render it convenient for the two families who occupy it, and a large hall in the centre affords a room for worship on Sunday, and religious meetings during the week. These buildings and lot, it is said, are offered for sale; and I should deem it a most proper purchase, if the Society at

home have the funds to secure it.* It is here the missionary families gather to their afternoon worship; and, in themselves, they form a respectable gathering, even in numbers. Their scholars are also present, and those connected with the mission. It is a matter of gratification to me to be able to say that these rooms have been a favourite place of resort to many of our officers for the afternoon service, during the stay of our ships at Singapore. In the morning the Episcopal church is open, and it is usual for the missionaries and all others to frequent it for the morning services. There is also a Scotch chapel where service is held on Wednesday evenings.

On the first Sunday in March, two of the gentlemen, Messrs. Thompson and Polhman of the mission, officiated, at the invitation of Commodore Read, on board the Columbia. The selection of persons was left to the arrangement of the gentlemen of the mission themselves. Some one of their number has also regularly held services each Sunday on board the John Adams, during our stay at this port. And it is a remark that gives me great pleasure in recording it here, that almost all the officers of the squadron (I do not know one exception among those who have formed their acquaintance) have given to the missionary families, now at this station, their cordial good wishes, and they regard them as a band of worthy men and women sincerely engaged in a cause of philanthropy and religion, ennobling and grand in its purposes and expected results. And I know that a good number of these officers will leave their

* The low bungalow, one story high, with verandahs extending quite around it, and costing from six hundred to one thousand dollars, I believe is the style of building which the missionaries would prefer, did their funds render it compatible for them to build them. There are but a few such buildings, I should think, in Singapore. The Rev. Mr. Travelli occupies one.

missionary friends at Singapore, with hearts warmed in kindness towards them personally, and giving them, with their sympathies and their prayers, the cordial hopes that they may be successful and happy in the devotion of their lives to the noble and holy cause of throwing the light of the Christian religion in the pathway of a benighted people.

I accompanied the Rev. Messrs. T. and P., on their return to shore from our ship, and officiated, agreeably to previous arrangement, at the missionary room on the hill, in the afternoon. It was their communion day, being the first Sunday in the month. All the missionaries were present and their ladies, and some of the officers from both ships. The room was well filled, and I shall not forget the interest of a season, so peculiar to us, privileged, in our course around the world, a moment to pause here and to mingle with a band of the disciples of Christ so worthy, in a region so far from the land of our mutual and native homes. And here was a beautiful exemplification of the union of Christian hearts of different persuasions—the Presbyterian, the Dutch Reformed, and the Scotch Independent. There were Chinese converts (a few) who joined in the communion. I shall remember, as an agreeable reminiscence of these worthy missionaries, the range of their numbers, as they lined the room on this occasion of an interesting meeting. And I doubt not that their thoughts, with all their unfaltering purpose of a life's devotion to the cause they had espoused, yet went far over sea to those they had left and still loved in a distant land. Their heads at least were bowed in the indulgence of their overflowing emotions. These lines may meet the eyes of some of them, when I would again say in the language I then used, "Cheer! in view of the necessary efforts, in the absence of the age of miracles, which you are now putting forth

in your unwearied work of acquiring the languages; in your patient instructions of groups of children; in the spread of the word of God in their native tongue, and other works exemplifying the eternal principles of the fitness, mercy, and salvation, which the Bible developes. Cheer! in the knowledge that ye are working with the Holy Spirit, who converts and sanctifies the souls of men, "THROUGH THE TRUTH." Yours is the precise action that *must* take place, in the very nature of mind, as the precursor of that morn, when a day without its night shall illumine both hemispheres of the earth. Cheer! in your hours of shade and sorrow, in the consciousness of your disinterested and benevolent action. The darkest moment of midnight is just before the break of day. Cheer! in your joyous gush of happy anticipation, for there are gleams of light already streaming all around the moral horizon of a benighted world. Cheer, for the warm hearts of Christian millions are with you; and the pure tear that would have graced an angel's eye, has pearled its way on the cheek of many who have given *for you* their prayers."

On the succeeding Wednesday evening, I dined with the Rev. Mr. J. Stronach, and preached in the Scotch chapel. A number from the families of town, with the missionaries in the neighbourhood, attend the evening services at the Scotch chapel. It is a convenient edifice for the purposes designed, and the two Scotch gentlemen seem to be favourably located for the prosecution of their plans. They are acquiring the Chinese language, in view of labouring among this most numerous class of people, in Singapore. I met the Chinese convert, Leang Afat, at Mr. A. Stronach's, a short time previously. This Chinese has been expelled from the Chinese empire, in consequence of his conversion to Christianity, and is now engaged in

revising the Chinese Bible. His personal appearance is prepossessing; and I bear a letter, with some little mementoes of a father's affection, from him to his son Leang A-tih, who is with the son of Dr. Morrison, at Canton.

Language of the Malays.

The language of the Malays is probably more extensively spoken than any other throughout the eastern seas, and has justly derived for itself the appellation of the *Lingua Franca* of this part of the globe. It is strikingly soft and euphonous, and may be styled, not inaptly, the Italian of the East. It is said, by those who are capable of appreciating its excellencies as well as its defects, that it is favourable in its combinations to poetry, and that the Malays are fond of rhythm, which they attempt in proverbs and love songs. There is pith, at least, in the first, and sentiment in the second distich of the following two specimens:

"What signifies attempting to light a lamp,
If the wick be wanting?"

"What signifies playing with the eyes,
If nothing in earnest be intended?"

They say, when expressing their sentiment of fatalism, which so thoroughly enters into the creed of those imbued with Mohammedanism:

"Those who are dead are dead; those who survive must work. If his allotted time is expired, what resource is there?"

The Malays, so far as is yet known, have never had any original set of characters to designate their elementary sounds of speech. They use the Arabic characters in their written language, with some modifications; and as a consequence, together with their association with the Mohammedans in the adoption of their religion, they have intro-

duced many Arabic words; and from the early intercourse of the Portuguese throughout these regions, a number of words from the language of these early adventurers are also found incorporated with the Malay. Their words, nouns and verbs, are without inflections, and therefore no grammar of their language, according to our general notions on the subject, can be formed.

Singapore is a central position of the thousand isles and large extent of coasts where this language is spoken. Most of the missionaries study it, and it forms one of the languages taught in the Literary Institution at Singapore.

Mr. A. North, attached to the mission here, is spoken of as one of the best Malay scholars of the place, and certainly manifests a commendable zeal in the pursuit of Malay literature. With this gentleman I had the pleasure of occasional interviews, and am indebted to him for the translation of several Malay manuscripts, which I shall introduce here for their curiosity, and also as having a connection with the transactions of our ships on the west coast of Sumatra.

The first is the letter of obligation on the part of Po Chute Abdullah, Rajah of Kwala Batu, to pay two thousand dollars. The following is the translation of the original Malay. Mr. North intentionally retained some of the peculiarities of the original in the translation as given:

"This is the epistle of Po Chute Abdullah, to Commander Reej, engaging to pay two thousand dollars.

"As to the bad man, he has not been caught; he has fled.

"Now, this agreement is to pay the said money, within twelve months, to Commander Reej, or to any other ship which shall present this writing, or another equivalent to it, whether a ship of war or a trading-vessel; only let not

another ship make war upon the country of Kwala Batu. Hereby is peace made with Commander Reej, and hereby does Po Chute Abdullah, Rajah of Kwala Batu, become his friend as long as he lives. The writing is finished. By the council of all the elders of Kwala Batu on the side of Achin. Our words are ended, wishing you peace and tranquillity."

The following is added in the hand-writing of Po Adam:

"This writing from Po Chute Abdullah, of Kwala Batu, is given to Commodore Reej, on Saturday the 17th day of the festival month, in the year 1254. Signed, as witness, by Po Adam, Taku Kadang."

The next document is a letter from one of the chiefs of Muckie. It was written after the destruction of that place, and sent to Commodore Read while the ship was lying at Soo-Soo, filling up with water. It is, at least, a curious document, besides other things containing the Rajah's own account of the murder of Captain Wilkins. The Rajah is wrong in one particular, and may be in others. Commodore Read made no promise of sending on shore after the second interview of the officer, on the day preceding the destruction of the town. This is certified to by Captain Wyman and Lieutenant Turner, the officers who called on the Rajahs agreeably to the orders of the Commodore.

"Now this is the document of the great chief of Muckie, to the Commander of the ship of war and all the officers thereof. As are the particles of the earth and the stars of the sky for number, even so many, and more, are my compliments to, and hopes in, the Commander of the American ship of war.

"Now I make known to you, that on a time, Captain Wilkins having arrived in the harbour of Muckie, Po Ma-

layu went on board his ship. The captain put confidence in him, but not in us. Po Malayu brought his ship to Taluk Pow, where he took in some pepper; he then took her to Sawang, and did the same; he received at both places say about one thousand piculs; he then conducted her to Tarbangan and took in more. When he had been at that place two or three days, by Divine Providence, Panglina Sanyak Blang, with Lubby Yusuf at night, bringing pepper, which was received and weighed by the captain at night; they then killed the captain, and took his money and goods. Lubby Yusuf then returned to Taluk Pow. It was then reported to us that Captain Wilkins was made away with by Panglina Sanyak Blang and Lubby Yusuf. I then sent Taku Yet to the ship of Captain Silver, directing them to search for the captured vessel. After Captain Silver had been gone two days, I sent a war-boat with my scribe, but he did not find Captain Wilkins's ship; and Captain Silver, Taku Yet, and my war-boat, all came back to Muckie. Two or three days after, Captain Wilkins's ship came with Captain Filbadi (Peabody) to Muckie. The mate of Captain Wilkins bought of me about seven hundred pikuls of pepper. I told Captains Silver and Filbadi, and Wilkins's Mate, that I intended to put to death the persons engaged in this murder, and recover the plundered property. They replied: 'Don't do it. If a ship of war comes to Muckie, you can unite your forces with her; you attacking them by land and she by water.' Thus did I agree with these three men. Why should they give me these directions? Because my country was taken along with three countries and a half, to wit, Samadu, Taluk Pow, Sawang, and part of Muckie; for this reason I made treaty with the ship of war which was to come.

"I now make known to you that the persons who committed the murder were Taku Blangi, Taku Yikdul, and Taku Nyik Raja; their scribe was the scribe of Po Malayu.

"Now you came to this country and met me and those men at Taku Yet's house; you told us all to go on board the ship; I said I would go; but the others said they would not. The reason of their saying so was that they suspected some secret understanding between you and me. At twelve o'clock the next day you were to come on shore, but at eight o'clock you commenced firing. During my father's life, and within my own remembrance I have never known white men to violate their engagements, whether for good or evil. I, though alive, now feel like a dead man. Now what think you? I wish you would return me answer immediately by the bearer.

"I send my respects to my brother Taku Lambadar, who is on board the American ship of war, and request him to give any explanation that may be necessary, because we are brethren. The end."

"The original of the above" adds Mr. North, "is written in a very confused and careless manner. It must have been composed by an exceedingly illiterate person. It has been difficult for me to make out the meaning, even with the assistance of the most learned Malay in Singapore. The passages enclosed in red (alluding to the time of firing and the treaty with the ship of war, etc.) are the most obscure, and I am not confident that I have given any thing like the true meaning. Probably some one familiar with the circumstances alluded to in these two passages could throw light upon them and enable me to give a correct translation."

The next paper I insert is a translation of an epistle from Po Kwala the Pedir Rajah of Kwala Batu, with

whom a treaty was partly formed at Pulau Káyu and completed on board the Columbia.

"Now this sincere and friendly writing, which arises from a white heart, a serene countenance, an eloquent tongue, and true faith, comes from the side of Taku Rajah Kwala, who governs the country of Kwala Batu on the side of Pedir. We send many compliments to the Commander and all the elders of the ship of war.

"Now we will not lengthen out our words, but only make a short statement. The Taku Rajah Kwala would fain touch the hand and see the eyes of the Commander and all the elders; he wishes to meet you all at Pulau Káyu. If you are willing, let the Commander first send down the elders to meet Taku Raja Kwala on shore, because the Rajah wishes immediately to ascend the ship. It is already known to you that the son of the Rajah wishes to accompany his father on board, provided you give permission, since the Rajah is anxious to become the friend of the Commander.

"Concerning the outrage upon your countryman: The property is in the possession of an Achin chief and of the man who committed the outrage who is his son (subject). Taku Rajah Kwala and his sons have had no hand in this outrage, and no portion of the spoil. What now is the determination of your Excellency, since I am a poor man? Have compassion on me. Send your trading vessels. I have pepper, and you have pepper ships in your country. Both myself and my royal father have always been at peace with the Americans, as says Taku Yet Hed? If you entertain any doubts concerning the truth of my assertion, you may inquire of your countrymen who is right and who wrong. Thus may your perspicuous Excellency be rightly informed. This is the end.

"In the year of the Flight 1255."

The last document will be regarded as the most graceful composition, as the Rajah Po Kwala was the most genteel chief in appearance and manners we met; and the circumstances of the after talk with this chief, and the place and the scene have already been described.

The manuscript, of which the following fac simile, is a copy, was given me by Mr. North, as a beautiful specimen of Malay manuscript. It is the Lord's Prayer in the Malay language and Arabic characters.

بقا كامى يفاد دشرك قدسله كيراث نمامو كراجاءنمو
لواسله كهندقمو جاديله داتس بومى سقرة دالم
شرك فدهارى اين بريله اكن كامى رزقى سهارى قوت
دان امفونيله سكل ساله كامى سقرة كامى امقونى
ساله اورغ لاين فد كامى جاغنله ماسقكن كامى قد
فرجوباءن ملينكن لفسكن كامى در قد يغ جاهة
كارن اغكوله يفا مقوت كراجاءن دان كواس دان
كمليباءن سامامات امين

I have already stated that a number of the missionaries now at Singapore, are waiting for a passage to Borneo. Two of their number, the Rev. Messrs. Doty and Polhman, have visited this island, to make observations as to the prospects of a mission there, and think they are favourable. But little heretofore has been known of the islanders of Borneo, composed of Chinese, Bujis and Dyaks. It is to the Dyaks the missionaries propose to give their particular attention. They are a wild and peculiar people in some respects, and appear to be mild and hospitable in others. The Rev. Mr. Polhman gave me the privilege of reading

the journal of the tour of these two missionaries from Sambas to Pontianah, some one hundred miles in the interior. Many of their customs are peculiar. That of cutting off the heads and preserving the sculls as trophies of personal prowess is one. For this purpose the members of the different tribes make an annual sally from their villages. The consequence is that the principal ornament of the establishment of a Dyak of character among his fellows is a range of human sculls—the more numerous the more honourable their possessor.

One would think it to be a wild and rough region for delicate and beautiful woman to go to, to spend her life and to fade away, if not unknown, yet beyond the view of a civilized world. And yet some such have voluntarily devoted themselves to the benevolent efforts of the self-denying missionary among such a people as the Dyaks. May God attend them. We have learned, from our own privilege of association with them for the few past weeks, to know and appreciate their worth, and give them our prayers for their success and happiness in the free dedication of their lives to the best welfare of the human race.

I have not thus long delayed the mention of the American Consul at Singapore and his estimable lady, because of any forgetfulness of their generous hospitality and continued courtesies. J. Balistier, Esq. is at the head of the American commercial interests here, and, soon after our ship was at anchor, waited on the Commodore, and tendered to himself and his officers the hospitality of his house. Commodore Read has made the Consul's his home during the stay of our ships at Singapore, and the officers of the squadron always found a welcome when visiting the family. Mr. B.'s residence is a spacious and commodious building, pleasantly situated on the level, and overlooking the beach,

with a full prospect of the expanded water, and the hundred junks and the half hundred European vessels moored at some distance at their anchors in the stream. Mrs. Balistier gave a party to the Commodore and his officers, at which the Singapore gentles were present. The knowledge that dancing would constitute a part of the entertainment induced me to excuse myself. Without entering upon a disquisition as to the propriety of the dance, or the presence of clergymen and professors of religion at the party where the dance is expected to constitute a part of the social entertainment, I here simply allude to the subject by way of accounting to some of my friends for the course of my own action in such cases. It is enough that I deem that the clergyman must always compromit his proper dignity by such an attendance.

The society of Singapore is quite small, the number of European ladies, I should think, not exceeding twenty. The civilities of shore were reciprocated by Commodore Read, by an entertainment given on board the Columbia, some few days previous to the sailing of our ships. The quarter-deck of the frigate was decorated with the flags of different nations, forming a hall, whose ends and sides and ceiling were lined with layers of every coloured bunting. Here unfolded the gorgeous crown and gold of the Spaniard; there, the emeralds and the diamonds and the emblem of a world's dominion, supporting the elevated cross, displayed the boasted prowess of Portugal, and the wealth of the Brazils. There again, in graceful festoon, dropped the five crowns of Bolivia; and here glowed the full sun of a neighbouring state. Every nation had its representative in curtain or festoon, or in spread of wider folds, while the royal ensign of England and the stars and stripes of the American Republic occupied the most conspicuous and

contiguous places with their unions in calm and complacent contact.

Who that has the memories of an honoured ancestry—who, with the fresh recollections of olden and modern historic pages—who, with the swelling hopes and desires that a world may be blessed with the highest attainments in civilization and the hallowed principles and consolations of the religion of Jesus Christ, will not pray that the national emblems of these two nations may long wave harmoniously wherever they may display their folds, on land or on the sea?

Besides other articles of curiosity in the rooms at the American Consul's, Mrs. Balistier has a fine collection of shells, which a residence at this point has enabled her to secure from most of the adjacent seas. They are tastefully arranged in a private cabinet. Here also, I have first met with the *sacred lotus*, the lily of Egypt and other classic regions; and to Mrs. B. I am indebted for the possession of a large number of paintings, illustrating with great minuteness and accuracy the great variety of fruits of the straits. With Mrs. B., I am sure all who have formed her acquaintance will leave their kindest wishes; and take with them remembrances of her courtesies which will make the recollection of them among their most acceptable associations with Singapore.

Our ships had now lingered more than a month in Singapore Roads. The monsoon had began to weaken its force, and the sick of the crew who had early been removed to a fine airy house, rented for a hospital during our stay, began to recruit. It was expected that the John Adams would be sent up the gulf of Siam, while the Columbia would prolong her stay for a few more days at Singapore, and the two ships again meet at Manilla.

Commodore Read only waited for the more complete restoration of the sick of the crew of the John Adams, before he should issue his orders, which had already been prepared for her departure for Siam.

The purpose of Commodore Read to send the Adams to Siam was afterwards changed, in view of the state of the health of the crew of the John Adams and the fear that additional sickness would be the result of the corvette's visit to Bankok. But as it was the original design of Commodore Read that the Adams should leave Singapore for Siam; and *more particularly*, because I desire it should be known what views and feelings the commander of the East India squadron cherished in connection with the missionaries in these regions, I here quote the instructions that were made out for Captain Wyman, but in view of the reasons already specified were not forwarded to him.

"U. S. Frigate Columbia, Singapore Roads, March, 1839.

"SIR,—

"You will proceed with the ship under your command to the gulf of Siam, and approach Bankok as near as you can with safety, for the purpose of communicating with the city of Siam.

"The object of your visit will be to obtain information respecting the state of our commerce with that kingdom, and to procure all the intelligence which may be deemed useful to be communicated for the benefit of our government. It is also desirable that the government of Siam should be made acquainted with the character of our naval force in these seas, and of the original intention that the squadron under my command should visit the dominions of his majesty, and which nothing but the impossibility of getting sufficiently near to Bankok with the Columbia, prevented.

"The missionaries from the United States at present resident in the kingdom of Siam, are said of late to have received particular notice, with marks of favour from the king of that country, and from his half-brother. The missionaries are also represented by impartial accounts from that quarter of the world, as doing much good—their time and their talents being industriously and zealously employed in the education of many of the youth of the country. It is also believed that they are gradually gaining influence with the great mass of the people; and it is well known that a remarkable change in their favour has taken place, as manifested in their reception and the treatment the missionaries meet with from the inhabitants. You will therefore readily perceive the propriety of affording them all the countenance in our power. It is my wish that the government under which they live and the people with whom they reside, should see and know that we respect them. You will communicate freely with them, and learn whatever may be of interest respecting the disposition of that government towards our own, together with any information that may be of service to ourselves. If any aid or assistance which it may be in your power to give should be asked by the missionaries, or any of them, I need not say that it would be your duty (as I am sure it would be your inclination) to afford it without hesitation.

"On the completion of your business at Siam, you will proceed to Manilla, and take on board at that port your proportion, or one third of the stores deposited there for the use of the squadron. You will also supply yourself with bread, if it can be procured, lest you might not be able to obtain this article of consumption at Canton. You will then proceed to Canton. On your arrival at the latter place, you will immediately commence refitting, and

put your ship in such a state and condition, as will render her capable of again taking the sea, to reach South America.

"With sincere good wishes for the health and happiness of yourself, officers, and crew,

"I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

"GEORGE C. READ.

"To Commander T. C. WYMAN, U. S. ship John Adams."

After tea this evening, Saturday, March 9th. I called over to Mr. Doty's, to spend an hour or two with the missionary families there. I perceived a cloud was hanging over their circle, and after a short time left them; when the Rev. Mr. Orr and myself, having proceeded a short distance on our return, met Mr. North, who had just come from the hill, another part of the town, where the Rev. Mr. Balland the Rev. Mr. Wood with their families reside.

"Ah, here is brother North now," said Mr. O. as we met, "you can give us all the news from the hill,—we were just thinking about sending there, to learn how Mrs. Wood is."

"How do you do, Mr. T. ?" replied Mr. N., addressing myself abruptly, "a note has just gone to you, to ask if you will perform the burial service over Mrs. Wood tomorrow, at five o'clock. Another letter has been sent to the Consul's, and one to Commodore Read, informing them of the death of Mrs. W., and inviting them and the officers to attend the funeral. And you, brother Orr, will conduct the services at the house, if you can."

It was like a thunderbolt, this unexpected intelligence. In the morning Mrs. W. was deemed every way comfortable; and although one of the ladies of the neighbourhood had been sent for to go to the hill, it was hoped that Mrs. W. was not dangerously ill. But, to-night, she is

robed for her grave-yard sleep of to-morrow. Sweet, gentle, lovely, effeminate woman—but lately wedded, and with a heart swelling with benevolence towards millions, thou camest to a foreign land, and here so soon hast found a foreign grave. Sleep gently—for gentle hearts weep for thee, and will weep over thee. Sleep gently—for thy spirit was a thing of softness, and purity, and blushing modesty. Sleep gently—for thou dost now rest in Jesus! And for thee I withhold not the tear, as to thee, in our short acquaintance, I had given, more than to most others of thy number, a deep interest and a Christian's sympathy.

Funeral of Mrs. Woods.

This evening of Sunday I have attended the funeral of Mrs. Wood, the companion of the Rev. Mr. Wood, missionary at this place.

No tongue can tell the sorrow that this bereavement has gathered over the missionary families here. I had myself become deeply interested in Mrs. W., yet a young lady, embracing in her character an amiableness which traced itself in every smile on her countenance, and endeared her to her friends.

The services commenced at half-past four o'clock. The large room at the mission house was filled. A large number of the officers of both ships, manifested their sympathy by their attendance; and Commodore Read had expressed his desire that all the officers of the squadron should attend, whom the duties of the ships would allow. He himself was confined to his room, by a severe cold. Captain Wyman of the Adams, with most of his officers, was present; Mr. Church the Resident, the American Consul and his lady, and Mrs. White, the lady of the En-

glish chaplain, and all the missionaries, together with a large concourse of the citizens.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Orr. I would it were in my power here to transcribe the appropriate address he made. He did not come, he said, to offer consolation to the bereaved companion—it would require more than human power to do that. And yet he owed the reciprocation of this act of kindness to his bereaved brother, who, on an occasion not a long time since, had done a like office of kindness for him.*

Mr. O. told in brief, the story of Mrs. Wood. She was the daughter of —— Johnston, Esq., of Morristown, New-Jersey. She became pious at the age of fifteen—left the endearments of a refined society, home, and relatives, for the purpose of entering on the work of missions among a benighted people. It was not the result of enthusiasm. She thought on her work, and dedicated herself considerately to the cause. And though she had known some of the trials and sorrows attendant on such action, she yet had no desire to return. Her purpose remained fixed.

Mr. Orr addressed himself, in sadness and sorrow, to his weeping brethren and more bitterly weeping sisters, from whose bosoms one of the dearest of their number had been taken. Death had been among them, he added, for some wise purpose. It had come near to them in taking early one who had entered with him on this mission; and now God had approached, in a voice yet more thrilling, and with a step yet more near.

To the officers he addressed an allusion to the circumstance, that death had been in their midst, in the frequent removal of numbers of our men, since our arrival here, from both ships.

* At the funeral of Mr. Orr's child, a short time previous.

And among the citizens, he continued, but of late, the pride of manhood and the beauty of woman have been laid low.

The whole appeal was simple, chaste, feeling, appropriate. And there were many broken hearts there. I sat beside the principal mourner. He wept as we knelt side by side, but like an intelligent, meek, and devoted disciple of Christ sustains his loss with a becoming and beautiful propriety, while the keen sensibilities of a heart of refinement pours out its grief. And a little way from me sat Mrs. P. She wept. She had come over with Mrs. W., and their hearts were united, but death had now severed chords that bound them in an endearing affection. And a little way farther, sat Mrs. O., who, like all the rest of this devoted band of women, shed the silent tear as their heads bent in melancholy sadness, to conceal their flowing grief. It is beautiful to see woman weep. But when she sheds her tear under such circumstances of bereavement, there is a sacredness in the hour—in the spot —in the stillness, which makes the soul adore the purity of the Eternal, and love and admire woman's lovely and virtuous character.

It is not for me to narrate my own private sorrows. But I had learned to admire this lovely woman, who, as she now lay reposing in her marble, surpassed in her cold and pale beauty any chiselled perfection in the arts. It was the poetry of death. I have elsewhere seen it on the unsullied face of the infant lying in its death-sleep, with a flower upon its pale and cold cheek. The scene carried me back to another and a bitter hour. And it surely was an easy thing, this day, to weep.

When the procession moved from the house a scene was presented, which a graphic pen should describe without the colourings of the imagination. The reality was an

imposing spectacle. A long line of palanquins and carriages were occupied by the sympathizing attendants, and along the side of this line of vehicles walked the young Chinese scholars, with their hair-braids nearly touching the ground, and who, in the morning had stood around the corpse of the departed missionary, and shed their tears in their young simplicity. They were sad indeed, for hearts so young. And before them walked the Chinese and Malay teachers. One of the latter had bent over the coffin of the dead during the morning, and a stream of silent sorrow poured from his eye as he gazed on the lovely corpse. She had often spoken kindly to him, as he had given to her husband lessons in Malay. Mr. W. was riding in the palanquin with myself, and talked with a full heart of his beloved companion; cherishing the many expressions she had uttered in her last and brief illness, while unconscious of her near end, but grateful for the favourable circumstances attendant on the birth of her infant. And like a Christian he cherished the promises of his God, and confided in their truth and consolation.

The extended procession advanced through several of the streets, drawing the gaze of the Chinese, the Moorman, the Bugis, the Sepoy, and still other classes of dark men, as the Portuguese bearers advanced with the dark-palled coffin to its final rest. They wound along the beautiful bamboo-hedge that empales, in ever-green and soft foliage, this lovely burial-place, and reached its portal just as the sun was sending his level beams over the plain, and gave a mellowed softness and melancholy charm to the hour, as the coffin rested beside the open grave.

The crowd gathered from the carriages to the spot; and the service was repeated, as "earth to earth, ashes to

ashes, dust to dust," crumbled with its muffled sound upon the gilded coffin of the young and lovely missionary.

How many a heart was bleeding as they turned from that scene! But the hill-side, where now the early-departed is gently reposing, is a lovely spot. The breezes that sweep up the acclivity are borne from a grove of the ever-green nutmegs, as if they would breathe a spicy breath for a spirit so pure, so lovely, and we believe now for ever happy.

That same grave-yard, to me, will ever have a thrilling interest, not only as a lovely spot, where, in silence and solitude I have trod at an evening hour, reposing in its sweet seclusion but a short way from my lodgings on shore, but also for a hundred strange and commingling associations, which memory will recall in hours of review. It is a strange pathway we measure while we tread our course of life, so different every successive year from what we early dreamed of, and perhaps had planned. And then its strange intersections with the course of others we have known, in most unexpected circumstances, and time and place. *Within this burial-ground* I have stood at the grave of a classmate, whom I knew at the university, then a wild and popular youth, pursuing the same books, solving the same problems, contending for the same prizes, and with hopes, I doubt not, swelling his bosom as high as any of his associates. I saw him not, as I now remember, from the hour I gave him my hand of parting, on the morning succeeding the commencement exercises. But I frequently heard of him, and among other things, that he had become a religious man, pursued his studies of theology, and gave himself to the cause of missions. He went to China, and from China purposed a cruise among the

islands of these various seas. He reached Singapore with fever already in his veins, and after some days died, in the same dwelling from which the remains of the lovely missionary this day were conveyed, while around him stood his brethren who had devoted themselves to the same cause. And he was borne to the same burial-place, and now lies in his last sleep, to swell the number of early martyrs to the cause of Asiatic missions. "STEVENS!" How familiar that name sounds in the associations of the college-hall! How strange, when pronounced at his tomb in this foreign land!

And here, how often have I come on solemn duty since the arrival of our ships at Singapore! *Nine times* have I read the burial service, in a less number of weeks, over so many of our crew, who now lie in their death row of American sailors, their names only recorded in the memory of their shipmates, while the monument to the last one of the last war's boatswains designates their graves and his own resting place in the soil of the enemy he had met.

And here too, at early sunrise, while the dew was yet bespangling the green spires which carpet the hill-side of this sweet spot, I have come to say the burial service over the stranger to myself in the place of the English chaplain, when himself too ill to officiate. The custom here is to avoid the noonday sun, and at early morn or evening to inter the dead.

This burial ground occupies the western side of the government hill. A small chapel (usual in English burial places for the temporary rest of the body, when the service is to be in full performed) occupies one of the corners. The lofty banian tree raises its high stem in grandeur and grace far in the air; and below the grounds on the same acclivity, spreads forth to the view, in their luxuriant and

perpetual green, a grove of nutmeg trees, between which and the rural grave-yard, winds the avenue up the hill-side to the dwellings of the Governor. The stranger's eye loves to linger on this spot as it greets his view from many parts of his rides and walks through the town. "To be placed in a spot so lovely to me would yield some consolation," I remarked once, "were I to die in Singapore. My friends at least would have one bitter drained from their cup of sorrow could they know how peaceful was the rural ground where I rested."

"Not so did Mrs. W. seem to view this beautifully situated burial place," Mr. Wood replied, as we were approaching near it, on the eve of her burial. "She seemed to have a presentiment that her remains would lie there; and one evening, when I was about to drive along this path," he continued, "she begged I would take another road. And in view of the possibility that she soon might die, hoped that I would be prepared for the separation."

How mysterious are the visions that sometimes pass over the mind, and leave upon the spirit the felt shades of their dark-winged flight!

The Episcopal church at Singapore is a new edifice, consecrated within the last twelvemonth by bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, within whose diocese the island is included. The building has a commanding location, although situated on the plain, and occupies a spacious area, around which a hedge of young bamboo has been planted, which will make a beautiful empalement for the extended grounds. The church is a conspicuous building as seen from the shipping of the harbour. The style corresponds with the necessities of the climate, the main building being entirely surrounded by a verandah with heavy arched buttresses, beneath which the carriages drive to the entrances of the

building, affording protection to one as he alights, both from rain and sun. These buttresses give a heavy and massive appearance to the otherwise Corinthian air of lightness of the central part of the edifice; and the stranger who has contemplated it *en mass*, is surprised, on his entrance, to find it not more spacious within. It is amply large, however, for the usual congregation, and would accommodate a larger one than will probably fill its seats for years to come. It is finished inside with the red wood of these regions, a good deal resembling mahogany, though a greatly inferior and coarser wood. When the ground shall be properly arranged and planted, as it should be, with trees, and the edifice completed as to many little arrangements still contemplated, the spot will be a lovely one, and the temple a sweet and beautiful retreat for the worship of God.

I preached for the Rev. Mr. White on two occasions, during the stay of our ships at Singapore. Mr. W. read the prayers. I should deem it, however, no way improper for an American Episcopal clergyman, did the occasion require it, to perform the English church service before an English congregation. It might seem a little peculiar for the citizen of a republic praying for the successful reign of "*our* most gracious sovereign lord, King William," or "Victoria, our most gracious Queen and Governor." And yet the clergyman in this case is but the leader of the prayers of the congregation. I must confess, however, in my own case, I should in one or two instances prefer to change the pronoun *our* for the article *the;* and, by the merest lapsus linguæ in the world, the substitution might be made without materially interfering with the rubrics or propriety, perhaps without attracting notice.

I have been indebted to the courtesy of the English

clergymen in most of the places at which we have visited, and invariably found them gentlemen of interest and education. And they have ever given evidence that they regarded the Episcopal church of the United States with great partiality and kindness. They look upon her, as she feels herself truly to be, a child of the church of England; and indeed, there is no difference that makes them otherwise two churches than their different localities and dates of origin. Our bishops have been given us by their own church; our Prayer Book altered from their own, only to accommodate it to a different form of government, and by the substitution and the omission of some few words and brief sentences, which have the approbation of themselves; —and this church was planted, too, by the prayers, and solicitudes, and money of a common ancestry. It is right, then, that we should cherish kindred sympathies for the prosperity of each. And such is the feeling of the church in the United States; and such I know to be the feelings among the members of the church of England; and each at once feels himself at home, when worshipping in the temples of the other. It is therefore to be regretted, that in England there should exist any circumstances which prevent the English clergy from extending to their American Episcopal brethren of the ministry the courtesies of their pulpits, when they visit England. This has been the case, though it results, I believe, from some civil disqualification—each clergyman being required by law to take the oath of allegiance previous to his introduction to the pulpit of the English church. But a little consideration, and the exertion of no more than the influence which the English clergy possess, could remove the obstacle that prevents them from reciprocating the courtesies which are always at once tendered to the English clergyman on his visiting

the United States. If, however, the British clergy at home continue to adhere to their olden regulation on this subject, the American clergyman will be quite contented in the self-complacency of his own greater propriety and politeness.

Dr. Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, was in Singapore some few months since, at the consecration of the church edifice here. Bishop W.'s name is well known in America, and has been highly commended, particularly and most justly in connection with his book on the Evidences of the Christian Religion. It was a pleasure I had hoped for, to meet one whose writings had given me pleasure, and whose character I had learned to appreciate as a Christian and a scholar. I could have narrated one or two instances where his work on the Evidences of the Christian Religion has convinced the understanding of the skeptical, and guided the enkindled feelings to the embracing of the hopes and the profession of Christianity.

I made my last visit at the Rev. Mr. Orr's this evening, the 20th, dined, and afterwards took a pleasant ride along the beach, with Mrs. Orr; and through the Chinese village where Mr. and Mrs. O. will probably be located in their endeavours to benefit the Chinese, by their Christian labours for their welfare. At tea, we were joined by the Rev. Mr. Wood. The subject of the resurrection of the dead, the immortality of the soul, and the renewal of the acquaintances of the Christian dead were among the topics of conversation.

Admitting that our spirits shall remain the precise beings that they now are as to personal identity, which it would seem must necessarily be true, and which we cannot conceive of without the preservation of our memory and the other faculties of the mind, it would seem that some

definite and probable inferences may be drawn in connection with the future state.

As to our bodies, although there may be some connection between our present and our *spiritual* body, yet we know that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." And I cannot conceive of a spirit divested of materiality, as possessing figure or weight any more than I can conceive of a heavy, thick, oblong, triangular or rectangular *thought*. Nor can I conceive of it as occupying space, any more than does a thought; and no one's head was ever so filled with them as to produce any mechanical dismemberment. Besides, it is said that our bodies are changing their particles every succession of a few years. We know this from our daily observation as to our nails, hair, etc., and therefore the particles of our body to-day are different from what they will be to-morrow. Our bodies, in fine, are composed of just what we eat, and therefore are the same particles which have composed the bodies of the animals and vegetables we have eaten. And when these particles are analyzed it is found that the muscles of the ox, the man, and the vegetable matter which they eat are composed of the same substances. And when these bodies go to decay, the consolidated gases which compose the particles of which our bodies are constituted, resolve themselves back to their simple elements of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, phosphorus, and their few particles of the earths; and while the latter mingle with their kindred dust, the gases composing the greater part of the body, decomposed to their simple elements, rise from their deposite of the grave, or are dissipated from the funeral pyre to the gale; and in the whirlwind and the storm, may be, are borne from the spice groves and ever greens of the East to another continent in the West, or are soon re-drank by the

vegetable creation, which, in their turn, are re-consumed by beast and man, and become the bodies of others in their day and generation. Thus it becomes neither poetry nor comedy, but a philosophical truth, that the bodies of our grandfathers may be gazing upon us from the tops of the trees that embower us, or resting in the cup of the beautiful lotus as it sleeps on the still bosom of the lake, or is just on the point of being devoured by a buffalo in the shape of a potato, in its turn to be eaten by a Rajah, and for a time to become a particle of his Malayship; or, in the scattered divisions of the elements, perhaps another particle has been consumed in a glass of claret, and in its combinations in the system, become the iris of the eye of the proudest princess of Christendom. Thus in these perpetual changes of nature, our bodies may be composed of the particles which have entered into the compound of millions of others; and perhaps no one of them, in fact, belong exclusively to ourselves. What then is the result of these developments of science? It is the confirmation of the sentiment of the apostle, that our bodies shall be "spiritual" bodies, and that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven."

But of a spiritual body, as I have before hinted, I cannot conceive of weight, thickness or breadth, and without these I am unable to conceive of *form*, any more than I can conceive of a thought as possessing shape. The difficulty here, then, which would present itself to most minds, would be, "How shall we recognise our friends in another world, unless we can see them? and how can we see them unless they have a form? and how remember them unless this form be a resemblance of their persons as we have seen them on earth?

But, in the first place, I would reply, that we cannot

now *see* a spirit; and unless matter shall be in existence when all matter shall have passed away, then we shall have certainly no *physical eye* to look from. But, how would the idea of the objector improve the matter? Would he remember his friend as he knew him in his infancy, or youth, or riper years, or as a gray-headed man? How should the mother recall to her vision the little cherub of her affection, which went from her bosom almost as soon as it was born, to the arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me?" How should the child recall the mother who left it in its cradle as she went from earth to the peace and purity and bliss of heaven? Or how should the resemblance be fixed for the rotundity and health of the young and blushing cheek, or the thinner visage, though not always less interesting lily features of the young consumptive?

But if all these difficulties arise on the supposition, agreeably to a prevalent idea that our spiritual bodies are positive resemblances of our temporal; the apparent impossibility of recognition, as it will appear to some minds without this external resemblance, tends to destroy that delightful anticipation of a reunion and association with our friends in heaven. But to me this is far from being the necessary alternative, granting that the difficulties as above stated in a philosophical view, are real. In the first place, it is not the bodies of our friends that we love. The person of our dearest friend, in comparison with many others, may be very ordinary in external appearance. And that form changes, and though once interesting may cease to be so. But it is the mind—the soul—the spirit that we love; and it is that which lights up this body; and in our present mode of communication, gives forth, through the eye and the lip and the countenance, the real

expression of that otherwise concealed being of our friend. It is the thing which loves us, that we love; and which lives when the body crumbles to its original elements. It is that part of our friend that weeps; that is happy; that has made us weep, and has made us happy. It is the soul that has given us its thoughts—the lights and shades of its character—and felt when we felt, and smiled when we smiled, and was happy when we were happy; and would live and would die for us. It is this to which our own spirits are bound. And give me the power to commune with THIS through eternity, and to love this, and to be happy with this through eternal years, and the body and its resemblances may go to their dust, and pass with the material world at the end of time to their original chaos. It is the indestructible part of my friend—the *memory*, the imaginative, the perceptive, conceptive, and reasoning powers and passions of the *soul*—to which I wish to be united. And will it be difficult to find such, in the world of blessedness, where, on the supposition that the essence of the soul and personal identity remain, we shall still be social and intellectual beings; and as a consequence, commune with each other? A single idea conveyed to our friend, would call up all the *memories of another world*, and the recognition be that which we have loved, and again be united in sentiment and affection with the social, the intellectual, the loving spirit of our friend. *It may be ideas then, rather than resemblances of form*, that shall produce our recognition, as is often the case in this world. How often have the features of our friend so changed in his absence that we trace not on the re-greeting any resemblance of him to whom we gave the hand for a long separation. But a single word, a single idea, causes the

heart to leap with the joys of memory, that tell us we are again with the *unchanged and unforgetting spirit* of one we loved and yet love.

But this is already too long a nota bene of a few thoughts which were passing between us at Mr. O.'s, on the eve of my last visit, and for which I hold neither of those gentlemen responsible, but as rather constituting my own passing reflections at the moment. It was an agreeable hour of an interchange of thoughts with these intelligent friends, and a happy moment of communion, as all contemplated the certainty that the soul should be supremely blessed in that state of being, whither the Christian is rapidly tending, and where some of our dearest friends, but lately, were gone.

And, indeed, it is a blessed field of enjoyment, which opens before the redeemed one, as a *social, intellectual* and immortal spirit, retaining the susceptibilities of his spiritual nature, which shall be gratified in the society of heaven. There he shall meet those, from every age, to narrate the incidents of the past, in the providence of God, relating to the history of the world, and with millions of yet unborn spirits; who, again, shall tell of that which shall come after his own passage from the earth. And I could not but add to my friends, (whom it was not probable I should meet again after this evening's parting,) that if hereafter we shall meet in heaven, I think I shall there and then like to know of you what was your wo and your joy, while you lengthened out your day of earth here, in your missions of the East.

We knelt, as usual, before we separated, in prayer, after a chapter had been read and a hymn sung. I shall long remember the sweet voice of Mrs. O. We wrung each other's hands and parted.

The time was now arrived when the ships were ordered to be in readiness for sea. Word had been passed that the succeeding Wednesday would be the day of sailing for our ships. All officers were to be on board, Tuesday evening, and no boat or officer afterwards to leave the frigate. Yet a few days would intervene. One, therefore, I devoted to a ride to Bookitima, said to be the highest ground on the island of Singapore, and distant some six or seven miles from the town. I had already ridden to most of the plantations in the neighbourhood, marking the growth of pepper, gambir, coffee, cloves, and nutmegs. A fine smooth road has been cut quite to the top of Bookitima; and to avoid the necessity of walking up any part of the hill-steep in the sun, I procured an additional horse to serve me in case the first I drove should give out. The road lies along the level through the plantations in the low grounds for a few miles, until you reach the commencement of the ascent, formerly not attempted by horses, but since the road alluded to has been constructed, and but lately finished by the government's convicts, it is practicable to ascend to the hill-top, *provided* you have a horse that is good for aught but being led by a half-robed syce over a level surface. No sooner had we reached the commencement of the ascent, before the horse protested against any change of olden customs and all new innovations. Stay he would, any how, as usual, at the foot of the hill.

"Put in the other horse, syce," I said to the driver, as the palanquin door was opened, and Mrs. D. and myself commenced our walk over the smooth path, as an acceptable change, minus the sun that penetrated too easily the silk of a dark umbrella. Mr. D. joined us, and sent on his carriage with his little charge, up the acclivity.

The dubash dismounted the extra steed, and the two dark skins commenced the dismantling of the palanquin animal and substituting the "prime" riding horse. We had wound up the spiral road into the grateful shade, which the tall and thick growth of the hill-side threw upon the embowered path; and erelong the dubash came on, *sans* horse, *sans* palanquin, *sans* saddle-horse. This prime horse, which we had taken with us as our forlorn hope, for various reasons unlearned, imitated the said other obstinate animal, and alike declared in actions, which speak louder than words, that he was a humble imitator, and not a setter of fashions; and if his kindred flesh did not choose to advance he had not the presumption by any course of his to lead to any reflections upon his associate. To settle the controversy between bay horse and brown Malay, the forlorn hope deliberately backed the palanquin, from its little advance, down to the foot of the hill.

"Well, Krishna, why did you not ride up the saddle-horse, if you could get neither on with the palanquin?"

"Master,—horse no come, any how."

"Can't believe that, Krishna."

"Master,—*he no come* any how."

The dubash continued to protest with additional emphasis, but the secret afterwards developed itself, that the horse would not let the said Krishna re-mount him after he had been so insulted as to be put into the palanquin-shafts as a draw-horse.

Preferring to walk leisurely, by the way of perusing some manuscripts which had been brought for pleasure and amusement, we sauntered up the hill, passing the little streamlet that gushes, in refreshing and pure ripples, from a riven rock, leading back the association to the prophetic

Moses and a thirsting people, who then, as others in later times, were slow in their confidence in the Creator of bountiful and beautiful nature.

We erelong reached the top of Bookitima. Before us now lay field, forest, plantation, and the outlines of the whole island of Singapore, the distant water, like narrow lakes, meeting the eye on every side but one, designating the extent of the island. But a single view was enough. The prospect has nothing to attract with interest, as the view extends into the blue distance, to one who has gazed on richer landscapes, and mountain-scenery, and ocean stretching from the foot of the lofty mountain-side for leagues in the distance to sea. It is, however, a pleasant ride, when pleasant friends accompany you, like sweet solitude, when at your side you have a friend to whom you may whisper, how sweet is solitude, as some Frenchman has hinted, who was no less correct in his remark than another of his penetrating species, who defines gratitude to be a keen zest for favours that are to come.

As soon as a comfortable shade had been found, (the English have committed sacrilege here, in cutting down almost all the magnificent trees which but lately stood upon this elevated point, as if vistas could not have been much better opened to exhibit the distant prospect,) Krishna made an acceptable display of his fine pine-apples and other fruits, et cetera, and liquids, which the providence of my friends had provided, and which our ride had made no less agreeable to the taste than acceptable to the eye.

The horses having been detached from the carriages, the shafts of Mr. D.'s gig had been elevated to a horizontal line, and poised upon one of the stumps which some of the haters of nature's most tasteful arrangements had caused to occupy the place, divested of its legitimate stem and

foliage. I had placed myself in the gig beside Mrs. D. and her little girl, as affording to the party a comfortable seat during our delay, without thinking of centres of gravity, or lines of direction falling without their base, or of accidents occurring to all kind of vehicles when this is the case—nor was I at all mindful that the gig was occupying a point whence a rapid declivity commenced its inclined plain. And having thus long forgotten all about wheel and axle and shaft, in an acceptable tete-a-tete, suddenly, by some slight change of position in the occupants of the gig, or other cause, (of no consequence here, as the incident is the remembered thing,) the shafts of the gig were seen to be assuming a direction as if they were about to take the altitude of the sun, and the wheels seemed in thoughtful intent of moving down the declivity; but by some good fortune the three occupants were gently let down to the ground, to the discomfiture of nothing else than the calash top of the gig, which will afford the imitative Chinese a further opportunity of exercising their genius in patch-work.

I believe few persons, when uninjured and safely out of a danger, if they have shared it with agreeable friends, regret the occurrence, which rather adds another agreeable coil to the memory, which, in the future, shall unroll its trail of agreeable recollections.

The bays and the Malays having sufficiently fed themselves and rested, we were again on our return-way to town, preferring to descend the hill on foot. Having re-entered our carriages, in a short time we completed our way back; and finishing the last manuscript, as my friend will remember, in the early part of the drive, we reached the house of Mr. D. in time for an early dinner.

It is a pleasant ride, I repeat—that drive to Bookitima, if pleasant friends accompany you.

I was early at my room in the evening; and though alone, yet not in solitude did I spend the *bonne heure solitaire.*

It matters not how long one may have lingered on his cruise at any particular place, where he has met with various interesting things, and yet more interesting friends—the last twenty-four hours of his stay will always find him with many things to be done, and not a few things to be said. He must make his last calls, or despatch notes of adieu; and he must gather the curiosities which have been accumulating on his hands, and arrange a thousand things which before could not be arranged, and have conveyed to the ship his chattels, cherished mementoes, and by some last act of courtesy reciprocate the choice favours of his friends.

I could not, with horse and palanquin, go the round of all my acquaintances, to whom I had been glad verbally to say, how truly they would be recalled in my future memories of Singapore; but all other things being adjusted, so that I should find myself in readiness for the frigate's sailing, on reaching the ship to-night, I started to take the rounds of several families, among the number of those whose acquaintance I had formed, and whose friendship I would hope to retain. At such an hour I would not wish to feel otherwise than sadly, whether the feeling be expressed or not, as evincing most truly that I have been happy in the society of those with whom I am soon to part. What care we though we leave for ever those whose hearts have never moved more quickly when ours have warmed—with whom we have exchanged nought of the confidence of friendship—in whose association no sudden burst of sentiment, no new train of thought, no impromptu-extravagance of word, in humorous or in grave remark, have been awakened? We feel that no chain of sympathy

has connected our hearts, with its golden links, to theirs. But it is with those who have been sad when we were sad—have laughed when we have laughed—were devout when we have been devout, and could appreciate, and understand, and excuse your own mode of thinking and speaking and acting, and pardon you when you did not think, or speak, or act—it is with such you have irrevocably blended your thoughts, your interests, your feelings; and when you go to their homes, to say adieu, probably for all coming time, a sigh escapes you as you approach their dwelling; and you smile perhaps in their presence, and say cheerful things, but the heart weeps if the eye be not melted, as you take the long farewell, no more to return to the interview, which has so often been the source of your augmented happiness.

"It is but a *material* separation which takes place between friends, when they part. Their souls are as certainly united as when their bodies are in each other's presence. Let us regard the spirit then as our friend, and the body only as its temporary residence—as we have learned to think of the Spirit that has made us. Then, separation is nothing, and death itself only to be regarded as a passage-boat, to convey us, not only to our God, but to our *friends*, no more to part."

This sentiment was uttered by one on whom I called to-day, March 27th, to say farewell, and whom I shall cherish as a friend that will not forget, nor will be forgotten. It was worthy of the mind that conceived it, and the heart that felt it. And he who has but a slight power over the trains of his own association, to concentrate his thoughts on those subjects which please him most, and has been in the habit of marking the light and the shade in the *thoughts* and the *feelings* of the friend for whom he has

formed an attachment, will feel that there is truth most certain and welcome in the sentiment expressed. It is the thoughts, the kindlings of emotion, the remark that discovered the play of the *mind*, the feeling of the *soul*, the *character* and the *combined worth* of the spirit with which we have been delighted, that we cherish in the review; and these mental perceptions associated with our friends, are indestructible and inseparable in our own minds, recurring ever as agreeable memories; and the pleasurable emotions they awake are invariable consequents of the welcome recollections. Then is it true that the spirits of friends, in the commingling of the memories of the past, know, that while many leagues of ocean and land may forbid their bodily presence, their spirits may be ever and indivisibly united.

Having made the calls I had proposed to myself, I drove through the grove of nutmegs to the beautiful burial ground—not, certainly, there to inter for ever the recollections which I had treasured up in my associations with friends at Singapore, but as a fit place at the sweet hour of evening to pause for a half-hour, in a leisure and solitary promenade through the grounds of this rural spot. I stayed my step at the grave of STEVENS, and for a moment, carried back my thoughts to days and scenes spent in another hemisphere, when together we trod the same halls of the university, and stored our minds with the lore of other days from the same volumes, and drank at the same founts of literature and science. Those were days of calm, as we look back upon them through the vista of a bustling world, from which one would almost wish to retire again to the peaceful shades of the academy, to rest from the turmoil and the change, and the excitement of the general society of man.

I passed on through the grounds, and culled a handful of flowers from shrub and tree that wave above monument or beside tombstone, until I re-passed the row of American sailors, whose resting place is marked by a new monument over the body of the boatswain of the Adams, who rests in their midst. Here we leave them to wait their call to judgment. *They came with us!*

I passed down, on my way to the portal, and stood upon a small and green hillock, conspicuous in its location on the left as you enter the gateway of the grounds. And there, was the newly-made grave of the young and lovely missionary. I thought how like a beautiful rose-bud with the worm at its heart, she had drooped and died, ere yet half its lovely petals had expanded. And then, how sad was the story, that even then was being borne over the ocean to parents, whose hearts erelong were destined sadly to break, as they would hear that their child, in her early age of twenty-two years, had left her place of earth, for a home in heaven! I had not thought that one so interesting, when first we met, would be so soon reposing in her sleep of the grave-yard, and that I should be called to recite the solemn rite of burial at her funeral hour. No breeze was stirring up the hill-side at this soft hour, and all was still, save the zephyr that now and ever rustled the long and narrow leaves of the green and beautiful cane-hedge, which surrounds this land of silence, or whispered through the spicy foliage of the grove of nutmegs. I strewed the flowers upon her mound, and placed three roses above the bosom of the lovely sleeper, and turned and left those grounds for ever.

The sundown boat was already at the dock. But the flags of the European and American shipping were yet flying, as the sun had not quite sunk beneath the horizon;

and the broad blue pennant of the Columbia waved at the top of the main-mast of the frigate. A man-of-war is always an object of interest in the port where she is lying. At sunset, when her colours fall, the flags of all the shipping in port, at the same instant, drop, in compliment to the war-ship. The flag ship, therefore, as the centre of attraction, at such an hour has many eyes turned towards her, to mark the first settling of her ensign. The sundown music was already rolling off, when our boat had reached half her way on her return to the ship. And there she lay to-night, with many eyes at this moment resting upon her beautiful proportions, watching the first slight movement in her trembling colours as they should severally drop, in another moment, from the gaff and the main. But it was the last time these same flags, in their fall, would designate the hour to the shipping of the harbour, for folding their bunting. And it was from this circumstance that I gazed upon the scene with greater interest. "There they go," exclaimed the officer beside me, and together in beautiful harmony were the flags of every ship in the harbour seen falling to their decks. And to-morrow, thou beautiful courser, thy starred and striped emblem shall wave adieu to yon shore, hill, dwelling, and friends, from which thy last boat now conveys us.

On the succeeding morning, the 28th of March, our ships were standing, under a press of canvass, from the harbour of Singapore. The town erelong was left in the blue distance, and the outline of the land, where we had lingered for nearly two months, faded, and sunk, and now was lost beneath the horizon.

We are again at sea.

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SECTION III.

The Morrison, a missionary ship. Rev. Mr. Dickinson. Extract from a letter written at the point antipodes to New-York city. Arrive at the harbour of Macao, in China. Canton, half-way point around the globe.

As our ship fell off from her moorings and filled away, we passed a little to the leeward but quite near the ship Morrison, which had come into the harbour the preceding evening. This vessel is called the "missionary ship," and is worthy of the appellation, in view of the generous and Christian action of her owners, Messrs. Oliphant, King, and Co., in their endeavours to favour the cause of missions. She has often conveyed, without charge, the missionary from home to his destination in the East, and in the East from one station to another.

The Rev. Mr. Dickinson is a passenger in the Morrison, from Canton to Singapore. His arrival was unexpected, and I had hoped the pleasure of meeting him at Macao. I am not sure that we have seen each other in America, but think we have, and expected to have found him, at least, from the same college with myself. Had we delayed twelve hours longer we should have met. But we are now lengthening the line rapidly, which, every hour, measures wider the distance between us. As I gazed on the mission ship, a fine specimen of an American merchant-vessel, I thought of the amiable family of her owner, and some of their neighbours of Bond-street, with gentle and affectionate kindness.

"Frigate Columbia, at sea, April 9th, 1839.

"My dear E.—We left Singapore a few days since, and to-day, whereabouts in the China sea do you *guess* that we are? Precisely on the parallel of longitude which makes you and me on opposite sides of the globe. The longitude of New-York is 74° 1′ 8″ west of Greenwich. At twelve o'clock to-day, our ship was in longitude 105° 43′ 45″; and since, we have slowly glided over a little more than fifteen miles, which makes us this evening, and while I am writing, within a few rods of being directly opposite Bond-street, or one hundred and eighty degrees east of the City-Hall. And were the earth to be severed in half with a case knife (what a metaphor) at this moment, with the plane of section passing through your parlour, it would stand nine chances out of ten of hitting both of us.

"The earth, to me, since I have been sailing thus far around it, (having now reached the point of half its circumference,) appears to be a very small thing in measurement, though mighty indeed in its associations of the millions who, each generation, are coming upon it and passing from it.

"And the distance to you from me to-night, *through the globe*, is only some eight thousand miles. You see the advantage one would enjoy then, were a tunnel sunken through the earth from the China sea to New-York. The nearest way a bird could take over the circumference of the earth, would be some more than twelve thousand miles, and we have sailed more than twenty thousand in doubling capes, islands, shoals, etc., including our wild-goose chase down the west coast of Sumatra, after unfledged Malay bipeds.

From this point, too, you may conceive of me as being on my return-way, as every day we sail we shall be lessening the 180 degrees of longitude we are now from you. And then, when we shall reach you, *by continually sailing east from the time we left you*, we shall have gained one day, and the world will have turned around once less with us than with you; and should we reach New-York on Sunday, according to the reckoning with us it will be Saturday with you, and we shall have the curious experience of proving the old adage, in some cases to be false, that 'two Sundays never come together.'

"I finished a letter to K. T. last night, or I should not have ventured to occupy so much of this with such a disquisition on the rotundity of this bit of a compound of land and ocean.

"Ding, ding—ding! goes the John Adams' three bells, just under our labboard beam, very like the sound of some passing steamer, as I hear it from my state-room port, so pleasantly and near are the two ships sailing together. And to-night, just as the Adams' music beat to quarters, at sunset, she had come up so close to the frigate, that we could distinguish the features of the officers from our quarter, and distinctly hear every order given on board the Adams by the officer of the deck.

"Three bells of the first watch, is half-past nine o'clock. Another half hour, or at four bells, and our lights are put out, unless an officer ask permission to retain his longer, which it is expected will not be done, unless something of particular importance is to be attended to. A few moments only remain for me to adjust myself for the night's cradling, before the voice of that almost always disagreeble master-at-arms will be heard so untimely at my door,

'Ten o'clock, sir.' Therefore, my dear E., good night; and may kind dreams and kind angels attend thee."

We were standing in through the islands last night, the 27th of April, for Macao; and yesterday and to-day the change in the temperature of the air has been very great, in contrast with the clear and pleasant atmosphere we had during our stay at Singapore and passage up the China sea. The thermometer has fallen ten degrees. So sudden a change, occurring in almost twenty-four hours, has metamorphosed our crew into a dark-clad set, with woollen roundabouts and trousers of the same material, for their light duck pantaloons and simple frocks.

This morning, the 27th, we came to anchor off Macao, and this evening ran in still nearer the town, lying now at a distance of some five or six miles from the city, though in full view of the town, and the shipping riding at their anchors in considerable numbers about two miles from the shore.

Here then we are at last, in the neighbourhood of Canton, a point towards which we have been looking with particular interest from the time of our sailing, as the half-way point around the world; and towards which the vision of every child of the west has been directed when thinking of the Indies, where his tea came from, and where that singular people of the "Celestial Empire," who wear long braids touching their feet, dwell; to whom we have been so largely indebted for toys, trinkets, chessmen, and China silks, China cups, and ginger sweetmeats.

But every thing here is all aback. No communication between Canton and Macao; and the American and English merchants held "in durance vile," some two hundred of them at Canton, feeding, without servants, on rice and

water, until all the opium shall have been given up to the Chinese authorities. And our letters, waiting us in Canton, are destined, they say, there to wait, until the "trade is re-opened." The Chinese seem to have some pluck, with an empire of three hundred and sixty millions against a handful of merchants. Heigh-ho, for long-expected home news!

SECTION IV.

CHINA.

MACAO.

Visit to the shore. Matins. H. B. M. ship Larne. Impression produced by the arrival of the Columbia. Foreigners held prisoners at Canton. Stroll through the Bazaar. Origin of the word Chowder. Chinese women with little feet. An apology for the custom of contracting them in infancy. Mrs. King. The City of Macao. Cassa Gardens and Camöen's Cave. Latin lines to Camöen's Cave. Translation. English Burial Ground. Grave of Miss Gillespie. Lines. Inscriptions on the Monuments of Roberts and Campbell. Residence on shore. The Campo. Visit at Mr. G.'s. Letters from Home. Preach in the English Chapel. American Missionaries, Presbyterians and Baptists. Mr. King. Mr. and Mrs. Squire. Woman, Preach and administer the Communion. Call on Captain Elliot, the British Superintendent. His measures, and Chinese difficulties. Painting of George the Fourth. Dine with Captain Elliott. Mr. Beal's Garden. Bird of Paradise. Missionaries in China, and Missionary prospects. A father's farewell letter to his daughter, on her leaving for a Foreign Mission. The ships change their anchorage from Macao Roads to Tung-Koo Bay. Catholic processions. The Author leaves Macao for Canton. Description of the passage, and approach to the city. The author meets Dr. Parker at the American Hong, and takes up his residence there during his stay in the Provincial City.

I CAME on shore early this morning, April 30, 1839. Having secured my room at the hotel, I sallied forth for an early morning walk, as I heard the bells for matins striking in different parts of the town. The church-going bell has always had a charm in it for me; and nowhere has

its tones broken on my ear more sweetly than when its cadence came over a green lawn from a village-spire. In its crowded city, at home, its notes seem to struggle as if its vibrations were pent up by the brick walls, and its mellow breathings disturbed by the noisy pavements or the hum of the thousand voices of the multitude crowding to the thronged temples. But abroad, the *matin* and the *vesper* bell, in village or in city, have all the *romance* of religion associated with them; and the poetry of the solemn abbey, and the silence of the spacious cathedral, awake visions in which the imagination of him who loves the plaintive, the lonely and the sad, finds congenial aliment for its wild and welcome combinations. Fiction has done much in throwing a deep romantic interest around the Roman Catholic religion. The novels we have perused in our young days have had their scenes within the cloisters, and the cowled priest and the veiled nun have acted their conspicuous parts in the tragedy and the love-drama, over which the young imagination has lingered with excited interest, as we have spent our young emotions. Indeed I can remember when it was my desire, however much my private sentiments would lead me to wish the suppression of those fraternities and sisterhoods of the monastery and the nunnery for a wiser system of public benevolence and private piety, that it might be within the compass of my own journeyings to visit these recluses, as they exist abroad, before they should crumble, in the revolution of time and sentiment, to decay and ruin. And I have seen them, both at home and abroad.

It is my habit, the first morning I spend in a foreign place where the Roman Catholic religion prevails, to attend matins. I go not irreverently there, but love to seek the stillness and the solitude of the spacious cathedral,

which is rendered doubly more silent and solemn by the few, perhaps single worshipper, seen kneeling in the extended area constituting the floor of the massive building, while the low murmur of the priest at the far-in altar comes in impressive and scarcely heard whispers to the ear. It is a fit place for the stranger to carry back his thoughts to the past—to remember the kind Providence that has been with him to the present—to think of those he loves far away—and of his God, to whose care he would commend them—and then, with all these thousand memories, and musings and emotions which they awake, to offer the silent prayer to the Deity to whom he owes all—from whom he hopes all—and whom he would love, adore, and worship, with thankfulness, dependence, and devotion.

I returned to the hotel better prepared to relish a shore-cup of delicious tea and a very good breakfast; and met at the table two or three of the officers of H. B. M. ship Larne. They politely invited me to take a stroll with them through the bazaar, after breakfast.

The Larne, the British sloop of war, is here, delaying on account of the late disturbances between the Chinese and the foreigners. She is the only war ship we have found here; and in the possibility of additional difficulties with the Chinese, they having threatened to cut off all supplies from Macao, our arrival has proved very acceptable to all. There are several war-junks moored in front of the city, threatening all that such monsters in nautical science are capable of threatening, and at least working so powerfully upon the imaginations and personal apprehensions of the Chinese part of the population of Macao, as to render them unwilling to traffic openly with the foreigners. And the officers of the Larne were kind, on our arrival, in

sending a boat which contained fresh provisions for themselves to our ship, under the apprehension that we might find it difficult to gain an immediate supply.

Indeed, the arrival of our ship here has been particularly opportune; and the apprehensions of all the foreigners, as well as the Portuguese, whose settlement of Macao has been threatened positively and openly, are allayed; and the community feel that they have a sufficient protection to prevent any further high-handed measure on the part of the Chinese.

Almost all the American and English gentlemen are now at Canton, there held imprisoned within the grounds of the foreign factories, and are there to remain until the stipulated amount of opium (20,000 chests) shall have been delivered up. Our own arrival is said already to have had its effect upon the tone of the Chinese authorities, sufficient time having already passed for them to gain at Canton, through their own agents, knowledge of our anchoring in the Roads. It would be a fête gratifying, I doubt not, to all the officers of our ship, from the highest to the lowest, to force the Bogue, and to demand without delay the Americans now held within their premises at Canton. But the apprehension is, that, as their numbers are comparatively so small, and a mob of a numerous populace are ever so ready to do the bidding of the reckless and the abandoned, our approach might be attended with danger from the rabble at Canton. The authorities themselves have said, all that they have to do for the destruction of those now within their power is, to allow the mob to do their own wishes. And there may be truth in all this, as there is a general impression among the lower classes of the Chinese at Canton, that the foreign factories are filled with the precious metals, and that the plunder

were well worth the sacrifice of the heads of the few "foreign devils" that have the custody of it. It is in view of these possibilities, and perhaps just apprehensions, that our Consul advises that no action should be had on the part of the Commodore, until other exigencies may call for it; and that the readiest way for the Americans and the English to effect their departure from Canton is, to await quietly for the delivery of the specified quantity of opium, which is now being rapidly accomplished through the English superintendent of trade, Captain Elliot. When this shall have been done, if the assurances of the Chinese authorities are to be depended upon, the foreigners will be permitted to leave Canton for Macao.

I accompanied the officers of the Larne in a ramble through the bazaar, as they had politely offered to point out the way to this collection of shops, which contain the principal curiosities of Chinese manufacture to be found at Macao. And I was gratified to perceive that, in the event of our ultimately being unable to visit Canton, the Chinese bazaar at Macao would afford almost all the articles of curiosity and of utility we had hoped to secure at Canton. The bazaar is composed of a mass of small, one-and-a-half story shops, lining uninterruptedly both sides of several narrow streets—the streets themselves being generally flagged by long and roughly cut granite slabs or blocks, rendering the streets, though narrow, (being only sufficient for three or four persons to walk abreast,) clean but thickly crowded. Here the Chinese display the whole of the interior of their shop—with their shelves lining the three sides—the front part of the building being so constructed as to be removed during the day, for the display of the interior. And here may be found all those millions of Chinese trinkets, and thousands of more useful things, which

we have seen in another hemisphere, and have been told, in other days, that they came from China. The dashing lady* might regale her eye, by a simple request of Mr. Chinese *Kingti*, with crape shawls of different colours, and different patterns, and different prices, from what would be valued in America at ten to one hundred dollars. And if she desired it, she might, per order, have one wrought with embroidery according to her own taste and pattern, to cost any amount short of a round thousand. And then, she might be pleased in looking over a box of scarfs—some very pretty, some very indifferent—and then, examine some very pretty embroidered aprons, that would please the young lady of fifteen, and be quite admissible for her to appear in at breakfast. And then, she might examine the many and rich coloured silks as they unfolded their rolls one after another; and if she found them entirely clear of spots, she might say that this and that is very pretty, and very heavy; but, after all, France and Switzerland and Italy give us quite as beautiful dresses as these would make; and however fond they may be of making good profits at Stewart's in Broadway, the dress would come cheaper, and after all, probably look richer and last longer. And then, if she herself may be fond of embroidering, she certainly would be tempted to industry as that rich and beautifully coloured floss-silk of every dye was laid open before her covetous eye, while the visions of unwrought lilies and roses and carnations and tulips, and leaves of the grape vine, and half expanded buds of moss-roses recalled her recollections of handiwork that she had already inlaid upon the canvass. And perhaps, *per-*

* It is not usual for ladies to shop it in Macao, though they sometimes thus indulge themselves. They more usually send to the shops and request whatever they would see to be sent to their dwellings.

haps, it would even recur to her, at the moment, as a lingering, interloping thought, that, if she had possessed all these rich dyes, she might have added one more beauty to a favourite pair of beautiful slippers, which her own hands had embroidered, and which, with her gentlest smile of kindness, her own hand had presented to the partial friend, from whom she desired, but did not ask, a memory for her own gentle self. And then, there is an article almost rich enough for a bride herself, and only surpassed by the pina of Manilla for its fineness and its beauty. It rivals the bishop's lawn, and the finest cannot always be procured. But it is of gossamer lightness when it can be, and floats on the air like wreaths of which the softest clouds are made.

But we could not linger long at Kingti's, and we passed to his neighbours and found that the richest and most delicate *China ware* comes from Nanking, and some of it is exquisite. But the diminution in the porcelain trade has reduced the amount of the manufactured articles, and full sets of the costliest kinds can hardly be found, but must be made per order. And there were rich Nanking vases, which we found we could purchase for one hundred dollars a pair. They were exquisite, and would be richly ornamental anywhere when crowned with gorgeous and lovely flowers, for which they were made.

The Chinese are fond of flowers, but cultivate them almost exclusively in vases, which are generally constructed of a rough porcelain material, and glazed, to stand the inclemencies of the weather and the continued exposure of the open air.

But nothing crowds more upon the attention of the stranger, as he walks through the bazaar, than the great

variety of the *chow-chow*,* eatable things in the shape of pickles, sweetmeats, ginger-root just taken from the ground, and soft, white and tender; and salted eggs covered with a red clay, and shark-fins; and everywhere, first, midst, and last, *paddy, paddy, paddy; rice, rice, rice.* This is the staff on which the Chinese lean for support; and it is said that a mace a day, or ten-elevenths of a cent, will support a Chinese.

To each shop there is a back-room, in which the whole coterie, including the principal Chinese of the establishment, and his five, six, or seven partners, who are often all brothers, if so many happen to be in the family, gather for their meals around a single table, with each one his bowl and his pair of *chop-sticks*, with a single central bowl of larger dimensions, to contain the rice for the whole party. Besides the one large bowl of rice, there is generally seen upon the table a variety of chow-chow dishes, in the shape of pickled ginger-root, garlick, beans, cabbage, etc., from each dish of which they all help themselves with their own pair of chop-sticks, which lose not their place from between the fourth and third fingers and thumb, during the meal, and are "nimble boys" indeed, as their own language designates them.

Simplicity is inculcated by the sages of the Chinese empire, and their precepts are rigidly adhered to, by the absence of every thing else, in the way of table-furniture, save their pair of chop-sticks and bowl.

The shop-keeper, as one may suppose, has therefore but few encumbrances to lay aside on the entrance of a

* This word is used in the sense of *medley*, and is often repeated in China. Does not the New England word *chowder* derive its origin from it?

customer at the meal-time. Rather, as he has most usually, on such occasions of his rice-eating, divested himself of his grass-cloth frock, which at other times serves him as his only upper garment, loosely hanging over his arge trousers, which are gathered within his white stockings at the knee, he replaces this by a slight manœuvre of diving through it, and appears before the foreigner less willing to show the fine development of the muscles of his arms and shoulders than he was to expose them to the manes of his grandfathers as he sits disrobed at his meals.

On our return, we passed two Chinese women attended by their servants, who were walking, rather were *waddling* through the less crowded part of Macao, on their *little feet*, with each a staff in her hand, to enable her to preserve her balance. They were quite neatly dressed, à la Sinicè. The first emotion awakened in the feelings of a foreigner on meeting one of these sufferers of China's perverted tastes, is that of pity, and one almost wishes, as his next thought, that he had the power of inflicting merited and severe chastisement upon the parents who suffered such perversion of nature and taste; for, turn the world from east to west, and let other things remain as they are, and it can never be shown that the principles of *fitness* and *taste* are otherwise than the same. But, so it is in China—little feet and swelled ankles, and nature tortured and dislocated, are regarded as the standard of beauty. And when the whole secret of the matter is known, it will not, perhaps, be considered so astonishing that delicate woman should suffer thus to be tortured, and themselves again, as mothers, repeating the torture upon their children. It is said to be the very general if not the invariable custom of the parents, whose right it is, in the election of a wife for their son, to choose a *small footed*

nymph for his first companion, who has gone through this horrible process of disorganization. And as the first wife, according to Chinese customs, is the honourable partner of the husband and has under her control all his other wives, which, according to the custom of the Chinese, each one may add to his household, it becomes a matter of great interest to the female that she possess the qualities that will allow her to be eligible to this most honourable and first situation in the household of her lord. Shoes variously ornamented with tinsel can be purchased in the bazaar for these tiny feet, or apologies for what once were such, or would have been, but now are but an exemplification of a small solid triangle, which has the appearance of a small imperfect cone, laterally truncated so as to give it a base, that it may rest on its side. And I have in my possession three or four pair of these curiosities which have actually been worn, one of which is less than four inches long. It would seem incredible; and the truth is, that these shoes are rather forced upon the great toe and so much of the triangular foot as it will cover, and then, with a high heel to effect a level, the rest part of the foot and ancle is bandaged, so as by this arrangement to represent the foot still smaller than it really is.

It would seem, if it be true as is asserted, that the Empress of China and her Tartar sisters of the imperial blood, do not follow the Chinese custom of bandaging their feet; and thus it is not always true that *the court* sets the fashion. But this is in China, where every thing goes by contraries.

Our countryman, Mr. King, of the house of Oliphant, King and Co., at Canton, is among the Americans who have been caught napping at the provincial city; and although known not to have given any offence to the Chi-

nese government by engaging in the traffic of opium, but, on the contrary, exerted his influence to put an end to the trade, the Chinese chose openly to make no distinction between the foreigners detained in the city. Mr. K. happened to be in Canton at the time the embargo was laid upon their persons, and as no intercourse is allowed between Macao and Canton, of course he waits the further action of the Chinese government.

I called on Mrs. King this morning, who seems but little apprehensive for the safety of Mr. K.; and for herself, she would apprehend but little danger to the persons of the Americans, should our ship take her course without delay towards the commercial mart of these celestials, and ask permission of these long-braided gentlemen for the Americans to take their leave, for a visit to Macao. But Mrs. King is something of a heroine, in the way of placidity of nerves, though danger may be near, as she has demonstrated to her friends in more than a single instance. She was on board the Morrison with her husband, when that ship was fired into by the Japanese. This seemed sport enough for her, I am told, to make her wish to look at it rather than to retire below to a safer part of the ship. Woman is ever brave and patient, when necessity has so combined circumstances as to render danger or distress an unavoidable experience.

Mrs. King is an interesting representative from our own good land. And might I describe, I would paint a sweet blue eye, a delicate, frank, and interesting countenance, a set of brilliant teeth, and a person in a dark silk dress, which the eye at once recognised, in its make, as a pattern not from England but from America, and makes you think of your own lady-friends as they are remembered, on promenade, up that finest street in the world—Broad-

way—in old Gotham of the new world, and the native home of Mrs. K. Did I feel at liberty, I might record it more especially to the praise of this lady, that the moral welfare of the native females of China has elicited in their behalf her feelings of interest and action.

It is said that many ingenious devices are resorted to in these times of non-intercourse with Canton, for conveying letters between the two cities. There are Chinese who are willing, for considerable sums, to run the risk of taking small packages clandestinely, though it be at the endangering of the healthful flow of the blood through the jugular veins. Sometimes a slip of paper is made up in the form of a paper cigar—sometimes placed in the sole of a Chinese shoe—again concealed in some dish of cooked rice or other eatables.

The city of Macao, in its picturesque, as seen when approached from the sea, has a combination of interest beyond any other city we have visited in the East. Here is the castellated mount, the high and cross-crowned spire, the low and truncated cupola, the green mountain-side raising high up its conical top in bold relief against the pure sky, and the white city, laying itself out in the ravines between the green hills, and presenting, in its front, one line of dwellings looking over a lovely bay, while the public buildings covering the heights render the blended amphitheatre of house and hill-side, and turret and spire, and lines of fortification, and convent, and church, and hermitage, an exhibition of the beautiful and romantic of the first order in natural and artificial scenery. The city is flanked by two forts on the plain and two inwalled hermitages or small churches on the high conical heights. The largest fortification of the town, commanding the harbour and the city beneath it, crowns the central mount, and is the con-

spicuous and high-up object that meets the eye. From these forts stream the Portuguese flag; and on festal days of the church and political jubilees of the kingdom, the hermitages may be seen illuminated, as bright things with their rows of light on the mount; while the guns from the central fortification usually speak in eulogy of heavenly saints and political sinners, on their anniversaries. But all this rich scenic effect, as it falls on the vision when one is for the first time approaching the city of Macao in his small boat, to reach the landing place of the Praya Grande, is considerably diminished when he wanders through the narrow streets of the town, while nature all around him retains her proportions of grandeur and outlines of the beautiful. The Portuguese, like the Spaniards, have a faculty of giving an air of antiquity to all they have to do with; while there is yet a freshness in the appearance of Macao, as you contemplate it in the distance, which diminishes not the effect of the olden in the contrast, which the fortification and the public buildings give to a city, which may boast of centennial years.

In the city of Macao, there are not a few objects of interest to one of leisure, who has a love for marking character, observing manners, and connecting and tracing back present existences to their causes which lie in the past.

One of the first objects of curiosity to which the stranger is invited, is a beautiful garden now belonging to a young Portuguese gentleman, containing the cave where Camöens, the justly celebrated bard who sung, in heroics, the deeds of the first navigators around the Cape, is said to have composed many of his verses.

Having dined, by invitation, with a gentleman in the neighbourhood of this garden, we walked to the grounds, and I was not disappointed in the beauty of the location.

It is a place that will not tire the lover of solitude and stillness and the profound in nature; for here is rock and ravine and deep shades of tangled foliage, as well as flowers and balmy air and sunshine. I have a partiality for rocks—the cragged peak, the deep ravine, vale and hill, and dense woods; and here are mighty granite bolders piled on top of each other; and the surface of the garden is almost as uneven as the space of the grounds could admit. And every thing is luxuriant. The rocks are embowered by the ever-green foliage. The winding and abrupt paths, leading up the steep aslant or down the mimic declivity, are coated with a cement called chunam, thus giving them a smooth flagging, which the torrents of rain affect not, however in seasons of the storm or shower the currents may sport down the hill-steep. By winding up one of these paths, we came to an elevated spot, that commanded a view of the other parts of the ground. It is a small space of table ground, and from its level surface rise several granite bolders with plain surfaces, two of which are separated some three or four feet, and on their top rests another immense block of the same imperishable material, thus forming the celebrated cave of Camôens. They are blocks of granite, resting upon a mightier base of immoveable rock; and around, wherever root can find a place for entering its tendrils, the tree has gained its hold, and the foliage of the many stately shafts wave on their interlacing boughs, and give a richness of shade to this seat of quiet and rural beauty. The cave is open on two sides, and is some six or seven feet in width, more or less, rectangular, and more open and regular than the Judges' cave of western memory, but of the same order, within a few miles of that most enchanting of all rural cities of America, New Haven, Connecticut. Seated here, the

muse might well come to him, who courted her. Through a vista at the left, a sheet of water is seen which lays its curved edges around the neighbouring islands conspicuous in the inner harbour; and the city is shut out by the walls that run above the rocks, which themselves terrace off this nook of fairy land for nature's wild roamers, who give to her their warm devotions.

It is said that our ship will linger long at this port. I am glad that such a retreat may be found; and in my protracted stay on shore I am sure I shall form a very partial friendship for many of these old trees, and these enduring rocks, and winding path and shrub and flower.

There are, at different points of the garden, several beautiful views and rustic turrets of masonry, raised to give the gazer a convenient view, and seats within them that would accommodate a small pic-nic party at a soft hour of balmy day.

John Francis Davies, Esq., a long resident in the East, and one of its Oriental scholars, has written the following Latin verses to the Cave of Camõens. Among the same rocks and shades I read the verses and pencilled a translation.

IN CAVERNUM

UBI CAMOENS OPUS EGREGIUM COMPOSSUISSE FERTUR.

Hic, in remotis sol ubi rupibus
Frondes per altas mollius incidit,
Fervebat in pulcram camöenam
Ingenium Camoentis ardens:

Signum et poetæ marmore lucido
Spiribat olim, carminibus sacrum
Pavumque, quod vivens amavit,
Effigie decorabat antrum:

Sed jam vetustas, aut manus impia
Prostravit, eheu! Triste silentium

Regnare nunc solum videtur
Per scopulos, verides et umbras!

At fama nobis restat—at inclitum,
Restat poetæ nomen—at ingeni
Stat carmen exemplum perenne
Ærea nec monumenta quærit.

Sic usque Virtus vincit, ad ultiams
Perducta fines temporis, exitus
Ridens sepulchrorum inanes,
Marmorise t celerem ruinam!

Macao, MDCCCXXXI.

(TRANSLATION.)

TO THE CAVE,

WHERE CAMOENS IS SAID TO HAVE WRITTEN HIS CELEBRATED POEM.

Among the recesses of the rock and the shade
Where the sun's mild beam on the rich foliage played,
The genius of Camöens, in beautiful verse,
Poured forth its sweet strains which ages will rehearse.

And here the fair marble once breathed in its grace
To tell of the Poet that hallowed the place,
And the seat he loved most while his eye yet was bright
Was known by a bust in the cave's mellowed light.

But time with its years hath betrayed the fair trust,
And crumbled the rich marble, alas, to its dust,
And stillness now reigns profound as the grave
Through the rocks and the shades of Camöen's cave.

But the fame of the Poet in brightness is streaming
And his name on the page of glory is gleaming,
While his works as the models of genius yet live
And seek not from marble its praises to give.

Thus genius lives ever through time's crumbling power,
Till ages shall cease to chronicle their hour,
And spurns the proud marble its praises to boast,
And, deathless, yet triumphs when monuments are lost.

The English burial place is in the immediate neighbourhood of the garden, through which we promenaded,

and in which we would willingly have longer lingered; but we left this scene of loveliness and flowers and life, for one of yet deeper stillness, soft beauty, and death. It is a spot like most of the burial places I have seen in the East, possessing a rural beauty, and still-calm and green richness and softness, which makes you feel that if you were to die abroad you would choose to be placed in such a spot. The grounds are small, a rectangular plot of half an acre, with trees studding the end and one side of it, and a carpet of green grass overlaying the whole area. Here the English residents and Protestant foreigners are interred, when they die at Macao. There was an interest associated with this ground to me independent of its rural beauty, when considered as occupying a place within the bounds of a circumscribed city. There were a few Americans reposing in their last and long sleep there; and one, though it was not my fortune to have been intimately acquainted with her, others of my friends were, and I had learned from them to esteem the sweet qualities of her amiable character. I saw her once just previous to her leaving America for Canton, with her guardian, in hopes that the voyage would contribute to her restoration to health. It was otherwise; and now she sleeps beneath the green sod and green boughs in a tropical clime; and her tomb-stone bears the following inscription, over which the waving foliage fades not, as if to emblem forth the ever youthful spirit of her who has gone, with bright and happy hopes of fadeless joys and a bright immortality.

"In memory of Elizabeth McDougal Gillespie. Born at New-York, June 6, A. D. 1814. Died at Macao, Dec. 6, A. D. 1837.

"Erected by an affectionate Guardian over the grave of a beloved ward."

She sleeps—but not beneath the deep
That mourns the sea-dirge for its dead,
While low among the tides they sweep
Or rock upon their coral bed.

She sleeps—but not beneath the ground
Where kindred dead lie near and deep,
And friends oft gather at the mound
To think, and love, and newly weep.

She sleeps—a gem from western land,
That shone as ray of diamond light;
But soon was lost on foreign strand,
A setting star in earliest night.

She sleeps—where strangers stop to trace
The story of the early dead;
And one far-voyager seeks her place
His tribute tear o'er worth to shed.

There are two other monuments of the same style as the one that covers the remains of Miss G., constituting, with hers and one other, a row by themselves. The two alluded to, and adjacent to hers, bear the following inscriptions:

"The remains of EDMOND ROBERTS, Esq., Special Diplomatic Agent of the U. S. to several Asiatic Courts, who died at Macao, June 12, 1836, Æ. 50.

"He devised and executed to their end, under instructions from his Government, Treaties of Amity and Commerce between the U. S. and the Courts of Muscat and Siam."

"The remains of ARCHIBALD S. CAMPBELL, Esq., who died at Macao, in command of the U. S. schooner Enterprise, June 3, 1836, Æ. 46.

"Erected to the memory of Lieutenant Commander A. S. C., by the Officers of the U. S. ship Peacock and schooner Enterprise, 1836."

And here, unless this spot for the sleep of the dead

shall prove unlike others which have raised their voice for their compliment of those we are to leave on foreign shores in our circuit of the globe, a number of American seamen from our ship will here form their death-row before we shall have left the China seas.

Commodore Read has taken up his residence on the Praya Grande; and it is pretty certain that the Columbia will remain at her present anchorage for a month and more. If the present state of affairs continues she will not leave these seas in twice that time.

I have become very pleasantly located in the family of the Rev. Mr. Shŭck, whose residence is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the town, and directly in the neighbourhood of the romantic garden already partially described, and of the English burial ground, two of the sweetest rural spots in the city. The large building occupies one side of a rhomboidal area, the other three sides being lined by the church of St. Antonio, the gate of St. Antonio, the monastery or residence of a number of Catholic priests, together with the entrance to the English burial place. The remaining, or fourth side, is fronted by the large buildings of the elder and younger Marquise, two Portuguese gentlemen, who are the proprietors of the beautiful grounds containing the cave of Camŏens.

Through the gate of St. Antonio most of the Chinese funeral processions pass for the interment of the bodies among the hills that rise so majestically without the walls of the city, and between two of which, on the northwestern part of the city, lies the Campo, stretchng through the deep defile, and forming the favourite walk for the foreigners, more particularly when the sun has fallen so that the rays are cut off by the high range of the hills on either side of the ravine. Here, at an hour by sunset, you

may see the little groups of the English and Americans and the Portuguese, strolling, (though the Praya Grande appears to be the more favourite resort of the Portuguese,) or in single couples they dot the different paths as so many specks in relief with the high high hills that surround them, or, perhaps, up one of which they may be winding, lady and gentleman alike having deposited their hats at their homes, as useless encumbrances in this climate, at this balmy hour, but as a substitute, the one with a fan, the other with his staff in hand. And here one is almost certain of meeting one's friend, if he will stroll to the Campo at the sunset hour. It is a welcome breathing spot, after the heat of the day, and the influence of the pure air, and the cool breeze, and the soft sky, give a sweeter expression to the smile of one's friend, and additional ingenuousness to the cordial welcome at the meeting.

I took the circuit of the mount, on the high top of which is the inwalled and picturesque Hermitage of Guia. The mount separates the Campo from the sea, and the path of the Campo, winding through the ravine, turns to the right and reaches the beach, from which you have a view of the far-out shipping that lie at their moorings in the Roads. From this point, there is a path along the mountain-side by which one may return rather than by the path of the Campo, if one wishes a rougher walk as a variety and for greater exercise. And this path, winding around this conical hill, and passing between a notch of the mountain, again descends the declivity to the path of the Campo. It was already near sundown when we reached this notch in the mountain which divides the same into two conical hills; and the pass lies at a near point immediately beneath the little church or hermitage above. It was a soft hour as we neared the level of the Campo, and others were

enjoying it as they were promenading the rural path, or reclining upon the green area that spreads itself in the ravine. The bell of the hermitage on the mount now struck its farewell to the sun, seen at this moment from its wall to give back its last ray from its upper edge. Two young priests were lounging in their long black gowns and triangular hats on the green sward near us. They rose at the stroke of the sundown bell of the hermitage, both reverently uncovered, crossed themselves, and again threw themselves upon the green turf.

The display of radiants on the deep blue sky at this sunset hour was peculiar. I have never marked a similar exhibition in other than the climate of these seas, and at this place I have marked it with interest as a peculiar and here not unfrequent beauty. A point of the west sends forth its streams of the most delicate pink, and saffron, and carmine, radiant from a common centre, as they lay their divergent beams on the loveliest and softest sky-blue that ever formed a cerulean field for colours to contrast themselves upon. These elongated and rectilinear beams to-night diverged from each other as they rose from their lowest common point in the horizon, till their rising and evanescent layers, spreading and blending, formed a soft and commingled light of all their colours, nearly in the zenith of the beholder. Such was the soft display of nature this evening as we passed several of our friends, while we were leaving the Campo for a cup of tea which was awaiting our return. And the tea-table we found set on the top of a spacious terrace, with a bright moon and bright stars looking down from their pure halls above us, as we gathered to our seats. It was an Oriental scene, enjoyed in the improved way and conveniences of American arrangement. The stars never scintillated more beautifully

than to-night. And we marked as we gazed at the southern cross, and saw by a simple change the polar star in the opposite direction, that, what is sometimes affirmed, is not true, like many other confidentially asserted things, namely, that there is no single point of the globe from which this constellation of the southern cross and the north star may, each at the same momennt, be seen. And *lyra*, that blue twinkling brilliant, high up above us, in a few hours more will hang perpendicularly above our western homes. We would be glad to give it a message. But it may not be—it may not be;—yet I know not but there are eyes there that will read it and think of those half a world's circumference distant from them.

Last evening I visited at Mr. G.'s. Found him and his lady promenading on the open terraces of the garden, a spacious area of ground, overlooking most of the southwestern part of the city, and commanding a full view of the inner harbour, the green and adjacent isles, and the high grounds on the south of the town. It is an elevated and charming promenade, this terrace of the garden; and the establishment itself is one of the most imposing of the city. The terraces rise one above another; and the high walls, to form the level of what may be deemed hanging gardens, are reached by granite steps—the whole presenting a position admirable for defence in a feudal age or times of revolution. The spacious ruins around, of olden associations, where the thick walls and private and secret passages of monastery and fortifications are seen, and the crumbled buildings of the Jesuits, once splendid and massive, stood, now afford abundant material for romance. The ruins of St. Paul's are still standing, and its front forms one of the most conspicuous specimens of architectural interest to be found in the city. The church was

founded by the Jesuits; and the inscription on the corner stone of the remaining walls carries back the erection of the building to 1662. "Virgini magnæ matri, civitas macaensis lubens, Pasuit. An. 1662." This venerable structure was consumed by fire in 1834. The front still stands, with its chiselled decorations of saints who have gone through the literal ordeal of fire with but partial blackening; and the walls being repaired, the whole has been turned into a very respectable and very neat cemetery. Niches rise one above the other, occupying the inner sides of the walls as vaults. A terrace extends quite around the inner side of the building, supported by the walls and the columns within. At the inner end of the cemetery is a small chapel, containing an altar, with an iron grating in front, through which the eye contemplates a delineation of purgatory on the inner wall, representing a number of spirits in different attitudes escaping from the purifying flames—some half way relieved, another with the whole body escaped with the exception of a single foot; and another with an angel's hand triumphantly bearing him above; while still other sister spirits are extending their aid to the sufferers below, and *almost* but not quite reach their elevated and extended hands. Within the adjacent grounds, so late as the present year, I am informed that the governor has caused excavations to be made, in consequence of a traditional impression, which it is supposed has been handed down on very good authority, that the Jesuits buried large treasures at the time of their downfall and the sequestering of their estates. The earth, yet retaining its freshness of excavation, is seen near the walls of this once magnificent building; but what has been done only shows that enterprise was wanting to develope the money even if the treasure is there, beyond the labour that has already been expended.

A private band of villagers, in our own land, have dug deeper and wider for the deposited ingots of Captain Kid.

We retired from the terraces of the garden to the house at the dusk of twilight, when tea was served. One of the nieces of Mrs. G. came in from her evening walk. Carnation was glowing on her cheeks in deepness, and so blending with the lily of her complexion, that it made her an object of interest as a fine specimen of that Anglo-German style of face, so unlike the dark brunettes, and yet darker-shaded faces, on which our eyes have so long been lingering. She gave us music in the evening. As she sat at the piano-forte, her wide brow of marble and luxuriant ringlets flowing in negligence and abundance on a neck of Parian, and the large deep-blue eye, and lip that the free and young blood dyed in coral, made her appear like a fine specimen of a German princess, worthy of the throne of England.

"Americans always do things so finely," said Mr. G., when alluding to some particulars connected with the Navy. Americans do things very ungracefully, often, I thought, when they are unwilling to reciprocate a compliment in praise of what is really meritorious in England, or would wish to find fault with that which is uncensurable.

With the symphony of "I call on the spirits of the past" full in my memory, I left the little coterie, with a polite invitation to attend a musical party the succeeding evening, to which invitations to some others should be extended, they said, particularly on my account, presuming, with accuracy, on my love of music.

The authorities at Canton seem to be slackening their surveillance a little, or, at least, are behaving a little more becomingly, as gentlemen, and have permitted our letters to come down from Canton. It is as I thought it would be.

with my kind friends at home; and a real U. S. mail has been awaiting me. It was my good fortune to receive between forty and fifty letters, and papers piled like Alps o'er Alps, in the number of packages my friends were so thoughtful as to send me;—and all good news. I was thankful; and spent the night in wakeful communion with my friends, as I read through their many epistles. I am sure if those at home could but partially realize the exultation which our officers manifest, and the happiness they experience on the reception of letters when abroad, they would be considerate in securing every opportunity in forwarding letters to meet them.

The situation of my own friends at New-York has enabled them to avail themselves of many opportunities of forwarding letters. But other officers of the ship have found the advantage of the existence of the *Naval Lyceum at Brooklyn Navy-Yard*, a most worthy institution, which will be justly appreciated, and valuable as it advances in its action and continuance. Persons from any part of the Union, sending letters to their friends in the Navy who are abroad, will have them particularly looked after and forwarded by the first opportunity, if sent to the Naval Lyceum. The information possessed of the destination of foreign squadrons, where the ships are expected to touch, and what vessels are sailing from the port of New-York, or other ports of the United States for those places, gives the officer who is in particular charge of the duty of forwarding letters sent to the Lyceum, particular facilities for despatching them to foreign ports. Of course, these letters, if sent by the mail, to the care of the Lyceum at the Navy-Yard, Brooklyn, should be post-paid: the institution gratuitously forwarding these letters, should not be burdened with the postage in the United States.

Yesterday, it being Sunday, I preached in the English chapel. The Rev. Mr. Vachel, chaplain to the queen's commission here, is now absent, on account of his health, on a visit or permament return to England. The chapel is quite neatly fitted up, and sufficiently large for the foreign community at Macao. The number of the foreigners here is larger at this time than usual, in consequence of the difficulties at Canton, and expected daily to be considerably increased by the arrival of all the English merchants and the government officers, with the Americans, who it is said will leave the city when Captain Elliot, the English superintendent of trade, shall retire from the city to Macao.

In the services of the chapel I read the prayers, and I am sure I very sincerely offered the petition for her Britannic Majesty, Victoria, Britain's most gracious queen and governor. Whenever I had previously preached in the English chapels, the chaplain, being present, has read the service. Surely there are interests enough that are mutual in the common welfare of England and America, not only to make the subjects of the one and the citizens of the other sincerely to wish the happiness of the rulers of both nations, but also devoutly to pray that they may alike be guided so as to preserve the harmony and the prosperity of each government. The interests of the one, when viewed in connection with those general and just principles of political economy which are becoming more universally understood, and aggrandizing the age, cannot be otherwise than the ultimate interests of the other. The politician, who legislates merely or principally for some immediate advantage of his own times, is unworthy a seat in the councils of his country. The greatest ultimate good of the nation,—and of the world, if you add the character of the

Christian to the politician,—is the inquiry that should guide the enlightened and liberal mind. Washington acted with such a forecast; and Hamilton, by whom the country was retrieved from debt and placed on her highway to national respect and prowess. And England has many a bright name to class among the philanthropic legislators of the nineteenth century.

In the evening I heard the Rev. Mr. Shŭck preach at the house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Browne, where, on Sunday evenings, it is usual for the American missionaries at this place to have service, and, in turn, to officiate. The Rev. Mr. Abeel, and Rev. Mr. Bridgman and Dr. Parker are at Canton. The two former, at least, are expected to return to Macao, as soon as the foreign community leave Canton. Mr. Williams, connected with the printing establishment of the mission here, (a young gentleman of worth,) I have also met. The Rev. Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Young, Baptist licenciate from Batavia, are also resident at Macao. Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Shŭck are the only missionary ladies from America at Macao.

Mr. King having reached Macao in the morning, I was introduced to him after services this evening; and having learned of our mutual acquaintances, I was glad to meet him.

He is a young gentleman of intelligence and liberal principles; and, with the house to which he is attached, has taken a decided stand against the trafficking in opium. His estimate of the Chinese character is higher than others rate it in the scale of morality and intellect and enterprise. It is natural that his course, with so many opposing interests in commerce, against which, with great independence, the house of Oliphant, King and Company seem to have acted, should have awakened some jealousies. But the

result of the measures of the Chinese government will place the cause which Mr. K. has advocated triumphant in the end, as all liberal minded men, wherever they may think their interests lie, must acknowledge to be the desirable course of events, in connection with the opium trade, which has impoverished thousands, and threatened the destruction of a nation, for the private emolument of a few individuals and corporations.

I have read the views of Mr. K. in connection with the establishment of a consulate general at Macao with vice consulates for other positions corresponding with the different European powers holding settlements in the East. For example, a consul for the Spanish possessions should be located at Manilla; one for the Dutch possessions at Batavia; another at Singapore; and another at Siam. The consuls at these stations severally to report to the consul general at Macao, who also should be the consul to the Chinese empire, and make reports of the different consulates to the general government. And that this general establishment for the East may be honourable to the government of the U. S. and efficient in promoting and protecting its interests of commerce and trade, the consuls should be officers with fixed salaries, sufficient to raise them above the necessities of their engaging in trade.

No one familiar with the East and the interests of American commerce in these seas but will at once see the utility of such an establishment, and its practicability. Its expense, even with a liberal allowance to the consuls, would be a saving to the government, and give it a credit abroad which would be honourable to that administration which shall carry such a measure into execution.

I met the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Browne, Monday evening, at Mr. King's. It was a very agreeable tête-à-tête to re-

view home scenes with Mrs. B. Two of her brothers were university acquaintances of myself, and she left the United States after the sailing of our ships. We wandered together, in imagination and review, through many a town and village, and rested a good long while in that exquisite specimen of *rus in urbe*, or rather, urbs in rure, which makes the elm-embowered city of NEW HAVEN without a rival for its rural pleasantness and beauty. Who that has ever moved at moonlight among its groves—who that, at the evening hour, as the sunset sent athwart the city its level beams flooding the elm-tops of the city in layers of gold, has threaded its streets thus arched with domes of golden foliage supported by Corinthian shafts of nature though ranged in Gothic arch—who that has there watched the sunset scenes, rivalled nowhere else in the world, that I have seen—who that has mingled in its circles of cultivated and refined and modest minds, chastened by their high appreciation of literature, morality and religion, but will pause enchanted at the mention of thy name, beautiful, blest, beloved NEW HAVEN?

I've roamed among the flowery isles afar,
And strolled, at night, 'neath west and eastern star;
And I have loved the moon-lit scene in grove,
On lake, and where the throngs of cities move;
And where the streams of lighted avenue
Their glare on palms and cloves and mangoes threw;
And where the fair ones of a gentler clime
Unveiled, when bells of latest vespers chime,
Are seen to tread upon their verdant walk
To court the breeze and sport the evening talk:
But not within the range of this wide world,
(Roamed I the regions of the New or Old,)
Have I such moon-lit glory elsewhere known
As I have seen around these temples thrown,
Where Art and Nature join to render b'est
This loved, THIS RURAL CITY OF THE WEST.

I have visited with interest in the family of Mr. Squire and lady, from Plymouth, England. Mr. S. is some way connected with the English society for the spread of the gospel, and is in the East to convey home to the society the information it may need to enable it judiciously to make its selections for the stations of its labourers.

Mrs. S. is the daughter of the late George Harvey, of literary titles and of literary fame. He is the writer of several articles published in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, a work of great merit I understand, and extent, but whether yet completed I am not informed. It was a matter of gratification to look over the volumes possessed by Mrs. S., containing very beautiful specimens of plates illustrating the articles on meteorology, many of them done from sketches by her own pencil. And then, it was amusing to hear some playful anecdote associated with the drawing of that tree, which is a portrait—that notch in the hill—that mystic fold in the sheet of that cloud—that globule of rain that has descended from the nimbus or the cumulus—that old-fashioned ship, that was standing in by the breakwater; and that unique Spanish craft which had somehow wandered to the neighbourhood; and then as another leaf was turned, to mark the angles of the flake of snow or the mosaic of the hoar-frost, taken from the window pane of the parlour, or the antique glass of that old church, about which many a ghost story has been told. How estimable, we justly think, is that family, where science, and taste, and affection prevail. No ennui, listlessness, and insipidity, hath to do in such a circle. In the education of his several daughters, the father of Mrs. S. directed that one should pay her attention particularly to music, another to drawing, another to painting, thus rendering each skilful in her own department, and intro-

ducing into the family a variety of accomplishments, that would not tire, and by consequence afford the greater happiness to the whole circle.

In the little incidents of pleasure and disappointments which Mrs. S. narrated to me as associated with these beautiful plates, the scenes of which were all taken from the neighbourhood of her home, and sketched at her father's, I thought how much was lost as we gaze on the beautiful in art, in the absence of the story of its progress, and its midst, and its ending. Often—how often! could we learn the whole of the poor artist's story as he spent his hours over the print we admire, would the tears flood our own eyes. And again, in tracing the history of other pieces, which have been the result of indulging a taste and accomplishment possessed, and contributing pleasure from its conception to its perfection, how would our own feelings often kindle, could we know of some of the incidents and feelings that attended the artist; and luxuriate, as we traced the combinations of real life with the scenes of the fictitious. We know that we are delighted with the beautiful, and appreciate with most acceptable feelings the effect of the combinations in a perfect painting. But how those feelings would be augmented, did we know how many hearts, and why they gushed amid those scenes described—or that beat with kindred feelings of love and sentiment with our own when gazing on the same view—or sighed or smiled over the same prospect. Surely do I think, if this description meets the eye of this amiable lady, she will remember the hour so agreeable to myself, in which she narrated the little domestic incidents connected with the sketches of her *porte-feuille*, and the soft and beautiful prints of the Encyclopedia.

After prayers I took my leave.

WOMAN.

Conversation is the source of the greatest happiness of a social and rational being. And there can be few pleasures more unalloyed than man derives from the conversation of an intelligent woman. And there is nothing that sooner disgusts the virtuous mind than to listen to a cant that often prevails among some circles of the other sex, to the disparagement of the female character. Where I hear it, I stay not to argue as to the elements of the character of the coterie that will allow it, or the qualities of that heart that can be pleased with the trifling and disparaging remark, as associated with the female sex, to the wreathing of the lip with a smile of satisfaction. It is to woman society owes its highest refinements and softest civilities. The virtuous, and honourable, and *high-minded bearing* of every community, is measured by the tone of sentiment with which woman is regarded. The chivalric age, when man would peril life for woman as freely as courses the blood in his veins, and when her defence was a profession, was a virtuous age. And the nations of the world are characterized for their civilization, general intelligence, delicacy of feeling, liberty, and perhaps prowess, in proportion as they are observed to treat the female sex with deference, hold their personal rights in consideration, and accord to them freedom in action, and unrestrained intercourse in social life. And there is nothing that speaks more in compliment of the American people, and assuredly declares their advance in the dignity and moral worth of a mighty and a Christian nation, than the deferential respect with which they regard the female sex. And he has been but a slight observer of mankind who does not consider them, though the weaker, the *better half* of the world, in all that is kind, benevolent, refined, and holy.

It is a beautiful paragraph in the works of Ledyard the indefatigable, and, to fame, immortal traveller, in which he speaks of woman, as he has seen her in all quarters of the globe. It makes one love his memory, saying every thing as it does for the excellency of his heart; and to the critic in literature presents a specimen of almost the perfect in style. He says:

"I have observed, among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor superstitious; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer; with men it has often been otherwise.

"In walking over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free, and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the sweet morsel with a double relish."

Sunday, May 26th, I again preached in the English chapel, and administered the communion. As most of the

foreigners had reached Macao from Canton during the week, the house was well filled, and the number of persons who communed was greater than I had anticipated. The communion, in the absence of the chaplain, not having been administered for some time, the services seemed to gain additional interest to those who were present. And it certainly was great satisfaction to me to unite with my English friends of the same creed, in the services common to the American and the English mother church. The prayers of the morning service were read by Mr. Stanton, a student of Cambridge, who is now preparing for orders, and who, in the absence of the chaplain, usually reads a sermon to the congregation on the Sabbath.

In the afternoon of the same day I attended a Bible class at Mr. Squire's, where I met the Rev. Messrs. Bridgman and Abeel, who, having reached Macao Saturday night, were at the services at the English chapel in the morning, together with the other American missionaries, resident here. At the Bible class were also the Rev. Mr. Brown and lady, Mr. Williams and Mr. Stanton. Mr. Morrison, son of the late Doctor Morrison, and first interpreter to her Majesty's commission, came in, having arrived from Canton, with Captain Elliot and others, during the morning.

After tea, I accompanied Mr. Squire to the missionaries' services of the evening at Mr. Browne's, where a number of the residents and all the missionaries usually attend, on Sunday evening. I heard the Rev. Mr. Browne, and was glad to listen to an exposition of the moral government of God, that relieves his benevolence and mercy from charges sometimes brought against it, by showing that the present system of God's government is the best possible to him as a

Ruler over free moral beings, and the best conceivable, *if* these free moral beings had acted their part, as their interests and their obligations of duty suggested.

I called at Captain Elliot's on Monday morning, Commodore Read and Captain Wyman making a call at the same hour.

Captain Elliot is the British superintendent of trade here, empowered by her Majesty's government with certain authority, the extent of which, in the secrecy with which he keeps his instructions, it is impossible to know; but, as occasion requires, the decision with which he acts, and the responsibility he assumes, declare that his powers are equal to any exigency which has yet occurred. And he affirms that his instructions are full; and when occasion requires it they shall be known. He has assumed the responsibility of requiring from the English captains the delivery of opium, to the amount of some millions of dollars in value, for which the English government becomes the debtor; and through him, as its agent, it is surrendered to the Chinese authorities, according to the demand of the Chinese government, as the condition of the liberation of the foreigners held imprisoned at Canton. The amount has now been surrendered, and the foreigners are mostly in Macao beyond the further power of the Chinese, while the trade is again opened, on certain conditions, into which the captains of the ships are to enter. The English will not accept these conditions. The Americans may play their part differently, as their *present* interests lead them to secure their home cargoes.

A crisis evidently has come; and it will depend upon the will of the English government, in a good degree, as to what that crisis shall develope. If the ministry now in power continue to hold their places, it is presumed that

Captain Elliot will be sustained in the course he has pursued; and that England will demand the restitution of an equivalent for the opium delivered, with expenses and injuries received by the detention of the English ships, and every other real or supposed damage received. And the Chinese government refusing to liquidate the amount will thus afford to the English a sufficient pretext, real or imaginary, for the declaration of war, the conquest of the island of Formosa or some other in the neighbourhood of Furkeen, the tea province, and reprisals be made on the commerce of the Chinese coast. The ultimate end of all measures to be the *securing a foothold in the Chinese empire, and to effect a treaty with its government.*

But all this is yet to be developed. The progress of the drama, in its first act and several scenes, is long, even so far only as it has already advanced, and would occupy some pages to be repeated here, in the quotations of documents which have passed between the Chinese commissioner and Captain Elliot on the part of the British government, and others, who, at Canton, represent other foreign powers. So far, however, as the subject is connected with *our detention here*, and the presentation of the points in agitation and dispute between the Chinese and the foreigners are concerned, I shall endeavour to give a statement and documents, briefly as possible, further on, for the full understanding of the merits and the difficulties of the circumstances, in which the parties are placed in relation to each other.

Captain Elliot is a gentleman of great ingenuousness of manners. Too frank, some would think him, for a diplomat. But there is a deeper management, sometimes, in frankness, than found in guarded reserve or mysticism; and a frank communication of what it is of no consequence

should lie concealed, may often form a veil for what it is important should be preserved *sub umbra*. And I divine that Captain E. understands this, while it is in his nature to be open in his communications, and undisguised in his actions. His ingenuous manner almost declares his profession, (and I should add, *en passant*, that he holds a post-captain's commission in her Majesty's navy,) and he has possessed himself of enough of all the languages of the East, and the Portuguese, with a knowledge of the French, to enable him sometimes to be amusing in the way of narrative, and always to round an anecdote successfully. Captain Elliot has done credit to himself in the difficult circumstances in which he has been placed; and his passing the Bogue on his hearing of the early measures at Canton, in the endeavour of the mandarins to secure the person of Mr. Dent; his passing the flotilla of boats which endeavoured to prevent his landing by forming a barrier to keep his small boat from approaching the landing-place at Canton, is spoken of as a gallant act. Competent and confident in his measures, and acquainted with the genius of the people and bearing of the controversy, and the wishes of his government, he will succeed in carrying his own plans through, if he gains, as he expects, the approbation and further support of the ministry at home.

He brought with him from Canton a magnificent painting of George the Fourth, which has occupied the hall in the British factory there. Its size, however, occupying its present position, although a spacious room, reminded me of the family picture of the Vicar of Wakefield, which was found, after it had been finished, to be too large in its proportions to occupy a perpendicular position in the house. It is done by Laurence, and is deemed a masterpiece. I was less interested in it than I might oth-

erwise have been, had not Mrs. Elliot recalled me to view a beautiful print of her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, whom Mrs. E. appears to admire with much enthusiasm. Certain it is that Mrs. E. herself is a queen in her way—possessing great interest as a lady of agreeable and easy manners, clever, accomplished, quick at repartee, and with a row of teeth that pearls may not equal.

On the succeeding Wednesday I dined with Captain Elliot, it being the day that suited the engagements of Commodore Read. All the gentlemen of the Queen's commission were present—Messrs. Johnson, Emsly, Morrison, some of the India service, and several gentlemen of the large mercantile houses, Mr. Jardin and others, and our worthy consul, Mr. Snow.

I took my leave as Mrs. E. retired from the table, for an engagment I had in the evening.

Among other places I have visited during the week is Mr. Beal's garden, possessing some attractions in its localities and arrangements and plants, but principally interesting to the visiter on account of its magnificent aviary, which contains a number of birds of the richest plumage and most gorgeous colours, characteristic of the feathery tribe of the tropics.

The bird of Paradise—that fairy creature, which we have almost thought to be a thing of fable rather than of real existence, is there now in his perfection of plumage and colouring. The Mohammedan places the souls of the blessed, in their highest heaven, in the crops of green pigeons. Had the bird of Paradise ever crossed the vision of Mohammed, the green-plumage colomba would never have shared the honour of bearing in its flight the souls of good Mussulmans. I seem to see that beautiful creature again as my pen would describe it, hopping from perch

to perch, changing its position at every note it uttered, as if, conscious of the perfection of its beauty, it would show every feather of its long, and soft, and downy, and richest-dyed plumage, and blue beak and yellow eye, and ringed and speckled claws. There have been many descriptions of this identical beauty, nature's masterpiece of the feathered creation. But nothing can do it justice in the absence of colours; and its portrait even, which I possess, and so well done as apparently to be regarded with all the affection of self-esteem by the beautiful bird itself, reaches not the spirit of the gay original. Its light blue and graceful bill, placed in its emerald green bed; its chocolate breast and pinions, in contrast with its brilliant yellow of the upper part of the head and back, darker shaded towards the wings; and then, its gorgeous tuft of white, downy, and elongated plumage, tinged with saffron and extending itself like a train of light, all harmonize, in their blended colours, to form a perfect whole, which animated nature nowhere else presents. Sweet thing! it would seem that it ought to have a sweeter voice—that all the symphonies of nature—the æolian strain—the whisper of the pina-top—and notes they say of old that syrens used, when they would throw a spell over the spirits of those they enchanted, should be blended in the note of a thing so fair and so perfect. Who can look on thee, thou beautiful bird, and not be won by the beautiful Mind that conceived the harmonies of thy colouring, and painted thee as thou art!

There are a great variety of other birds here, gorgeous in their plumage, and surpassing, for their beauty, the conceptions of one who has never seen them represented in ornithological plates. Among these is the golden pheasant, the silver pheasant, the Argus pheasant, and more beautiful than all, the Tartar pheasant. They are larger

than the English or American pheasant; and their gorgeous plumage of yellow and crimson and silver, with the hundred eyes of the Argus pheasant strewed upon its feathers, make the peacock almost a common bird beside them as they attract the admiration of the lover of animated nature. The mandarin duck is a peculiar bird; and beautiful sparrows, green pigeons, red and white parrots, finches, and half a hundred variety of other birds were seen, flying or hopping about within this spacious wire cage, which covered an extent sufficient to embrace the boughs and trunks of several well-grown trees, and an artificial water-pond, giving to these winged idlers of the tropics an evergreen grove through which to cut the air, to build their nests, to lave their wings, and to sport in harmony, shade, and song.

The American Missionaries to China make Macao their residence. Here, they can enjoy all the advantages they need in acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese language, printing their books, and an ample field for missionary labour among the extensive Chinese population of Macao. The city is within a day's sail of Canton, and passage-boats daily ply between the two places. Here, too, there is always more or less European society, being the only place at which foreign females can reside. And here they have the protection of the Portuguese laws, so far as those laws are adequate to yield it. The Baptist Society have three missionaries here, Mr. and Mrs. Shuck, and Mr. Roberts. They each have a small school of Chinese scholars; and while giving them instruction, continue their own application to the acquisition of the Chinese language. These missionaries have been in China some time more than a year, and have accomplished a knowledge of the language which enables them to communicate freely with

the Chinese. It is the only language in which they converse in their intercourse with their pupils and domestics.

It is a vast work that opens before the missionary to the Chinese empire; and surely if there were no arm but that of mortals on which to rely in the hoped-for revolutions that are to be effected in the institutions of these people, for the introduction of the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, this small band, gathered at this point, might well veil their expectations of a brighter day in the deep shades that seem to hang thickly over the onward prospect of three hundred and sixty millions of people. But there is already a breaking away most assuredly observable in the moral horizon of this extended nation. There are facilities now existing, which have not before existed, for the acquisition of the Chinese language. The genius of the people is being developed to the perceptions of intelligent men; and a mighty revolution in the physical circumstances of a people, thus surrounded by Christian powers, daily approaching nearer and nearer to them, and whose commercial and political interests are beginning to come in sensitive contact, is destined, erelong, to come. The age is one of light, mental, moral, and philosophical inquiry, which has characterized no other period of the world, and which cannot let the Chinese empire remain unaffected by its influence. China must be opened. The time is at hand when a combination of nations more enlightened and powerful in arms, science, and literature, shall WILL it; and the Chinese cannot, in the nature of moral causes and their effects, hinder it. In the mean time the missionary is doing the right thing, in preparing the truth for the acceptance of the nation, when circumstances shall have so conspired as to render it admissible and acceptable. There are men who have acquired the Chinese language, so as to write it

with accuracy and considerable elegance. The Bible has been translated into the Chinese character. And the Chinese, when once the chain of olden habits and institutions shall have been riven by the light of truer science and philosophy, will be found a people with less in their habits of thinking and systems opposing Christianity, than exists among many other nations, and far less than has and continues to be the influence of *cast*, or the opposing peculiarities of the creed of Mohammed.

The Christian world is becoming more and more interested in this people. They are a courteous and civilized nation. They are a reasoning people among the higher orders, who govern, unopposed, the lower classes. The rulers are a literati nobility, or an aristocracy, to which the acquaintance with books (such as they are) alone makes them eligible. And thus they are prepared, and will be prepared, in the revolutions that shall introduce to their attention better principles, with the greater light and knowledge of the European nations and systems, to appreciate these principles. And with a government constructed as the Chinese government is, one Emperor might spread Christianity, almost without opposition, throughout the empire of China. His word is law; and besides, the Confucian system, to which the literati, who are the same as the rulers, belong, have, according to their own sentiments, but little to do with the gods, about whom they say they know but little, and ought to have but little to do. The Confucian system is a system of political economy, and its grand principle is that of obedience to the powers that are, resulting from the first principle Confucius inculcates, of veneration and obedience to parents. The Emperor being the great father of the empire, the same principle carried up secures to him the same, though greater

veneration and obedience, which, in the premises, the Scriptures would not oppose, but inculcate. And could the Bible be introduced into the literary course of the Chinese as one of their classics, even along side of Confucius as their political code, their system, as it now stands, would make the nation possessed of one of the most enviable courses of education the world could know. It would be *the desideratum* in systems, in Christian and national education, which good men can hardly hope for, but which they most justly and devoutly might wish and pray for. Of course, I suppose that the commentaries on the different subjects of the Scriptures should be, and would be, as extended and numerous in the illustration of the text, as is the case now with the Chinese classics, in the course of their graduates.

But I am rather anticipating the subject here, while it is yet a very natural association to make mention of the missionaries to China in this place, as they are resident at Macao.

The Rev. Messrs. Bridgman, Abeel, Brown, Mr. Williams and Mrs. Browne, are also here, connected with the American Board or other Presbyterian missionary societies in the U. S. Mr. and Mrs. B. have not long been in the missionary field, having arrived some six months since. Besides these American missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff, of wide-spread reputation in England and America, resides with his family, Mrs. G. and two nieces, at Macao. It has been my pleasure to meet this agreeable gentleman and his pleasant family. Mr. G. is a gentleman of much vivacity of character, has acquired a very intimate knowledge of Chinese for a foreigner, and is now one of the interpreters to the Queen's commission.

Surely it is no small task the missionary enters upon,

when he devotes himself to a cause which is to require the efforts of his life; and for years must secure from him untiring industry, to enable him to acquire a foreign tongue, without which his usefulness can be of little extent. It can be no sinecure. There can be no cessation to effort; patience, application, and an untiring industry, must characterize the labour of the missionary in such a field. And I have witnessed it. And he who has gone through the toil, in his early days of boyhood, in his course of studies of the dead languages, can estimate the labour and the untiring application that it must cost the Christian missionary to gain the competent knowledge of a foreign tongue for the discharge of successful labours. And there are untold and unknown sorrows and difficulties and disappointments that, in the nature of things, often meet these devoted men and women, that none but those placed in similar circumstances can justly estimate. Though of a different denomination from all the missionaries whom I have met at the different stations where our ships have touched, I am happy of the opportunity of adding my testimony to their untiring efforts, and in most cases, successful action in behalf of the people to whom they have been sent, and to whom they have given their Christian sympathies. And while they are thus engaged in the service of their Lord, we should not forget, in our estimate of their sacrifices, that they lose not their sensibilities which attach them to their native home. Indeed, the very fact of their being on missionary ground, is presumptive evidence of a tender heart—a heart that swells in benevolence and pious devotion for others and strangers, and with kindling devotion to the Saviour of mankind, who sacrificed so much for their personal welfare. And so the thoughts of the missionary do go home to their native land. So they do revisit,

with intenser love, the haunts of their infancy and youth and friends and kindred, rendered doubly dear, as the often loneliness and difficulties around them contrast so vividly in their memories with the circumstances and the associations which they left behind them. And yet, they would not retreat from the field they occupy. They but redouble their effort in their devotion to the cause to which their voluntary act has consecrated them, but not to the exclusion of those sensibilities which make their sacrifices the greater, in proportion to the depth of their feelings. And to show that it is no sudden impulse of enthusiasm that actuates the devotee of missions and the Christian friends who resign their kindred to a living burial, as it has been to most who have parted with friends, as to their hopes of again meeting in this world; but on the contrary, that there is judicious and considerate thought, of considerate and intelligent and calm minds, capable of seeing the relations of things and their fitness, in the decisions which cause the missionary to leave his or her home for life, and to devote himself and herself to a foreign people, I introduce here a private paper which was written by an affectionate father, whose heart was then bleeding over the hourly-expected departure of an affectionate daughter, for a life's devotion to the cause of missions in a foreign land. The counsel given is valuable in other stations, but shows that our missionaries who go abroad are from among the sterling families at home. The first paper I copy is addressed by the father to his daughter in her new relations as a missionary's wife. The second is the father's farewell letter to this daughter, at the hour of her leaving him.

"A few private thoughts for MARY.

"First, on the subject of your marriage.

"You will find in many books, rules, and good rules

for the government of your conduct in respect to your husband; but you may not meet with them, or if you do, may not subscribe to them so entirely as to practise them. You will find the sum and substance of your duty in this respect in a volume which you will always, I trust, have near you —the Bible. If you observe strictly the directions therein contained, you will find your account in it. Your happiness and usefulness, depend upon it, is intimately connected with the manner in which you observe these rules. One principle *must*, of necessity, be acted on, and that is, *you must yield to the will of your husband*, whenever the point is made. This must be the case, or he must yield to you. I do not mean that it is necessary to yield a forced obedience, but a willing one. God has constituted the man, as the stronger in mind and body, to have the government, and in proportion as you may be disposed to usurp the authority which belongs to him, you destroy the order of Providence and the harmony of the connubial state. Never, therefore, oppose the will of your husband. You may reason with, and persuade, but do not attempt to dictate to him. '*I will*,' and '*I will not*,' are words which should never be found in a wife's vocabulary. Never use them to your husband, or you may force him to adopt such as he may lawfully do, but such as he should never have reason for, '*you shall*,' and '*you shall not*.'

"Do not fret at or quarrel with your husband, on any occasion. He is fallible, and may sometimes err and may speak unadvisedly, but on such occasions be silent and affectionate, and you will reform him.

"Be always neat and cleanly in your person and dress, and you will increase his love and respect for you. A sluttish appearance in a wife distresses and may disgust a husband. Little differences may, and will, sometimes oc-

cur between man and wife. Should you find this your case, take the earliest opportunity of making the first overture of reconciliation. You will thereby heal the wound, and increase the love of your husband.

"When you reach your place of destination, and your husband is necessarily compelled to be often absent from you, do not take it as evidence of his want of affection. If he stays beyond the time expected, meet him on his return with smiles and caresses; and depend on it he will be thereby induced to hasten home, when otherwise he might not. Make home the quietest and happiest place, and he will love it. But yet he must often leave it, and you must consent that he should.

"Your husband may die before you. In that case, remember that if I am living you should take no important step without my advice, however distant, if it can be avoided. If it be impossible to get that advice, go to the pious and experienced, with whom you may be associated.

"Improve your hand-writing. It needs it. Write all your letters and journals with care as to penmanship, spelling, and diction.

"Do not be impatient when sick. You are rather predisposed that way. Take great care of your health. Avoid the sun when hot, and the dews, and all improper food; and do not take medicine too freely, and without great caution.

"Avoid careless habits in every thing.

"A place for every thing and every thing in its place."

"My dear Mary,—

"The time is at hand when you are to bid adieu to the land of your birth, to enter upon a mission of mercy to a distant and heathen portion of our race. If commis-

sioned upon this embassy of peace and salvation to perishing sinners by the King of kings, I doubt not he will furnish you with such instructions, and afford you such encouragement and support as will enable you to accomplish the object of your mission. God however will not speak audibly in your ears, and you will have to receive his communications through the medium of his word, his servants, and by his Spirit operating upon your heart and moving you in the path of duty.

"Placed in the endearing relation to you of a father, it may not be contrary to the will of our heavenly Parent that I should assume the duty of imparting some instruction to you, touching the important business upon which you are about to enter.

"I have no reason to doubt the correctness of the motives which influence you. The sacrifice of all further personal intercourse on earth with so many dear friends, to encounter the dangers of the ocean, and to live and die among uncultivated heathen, would seem to be proof enough of your disinterestedness, did we not know the pride and deceitfulness of the human heart. The desire of distinction, love of novelty, etc., are such insidious motives which sometimes assume the name of philanthropy, that it requires great caution and much self-examination to detect them. On this point I need not enlarge. You know that for these twelve months you have had my thoughts upon it. You have, as I trust, prayerfully and deliberately considered the subject in all its bearings; and you have decided to go. In making this decision, you have subjected yourself to many unkind remarks from the illiberal, the ignorant, and the wicked; some of which may have reached your ears, but by far the greater part have been uttered out of your hearing. To say that I

have no fears whatever for you, would be untrue. It is what, I presume, you would not venture to say for yourself. We should distrust and jealously watch every motive which has so much to do with self. While I would not myself, nor would I have you indulge a confident boasting in regard to this matter, at the same time I am free to express the opinion, that, so far as we can judge, it is the will of God that you should take th s step. If we be mistaken, I trust that he will pardon our blindness and overrule all for good.

"You have, my dear child, taken upon you the name and office of a missionary—a name and office which a Judson, and Newell, and Morrison, and Gutzlaff, and others have caused to be associated with honour; but you must remember that they are not necessarily thus associated. The reputation which those missionaries which have preceded you have obtained, cannot be transferred to you. By patient, continued, and faithful labour in the cause of Christ, must you win and share the honours of a missionary's life.

"While the result of your toils in the cause may confer some degree of honour upon yourself, let it not be forgotten that this is the least consideration which should animate you. The glory of God and the good of souls should move you to the same exertions, were you confident that, in the world, your motives might be impugned and your name be brought into disrepute. For the sake of the cause, however, in which you are engaged, it should be your care to gain a standing with the world—at least the Christian world—for a degree of moral and religious worth. Aim at high attainments in personal piety, not such as will cause you to feel like the Pharisee when he said, 'God, I thank thee,' &c., but rather, such as will

humble you and bring you to the foot of the cross, and cause you to adopt the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"P. S. Since writing the above, we have attended the meeting for the public designation of your company as missionaries, and we have heard the official instructions of the Board. Those instructions are the result of age and experience, and contain all perhaps that is necessary for your guidance; and I shall, without repeating such thoughts as are there suggested, only insist, with parental earnestness, that you pay strict regard to them.

"There is one thought that I would impress deeply upon your mind, and that is, that you have enlisted *for life;* and that, unless extraordinary occurrences of Providence shall otherwise indicate, you are never to return to America—*never,* unless the Board here shall advise and require it.

"I part with you with all the feelings of nature, and shall, when let down to the feeling point, (for I am above it,) weep on acccount of our separation; but I assure you that I do not regret you are going. Assure me that all is right in motive with us all, and that God requires it, and I rejoice in the prospect of your living and dying on heathen ground. I should look upon it as a lasting stigma were you to become tired of your vocation, and quit the service in which you have engaged. Although you have reflected on many trials and difficulties that may attend you, after all you perhaps have not thought of half that you will experience. Prepare your mind for the worst. You should not however doubt the faithfulness of God—that he will be with you alway.

"In your intercourse with your fellow labourers in the same service, I hope you will find much pleasure. Catch all their virtues and avoid all their foibles, if they have any.

"You will have much time during the voyage, and afterwards, it is probable, for devotion, reading, and reflection. Endeavour to improve it. Lay in a good stock of useful knowledge, and do not consider your education as yet completed. Take care of minutes, and have system in all your affairs.

"Remember those you leave behind—your brothers, sisters, friends! Pray for them, and write to them. We part in a short time to meet no more on earth! But we shall meet again shortly, in heaven. Till then, farewell!!

"YOUR FATHER."

Owing to the prevalence of the typhoons in the China seas during the months of July and August, occurring sometimes sooner and sometimes later in the season, it is deemed inprudent for a ship to lie longer than the latter part of June in the Roads of Macao; and the shipping, consequently, generally change their anchorage for a harbour under the lee of Hong Kong, Tung Koo, or Lintin, islands in the neighbourhood. Either of the sheets of water hemmed in by these with other clustering islands and the main land adjacent to them, is deemed to afford a safe anchorage during the prevalence of the hurricanes of the China seas. The Columbia and the John Adams, therefore, will change their positions from Macao roads for Tung Koo bay some time during the week. I have consequently completed my visits to several spots in the city, which before I had omitted to inspect with the minuteness I desired.

The public buildings of Macao—the senate house, the churches, Santa Clara convent, St. Joseph's college, convents of St. Francis and St. Augustine, and the hermitages on their beautiful sites, flanking the city on either wing—are all buildings of interest in their olden associations and

present material, enough for poetry and fiction; but, as specimens of architecture, have nothing particular to attract; and their internal arrangements are like all Catholic chapels, with their altars and their particular saints in niches, and the paraphernalia of candlestick, taper, and tinsel. I have never yet seen a respectable and tasteful looking image in a Catholic church, of the hundreds I have seen. They always have the appearance of dusty wax figures, rendered doubly disagreeable for the priestly costume in which they are almost always attired, which could never give grace to a piece of sculpture as true taste would robe a statue, even of a Catholic saint. And then, above all things, to hang a wreath of fresh flowers on such a thing of antiquity, as is often the case, on festival days, when the patron saint of a particular church is paraded through the streets, makes one think that sacrilege is done to the flowers; and we turn from it as we would from a matron of threescore and ten, who should put paint on her cheeks, and gaudy decorations of gold about her neck and pendants in her ears. A festoon of flowers hangs with better taste on the intersecting bars of that beautiful emblem, the cross.

I love an old building. And I love to pace the silent aisles of the olden cathedral, and move beneath the moss-hung walls of the ruins of the convent and church, and courts of the once spacious cloister. And I like, too, the beauty and the freshness of the new and extended building, where there is space and massiveness and proportion blended in harmonies, that bespeak taste and genius in the construction. And I love to wander through olden fortifications that have many legends of the past associated with them. And he must be miserably insensible indeed, and a slave to the mere physical of his nature, who can trace the early and later story of this far-settlement of the East, ever in

agitation in the furtherance of its own schemes of aggrandizement, or ready to promote the ambitious views of the court of Lisbon, or the high pretensions of the see of Rome, and finds not quite enough to interest his imagination and his reflection as he treads the high steeps and the deep ravines of the embattled and only asylum for foreigners in this region of the far East. Here it was, the Jesuits fixed their point of rendezvous from which they made their *entrée* into the celestial empire, penetrated to the imperial city, and had made the nation of the Chinese a species of Christians had the Pope acted with the policy of these his sworn adherents, and prevented the mendicant monks, with their opposing tenets, to find their way to China, to the discomfiture of the harmonious action of the Jesuits and the final overthrow of the Catholic cause. And here, the Jesuit, the Dominican, the Augustine and the Capuchin, alike found a retreat and safety, when banishment or death awaited them on the promulgation of edicts, more powerful than the bulls of Popes resident half a sphere from the shores of the "middle land."

I had prepared a sketch in connection with the Catholic religion at Macao, to be introduced in this place. It were a topic, of itself, in connection with collateral subjects which have generally been associated by the Romanists with the action of the Propagandists, sufficient to fill a volume of historic facts, incidents, and reflections thereon—dissevered as that action has seldom been from commercial and political associations. Nor would it have been in my heart to do the Catholics injustice in this, or ever. On the contrary, where I find that which harmonizes with my own sentiment of truth and propriety, it is a pleasure for me to compliment and to commend. But this sketch, here, at least, must be omitted, while briefly alluding, before

leaving Macao, to some of the processions of the church, still continued in this olden Portuguese settlement.

Christmas, Easterday, Whitsuntide, and other festival days, are celebrated with much pomp, though probably with less demonstration of show and veneration than at former times. There are eighteen festivals devoted to the Virgin Mary; thirteen others to other saints, male and female, and each festival is continued, in its celebration, from nine to thirteen days, and ends with processions through the streets. A flag, or some other conspicuous emblem, designating the saint, or some subject associated with the action and story of the venerated patron, is seen displayed near the church at which the multitude gather to worship; and sometimes at other places, in honour of the occasion, flags are streaming; while the public procession is attended by the clergy, in great numbers, chanting the praises of the saint, as his image is borne in its car upon the shoulders of devotees. A detachment of the military, with the accompaniment of music, gives martial solemnity to the scene, and the fort of the mount discharges twenty-one guns in honour of the day. The senate defrays, from the royal chest, the expenses of the festival and procession of "our Lady of Conception," who is the patroness of the kingdom. Also, the charges of the festival of the "Guardian Angel of the kingdom," of "St. John the Baptist," and of "Corpus Christi day," are defrayed from the public coffers.

The processions of "Corpus Christi" and of "St. Antonio" I have had the opportunity of witnessing here. The mass was being repeated as I arrived at the church of St. Domingos, standing at one extremity of the square, which is fronted on the other extreme by the senate house. The military were drawn up at rest, in a line ex-

tending from the church on their left far down the wide street. The church was filled to a jam, by Portuguese women, kneeling in a mass, and most of them with the light shawl thrown over their head, while the dark lace veil formed the head-dress of the better class of the worshippers. The governor was kneeling near the altar, and other military officers occasionally entered, with a genuflection, and left again, watching the progress of the service, and being in readiness to move, at the signal, for the elevation of the Host.

The mass was over; and the sacred emblems, consecrated and believed to be the body of Christ in verity, were borne by four or six priests, and followed by the vicar general, the governor, and priests numerous, in their clerical robes, corresponding to their separate orders of Dominicans, Franciscans, and others, joined by the devout of the multitude. As they passed on from the gate of the church, the military, already formed, wheeled in platoons to the left, uniting with the procession, and the band of music struck up their solemn and fine music, as the procession moved on in measured and martial step towards the senate house—passing through several streets, and back again to the church. All were uncovered, the soldiers carrying their caps in their hand, as their muskets were pressed at their breast. The intense ray of the tropical sun beat alike upon the venerable head of the governor and tonsure-priest, and darker and thicker locks of the soldiery. But the procession had soon performed its circuit, while minute-guns from the fort of the mount bore their testimony of consciousness that the devotees were on their solemn march; which, with the circumstance and pomp and respectful demeanour of the joiners in with the procession, and the mass of spectators that crowded each side of the street, or

thronged the windows of the houses, presented, at once, an imposing and impressive scene.

The procession in honour of St. Anthony was not dissimilar to that of "Corpus Christi," though less imposing. Instead of the Host, the image of St. Anthony, who is the patron saint of the kingdom, is borne in procession. I was particularly well situated for witnessing this procession, as I occupied a position on the turret overlooking the square, within which the procession moved to the strains of martial music, and followed by the various orders of the brotherhoods. The figure of St. Anthony himself was a small statue, wreathed with a garland of the sweet little malati flowers, and his car decorated with tinsel. The silver cross and other emblems were borne in procession.

It will appear a curious particular to those not familiar in their associations with the peculiarities of Catholic worshippers and system of saints, that this said St. Anthony, considered the protector of Macao as he is of the kingdom of Portugal, is declared by authentic documents to have been enlisted as a soldier in 1725, and in 1783 he obtained the rank of captain. On the eve of the procession the amount of a captain's annual pay is sent by the senate to the curate, which is used for the expenses for celebrating worship, and preserving the edifice and utensils in neatness for the service at the patron's church.

There is another procession said to take place on the Sunday of the Cross, yet more impressive than any other. On this occasion, "the image of the Redeemer, clad in a purple garment, wearing on his head a crown of thorns, and on his shoulders bearing a heavy cross, bends his knees on the bottom of a bier, supported by eight of the most distinguished citizens. The bishop, with the secular and regular clergy, the governor, nobility and mil-

itary, and the whole Roman Catholic population, it may be said, assist, deeply affected by a scene which prognosticates a divine sacrifice to be made for reconciling man with his Creator. Young children, of both clear and dark skins, arrayed in fancy dresses of angels, with beautiful muslin wings at the shoulders, carry, in a miniature shape, the instruments which were required at the crucifixion. This procession takes a range over almost the whole city. When finished the image of Christ is deposited in its shrine at the Convent of St. Augustine."

But, the time had now come, June the 14th, when I was to leave Macao. I had already sent my moveables to the ship; and this morning, as I took a walk on the Praya Grande, I was accosted by Mr. Forbes, a gentleman of great urbanity of feeling and manner. He said he understood I desired to visit Canton—a boat was going to-morrow morning, and he should be happy if I would form one of the company. It was no longer deemed much risk of detention by visiting Canton. I only waited the opportunity, therefore, for visiting the city.

If it did not offer from Macao, I presumed to find one immediately after our ship reached her anchorage at Tung Koo Bay. But this opportunity now presenting, my arrangements were soon made for an early start on the morning of the 15th, in the little Sylph, that mischief-making little passage-boat, which it is supposed in former times has carried much of the contraband narcotic to Canton, but henceforward must make a living by being employed in a more legitimate business. And so, on board of this little clipper I was, in the morning, and with the sunrise up came the anchor, and we were away.

"Away," and on my course to CANTON. Perhaps we should reach there the same night; we did reach there the

next morning. Canton! It is not the Doric temple, the Corinthian pillar, the dome of mosque or the Gothic massive pile, that give interest to an inhabited or desolated city. It is the associations of the past, whether there be lofty palace or crumbling ruin, stately buildings or but the cottage-lodge which marks a locality, and throws a spell around a place of desolation or of active and successful life. And Canton, be it what it may in external appearance, cannot disappoint the mind that has more to do with itself than with external objects. What youth of either hemisphere of the civilized world has not had his mind filled with images of Chinese association? He has read descriptions of the celestial empire and its long-cue or braid inhabitants; and contemplated in drawings the delineations of their peculiar costume, and more than half-shaven heads, and turn-up and thick-soled shoes, altogether exhibiting a picture, which resembles the creature man as found in no other part of the globe. And when the child's inquisitiveness has first began to develope itself, his curiosity has been replied to as he was told that the green leaves of which his tea is made came from China. And the young American, the first thing he learns of the history of his own country, next to the stories of the Indian wars, from the lips of his mother, is the narrative of the *tea-plot*—how certain men in masks went on board of a tea-ship in the harbour of Boston, and threw the chests overboard, because our forefathers would not suffer themselves to be taxed by the mother country. His imagination at once takes in the whole scene of the maskers throwing the tea-chests to the wave, and perhaps can hardly reconcile to his idea the propriety of the waste, at the moment, while the mysterious occupies his young imagination, and he leaves the comprehension of the great principles that were involved, for the considera-

tion of riper years. And then he has wondered, as he has yielded to the conviction that the world is round, what sort of people are they on that side of the world opposite to him! And while he has read and become older, he still feels that his imagination has the most to do in the origin of the feelings with which he makes his deductions in connection with the people of the eastern world. For myself, I should have cared not if the city of Canton had been found built on a barren rock—her dwellings bamboo-houses, could I but yet have found her thousand boats lying in the stream with their crowded families and chickens and ducks, which I had read of; and the junks, and the dragon-boats; and on shore, the crowded populace, the long cues of the men, and the small feet of the women, and the trinkets, and the ivory things, and the silks, and the shawls, and the crapes, and the *teas*.

But, our sails being set, and the wind favourable enough for our gaff-topsail, the little schooner soon made her way through the little islands, becoming more and more numerous as Macao is left in the distance, and the Bogue begins to open to the eye.

The Bogue, so often alluded to in the accounts of Canton, and particularly in connection with difficulties which have at different times occurred here in the English commerce, and within a few years back inducing the British men-of-war to "force the Bogue," is formed by the near approach of two islands, through which the waters of the river Tigress disgorge as its outlet, and from which, some thirty to forty miles up the river, the city of Canton is situated. There are two fortifications here of considerable extent, one on either side. In the hands of other powers, and with fortifications properly constructed, this pass would be impregnable. As it is, the range of cannon are placed on immove-

able carriages, and, by consequence, can fire only in one line of direction. As they are now constructed no man-of-war would deem the risk of the passage of much account, although a cross-fire, in other hands, would be brought to bear on the ship.

As we neared the Bogue we saw in the distance an object drifting to the leeward. It was approaching dusk, and though we made out the object to be a boat bottom upwards, and had consulted the propriety of putting about for their rescue, as the waves were running rather high and the breeze fresh, we yet could not define the object with much distinctness. Our captain, a dark Bengalese, said it would be of no use to stand after the sufferers, as we had no small boat to lower for their assistance. We should probably have disagreed with him, even to his being put out of his honourable command, had we not fortunately at the same moment discerned a nearing junk which had evidently discovered the same boat, and was beating down for her. We watched the junk on her several tacks until, while there was yet light enough to save us from mistake, we saw her lower her sails as she hove too, near the object in distress, and a small boat put off for their relief.

The Sylph having been examined at the Bogue, and the passengers identified as per the chop, which had been furnished at Macao, we passed on up the river. The first object that met my eye as I awoke at early daylight, was the towering nine-storied pagoda near Whampoa, realizing in all its proportions and outline the drawings I had seen of these octagonal and picturesque and mysterious buildings.

The scenery now changed from the boldness that characterizes the heights of the land views at the Bogue, and about Whampoa, to the plain on the edges of the

river, where the paddy-fields were seen, and the banana trees growing, and here and there the mulberry, with its light green leaves, forming an interesting edging to the banks of the Tigris.

The junks now began to increase in their numbers, and the lesser boats to thicken in their clusters, and new war-junks swinging in the stream as we continued to near the city. And now, the city itself, over a flotilla of boats, came into view, the single pagoda within the walls of the town, and the cupola of the Moormen's mosque, and the embattlement, here and there, of the wall itself; while the back-ground was filled up with high lands rising in broken and receding outline. The Dutch and the French folly next meet the eye, as the Sylph glided along, now slowly against the rapid tide, dodging a clump of boats here and a fleet of junks there, and lesser boats everywhere, of every variety—the mandarin, the passage, the flower and the tanka-boat—all unique in their way, some of them bearing about them the air of comfort and neatness and space, with ornamental carved-work; while others looked as if they might have drifted there from among the wrecks of Noah's flood.

Here was a scene of life that no other stream of the world, probably, exhibits. Each shore of the river was lined with varied boats several tiers thick, from the immense deckers that bring the teas down the river, with their varnished sides and roofs, to the smallest tanka, all with any number of young celestials displaying themselves at the openings in the sides, with older heads of men and no less curiously inspecting women, gazing from these water-castles and their homes—sometimes indulging in the shout agreeable to themselves, "Fanqui, Fanqui," to attract the attention of the absent of their family to look with

themselves, at the "foreign devils." And now, one is almost indignant at the tone of humorous salutation and sometimes derision with which the stranger is greeted, who, however, quite as much pleased with himself in the contrast before him, soon indulges in the better taste, and smiles as he contemplates the scene, the curious scene that now lies around him.

Having reached a point of the stream nearly opposite the foreign factories, the Sylph let go her anchor. Small boats were immediately alongside, eager to take us to the shore; and in a few moments more, with my trunks, I was dodging from one line of junks to another, in a tanka boat propelled by two Chinese women, now with oars, now with long bamboo poles, now with the hands, as they seized the sides of a line of anchored vessels riding in the stream, until, erelong, we reached the point of land in the neighbourhood of the American hong.

No one is more pleased than a Chinese with silver coin; none, the Chinese think, understand the value of a dollar less than a *Fanqui;* hence they charge a foreigner more than ten times the amount they would presume to ask for doing the same thing for one of their fellow celestials. But a visiter at Canton, at these times, values his time more than money; and at a trifling expense for the amusement I experienced by the scenes occurring before me, I found myself at the door of the American hong, occupied by Messrs. Oliphant, King & Co., and Dr. Parker. My inquiry for the latter gentleman soon brought me a most *cordial welcome to Canton,* from Dr. Parker, in person.

SECTION V.

CANTON.

Dr. Parker. Bible of J. Brainerd Taylor. Residence at the American Hong. Imprisonment of the foreigners. A stroll with Dr. Parker. Chinese Temples. The dying beggars. Call on a wealthy Chinese. His grounds. Dr. Parker *no cash* doctor. Ophthalmic Hospital. Cases. The opinion of the Chinese of Dr. Parker. Temple of Longevity. Celebrated Budhist Temple at Hanan. Sacred hogs. City of Canton. Literary examinations. Poetry. The Chinese Language. Walk around the city wall, and entrance into the city through a breach in the walls. Variety. Teas. Leaving Canton.

WHILE at Macao I had heard from Dr. Parker, that he believed he had seen me in America; and an indistinct impression was on my own mind that I had heard my friends mention his name, as an acquaintance of theirs. The familiar and cordial reception Dr. Parker had given me led to the expression of this idea. "Yes," Dr. P. replied, with his agreeable smile, as he turned to the bookcase behind him and took from it a small morocco-covered Bible; "yes; and do you recognise this? It was given me by your sister, Mrs. K. T., at the moment of my leaving New York." It was a melancholy recognition; but at such a moment, and under such circumstances, and in such hands, it was a grateful pleasure to see *the pocket Bible* of my lamented brother, JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR, whose story has been told for his devotion and love of the Scriptures, and over which identical little volume I had seen him, for hours and daily in absorbed and delightful study. With

such an incident occurring, we could not long be strangers. I was soon afterwards introduced to Mr. Morse, of the house of Messrs. O. K. & Co., at whose table, with Dr. Parker, I am to be entertained during my stay in Canton.

The American hong is an extensive building, three stories high, fronting the grounds on the river, and extending back for some three or four hundred feet, with an open passage-way, or narrow court, running through its centre from the front to the back walls. The building is divided into three compartments, commencing with number one for the front, number two for the centre, and number three for the rear part of the establishment. Within this range of walls are the store-rooms, and rooms occupied by the comprador coolies, and other servants attached to the hong, comprising the basement stairs or ground-floor, and the second story affording fine drawing-rooms and chambers, both spacious and airy, two requisites for comfort in this climate. The top of the building is crowned by a turret, affording an ample space for a promenade at the edge of evening, for gaining the cool breeze, and from which an extensive view is had of the inwalled city in the rear, and in front, of the river with its thousand boats, either lying in their dense rafts or passing and repassing down and up the stream.

The other hongs, or as they are otherwise called, factories, which are no more nor less than extensive and convenient brick residences and store-houses for the foreigners, according to their several nations, are similar to the American hong, and situated mostly on its left, others on its right. The Chinese hong-merchants, by whom the principal business is transacted with the foreigners, and who legitimately enjoy the monopoly of the foreign trade, also have their factories. They are the body of men, twelve

in number, through whom the Chinese government hold communication with foreigners, it being deemed beneath the dignity of the higher orders of the mandarins to hold direct intercourse with "barbarians" of the outer land, or to have any association with the "foreign devils."

It was within these buildings the foreign community were confined during the late troubles; the streets leading from the area, and fronting the factories, were stopped with brick and mortar, and the doors opening upon the street from the rear of the hongs were also closed in the same manner. A semicircular and triple tier of boats were arranged on the river in front of the factories, so as to intercept the passage of the foreigners, should they attempt to make their escape by crossing the river. Thus were they entirely surrounded, and escape impossible, as long as the government so willed it.

The hongs are apparently deserted now, in comparison to what has been usual in times of mutual good understanding between the foreigners and the Chinese. All the English have retired, with the Queen's commission, to Macao. The Americans, most of them, had also left the city; and all others of other nations, while some one member or more of each American house remains with the purpose of accepting certain conditions for the continuance of their trade—the English being the party most particularly involved in the present disturbances. The streets leading from the front grounds of the factories are still closed, as they were when the foreigners were prisoners a few days since, with one exception. A strict guard was kept during the imprisonment vile of the foreigners, and many demonstrations still present themselves about the premises, which show, besides the absence of the stir of business, that there has been no small change here, and

that high-handed measures have characterized the movements of the ill-informed and self-complacent mandarins; for all which, if I prognosticate not wrongly, a "pay-day" will come, which shall bear with it both information and demonstrations of foreign power that will convince these celestials that their inner land of the central kingdom possesses not all the might of all the whole earth; and that there is a right which the favoured son of heaven on his imperial throne at Pekin has never dreamed of, and will learn to his once astonishment and cost.

The front windows of the American hong overlook the wide flagging running in front of the factories. From the window of the second story, therefore, in front of the drawing-room, we have a fine view of the passers-by as they come down in streams from old China-street. It is amusing to witness the insuppressible and unbounded curiosity of these celestials when they find us at the windows. They make a full halt. The boys, who have early been taught to repeat the term "Fanqui," in contempt of the foreigner, gaze, where they are the better bred, gravely, and then pass on; while the more mischievous cry aloud "Fanqui! Fanqui!" and, with a shout, are again on their way. The elder pause, some with a smile, while perhaps a thin and long bearded old man approaches, and hesitates his step with grave reflections on the past, and with undefined musings in connection with the future. The late transactions here, make the foreigner more than ever an object of curiosity both to the citizen and to the visiters from the interior. While looking from the window, among others we marked an aged Tartar, evidently a stranger at Canton, while a citizen was earnestly discoursing to him and pointing out the spot, a little distant from the hong, where the Chinese was executed in front

of the factories, which led to the pulling down of the different flags, by which the insult was intended to be resented, and which finally led to the personal rencounter between the mob and the residents of the factories. They also passed on, like hundreds of others, some more grave, some less, some insultingly; while they all, at the distance of a story beneath us, indulge their gaze with an insatiable and unrestrained curiosity.

Towards evening I took a stroll with Dr. Parker, passing up old China-street, one of the widest streets in the city, and composed of respectable shops on either side; and in a short time, we had wandered through a number of streets, presenting at once the variety of this extensive mart of the East. The streets are narrow, serving only for foot-passengers, flagged with quarried granite. The shops are open in front; and as you look down these streets you see a range of perpendicular tablets, designating the different establishments in the picturesque character of the Chinese, and generally in red letters. The scene is unique; and as you look still further on, the narrowing perspective converges until your sight is entirely obstructed by these gorgeous signs on either side and at every door, with the appellation, or fancy name of the establishment, or the real name of the proprietors, or flowery mottoes in their fantastically arranged characters. We passed shops containing extensive collections of grotesque figures and antiques, in which the Chinese much delight in the ornamenting of their houses and gardens; valuable ware from Japan; ornamented tablets representing mountainous and rural scenes in slabs of marble, having the appearance of mosaics, but said by the vendors to be natural or immense cameos; shops hung with paintings, and filled with various other curious things in the glass line, from chandelier to beads

of pearl and nob of mandarin; the paintings, however, all being preposterous, with the exception of an occasional copy of some European print; and the glass work is of the roughest kind, save the beautiful and delicate bead in imitation of the pearl, for the decoration of the neck and hair of the Chinese maid and the bride.

Having wandered through lines of shops containing every variety of valuables and trinkets, dry goods, porcelain and silver ware, carved work in ivory wood and shell, and streets that seemed everywhere to be piled on each side with green ginger-roots, and pickles, and eatables of every kind, we at length reached a Chinese temple; but were soon satisfied in contemplating the giant figures occupying the portal of the entrance which opens into the court containing the central building for the inner idols. The priests gave us ready admission, while the crowd that generally followed us were excluded.

The figures in the temples at Canton are immensely larger than those in the Chinese temples at Macao. The central god is generally sitting within a canopy with a square altar surrounding him, on which are incense urns and taper stands and flower jars, made of the "white copper" of the country, in which severally the josh-sticks are burned, the tapers placed, and the flowers arranged to propitiate and do homage to the presiding deity. In this temple the doctor assured me he had witnessed the approach of a female devotee to the altar. She lighted a josh-stick and placed it in the censer. She then drew, at hazard, a small tablet from a bamboo-cup, at the stand of the priest; again advanced to the altar, placed the palms of her two hands together, and knocked her head, or made three prostrations before the deity she worshipped. She

then returned to the priest, and handed him the small tablet made of the split bamboo, stamped with some Chinese characters. Her husband had gone from home to travel, and she desired in her anxiety to know if he would return in safety. The priest, marking the character on the tablet, turned to his printed book and made a comparison, and deduced his inferences. "He would soon return in safety," was the reply. The woman, with a relieved countenance, presented the priest with the usual fee for the privilege of learning from the god the desire of her heart, and turned delighted from the temple.

We left the temple again, after declining the invitation of the priest that we should worship his god, and repassed the huge images at the portal of the court, on whose huge toes were labels, assuring the multitude that the god would grant to his worshippers various cures in the healing art, and wealth, and male heirs to support the honour of his house and to inherit the father's possessions.

We visited two other temples; in front of the last was a square, diverging from the street, into which, at night, the beggars gather, after having spent their toil of the day, either to sleep and drown their cares, or to linger out the shaded hours in wakeful sorrow, or, in neglect, to die. Never before have I witnessed such a scene as here was presented to my view. I do not wish to see another like it. The number of beggars to-night, (perhaps it was too early for the return of many,) was not so large as Dr. P. had seen it before. But on the hard flagging, in different parts of this small area of some two hundred feet square, were prostrated different objects of commiseration, lank, lean, haggard. Some were in groups, standing; others were beneath a little matting, which was sufficiently elevated on sticks to enable two or three to gather under, to

shelter them from the sun at mid-day. Another was stretched on the hard stone, with his head pressing on his emaciated hand. *He could not speak;* but, at our approach, as if by instinct, he seized his basket and extended it with his skeleton arm for *cash.* We passed to another. He was *dying*, as he lay with his head against the side-wall, down which was led a gutter, as if in his last extremity he had rolled his head there, to catch, it might be, a drop of water, which none gave him, to quench his fevered and dried lip. There was a collection of putrid water here, in which his head had partially fallen. A ragged mat concealed his face, and before the night-watch was over, he would be a corpse, with no one to catch his last word, which now, if he would speak it, he could not! We passed on to another, whose face was uncovered. His eye was turned upon us, but his articulation was gone,—his cheek fallen,—his mouth partially opened,—his body naked,—beside him lay his empty basin, and no one was near him. Good God! I thought, can man be brought to this,—houseless, pennyless, *naked,* breadless, dying, with hundreds of the populace, well clad and smiling, passing him, and abundance filling the neighbouring streets, and no eye of pity or hand of charity be found to alleviate such distress, and pity such wretchedness! I could not sleep that night; and I thought I would never again murmur against the providence of God, in my allotments of earth. We passed from the scene and the place where the police come every morning to gather up the dead. We arrived opposite a range of private residences, in better style than any we had before seen. We marked, hanging at the entrance door of one of the principal buildings, two large *blue lanterns*, and at once knew, from the custom of the Chinese, that some one of the inmates had died, and

that the family were in mourning. Dr. P. immediately explained, and said that it was the residence of Ting Qua, late one of the principal Chinese hong-merchants, who had died. He was a patient of Dr. P.'s; and his son had returned from Peking, where he was in office of grade, for the purpose of attending to the obsequies and to go through the three years' mourning, according to the usage among the Chinese, on the death of a father. "I should like to show you the grounds of Ting Qua," added the doctor, "as a fine specimen of the residence of a Chinese gentleman of the higher orders."

A servant was at the door, and Dr. P. sent in our names to know if his friend were to be seen. A message was soon returned, inviting us to enter. We were soon met by the courteous proprietor, and when we had passed a short distance through a narrow aisle, formed by the court walls of the buildings, were immediately conducted to the hall, where the tablets, which had been presented on the demise of the father, were hanging. This spacious and sq are room, opening in front upon picturesque grounds, broken by water ponds, was arranged with two rows of seats favourably disposed for the guests to peruse the rich tablets formed of Chinese large characters, in alabaster, on a black ground, and suspended upon the walls as ornamental hangings. We passed, after a few moments' respectful contemplation of these testimonials to the virtues of the dead, and complimentary expressions of sympathy to the family, to a lovely bower, where, as we seated ourselves at a round table, tea was brought and served in small cups resting in silver stands, and with silver plates, perforated with holes, confining the leaves of the tea to the bottom of the cup. We then took a turn through the grounds, embraced within a spacious court, and varied by the intersections of water

reservoirs, in which the magnificent lotus, that sacred flower of Egypt and Asia and all the East, was arranged in full blossom, in rows of porcelain flower-pots. Here was a verandah beautifully situated—there, a little turret overlooking the grounds and the water-ponds—and here again a passage-way, with water on either side leading to opposite parts of the garden, and lined with shrubs and flowers, all arranged in glazed flower-pots of porcelain—and here again wound a path through a verandah to the side-wall of the court, by which we now reached a more elevated position, arranged with seats and shaded by trees, and commanding the principal parts of the garden. A Chinese book was lying upon the small central stand, as if our literary friend had just dropped his favourite classic for our reception, and now returned with us to his favourite seat. We admired the taste of the student in the selection of this point for his readings, and passed on to a lower and open space nearly surrounded by water, and lined with flower-pots, where we were again seated around a table while tea was once more served, with fruits of various kinds, and sweetmeats, and other dishes, and flowers gathered for our pleasure. But the sweetest flowers that presented themselves, with their sunny smiles and perfect confidence and freedom, were two pretty children—one a sweet boy with a perfect head, and the other a beautiful and smiling little girl, whom you loved immediately for their artlessness,—and they were so neatly dressed, and ornamented with taste.

We talked of Peking—had we been to Canton before—birds—animals—and winter. In Peking, said our fine specimen of a Chinese gentleman, we have ice a foot thick, and skating is an amusement. Have you ice in your country? We replied that we had every variety of cli-

mate in America, the United States, extending through as many degrees of latitude as the celestial empire; and on the northern rivers they sported with their horses and sleighs, while in the far south ice is never known.

I know not that our friend was incredulous, with the prevalent ideas of his nation as to the extent of their own empire in contrast with all other lands, but having been born at Canton, where ice is seldom or never seen, and experiencing the cold weather at Peking, probably led him to the remark he made, as if the facts stated might be curious to us, if our country were situated within a torrid zone.

My dark and tight dress, in contrast with his own gossamer and flowing robes of light and rich grass-cloth, seemed to strike him as uncomfortable, and he asked if I did not suffer from them.

I rightly complimented the rich Chinese on the superiority, both in the quality of the material and taste in the fashion, of the Chinese as to his costume for this climate over our own; but ours were for a cooler latitude. No one can long have accustomed himself to the costume of a Chinese gentleman, and not give it the preference to our own for a warm climate. It is more graceful as well as comfortable, in its flowing folds and gracefully loose proportions.

We had lingered as long as politeness would allow; and kissing the little girl and boy, we took our leave of this already successful aspirant for official and literary rank, as he bowed us politely down the narrow court, passing several of the well-dressed females of the household, who had placed themselves at the different doors or windows to catch a glimpse at the foreigners as they left the grounds. My estimate of the refinement and courtesy of the higher

class of the Chinese was very favourable, in this interview with the affluent son of Ting Qua. His personal appearance was very fine—his age, probably about twenty-eight. His manners were sufficiently dignified, easy, familiar, and graceful—at once securing your respect, and intuitively impressing you with the assurance that you are in the presence of a well-bred gentleman, who would be at his ease in any society, and grace its circles.

On our return to the hong we found the water to have retired, which was so high when we commenced our stroll, owing to the freshet now in the river, that we left the door in a boat, and were borne at several places on our course on the proffered backs of the celestials. Otherwise our excursion might have cost us wet feet, a thing of little consequence to their *unhosed* insteps.

Dr. Parker, in his benevolent practice, in connection with the Ophthalmic Hospital, has secured unbounded confidence among the Chinese, who look upon him as something superior to humanity, in connection with the many cures he has effected, and operations he has performed. "The Chinese think him," said one of their linguists to me, with a solemn air, "all same as one Josh." I had ample opportunity to witness the doctor's popularity, and the impression he has made, as I walked with him through the streets. He was often recognised, and an undertone of respect would now and then be heard among the crowd, saying, "The good heart."—"The doctor who cures blind eyes."—"The doctor with the pitiful heart."—"The *no cash* doctor;" alluding to the circumstance that Dr. P. takes no pay for his cures and practice. And the doctor's large hands, too, seem here to attract very general attention, which (the *noblesse* of the west notwithstanding) seem not only to ennoble our benevolent physician, but

tend to add profoundness to the almost superstitious veneration with which they regard his person. "What hands!" the less instructed in decorum, as the crowd gathers around, sometimes exclaim, in surprise and astonishment, as if he were indeed of the race of the gods they worship, which are in all their temples represented in their huge proportions. And the amiable physician hesitates not to let them compare their own tiny fingers and palms with his, when their curiosity has surprised from them the ejaculation.

The hospital building was closed during the difficulties; and while Dr. P. had private assurances of the high esteem with which he was regarded by the Chinese authorities, no open demonstration of partiality could be allowed to come before the observation of the foreign community. His hospital therefore was closed—his patients retired—and he himself was cloistered within the limits that held the other members of the foreign community—sharing with them their weal and wo. It is hoped and believed that Dr. Parker will be able, in a few days, again to enter on his benevolent action, which has so far been attended with rich and even surprising success. At the time I write, Dr. P. has a private communication, expressing it to be the wish of the commissioner, Lin, the man who is acting with so much energy in the Chinese difficulties, to consult him, and he may the next hour receive a request that he will make him a visit at his station, where he is now attending to the destruction of the seized opium.

It would not be uninteresting to the reader, were I to give here some of the cases which have come under the treatment of Dr. Parker, and have led to so high an appreciation of his benevolence and skill among the Chinese,

as well as among all who know him. Indeed, his reputation "as the foreign physician who cures all things, and particularly restores sight to the blind," has spread throughout the empire, more or less, and has drawn from various parts, and from the capital itself, patients seeking for relief; and in some instances have they been desirous, in the possession of the sought-for blessing, to do him homage, and to proclaim his worth and virtues throughout the empire. The Chinese hong-merchants and the magistrates of Canton have indirectly countenanced the establishment of the hospital; and a number of official characters have found relief for their maladies, and regained a sight long lost, from the good foreigner; while more than six thousand patients, during the three years of the existence of the establishment, have been recipients of its benevolent intentions, and the doctor's unremitte d and generous and successful efforts. The scenes, many of them, which Dr. Parker has described to me as having occurred during his practice, have been of much interest, and developed much of the Chinese character, while affording incident of the most novel kind to the eye of the foreigner, and nowhere else, in the absence of the circumstances and the customs of the Chinese, could such incident meet him.

A few facts, says Dr. Parker, will illustrate the eagerness of the people to avail themselves of the benefits of the hospital. When it was the practice to admit patients daily, I observed some of them, with lanterns, with which they left their homes at two or three o'clock in the morning, in order that they might be at the hospital rooms in season. When the days of admission were limited, they sometimes came the preceding evening, and remained all night, that they might secure a ticket in the morning. And there have been applicants from other parts of the province as well as

from this vicinity. Numbers, from Nanking and Peking, have called. Several tea merchants from the north, or their friends, have been treated. When obliged to close the doors against new admissions, persons from a distance would avail themselves of the influence of some foreign gentleman or hong-merchant to intercede for them. With but rare exceptions, unqualified confidence has been manifested by the patients. A woman of the Mohammedan faith, sixty-five years of age, who had a cataract of both eyes, when I expressed a doubt whether she could bear to have my knife put into her eye, replied, "If you like, you may take them both out and put them in again." Another patient had been blind for forty years, but on couching the cataract I found the retina still sensible to the light. A few days after, when I visited him, he seemed affected by the kindness shown him, and stroking down his long white beard that reached to his bosom, he said, "I am now old, and my beard is long and heavy, but never before have I seen or heard of such a man." He then enumerated the several favours which I had done him, and added in conclusion, "*You must be a divine person.*" An old Tartar general who had been some time in the hospital, and who was operated upon for a cataract with which he was afflicted in both eyes, as he was leaving, remarked, "I am now eighty years old, my beard is very long; (reaching to his breast;) I have been in office forty years; I have been in all the eighteen provinces of the empire, but never before have known a man that does the things that you perform, and for which you receive no reward. O, what virtue! the nation's great arm. Under heaven there is no other like you." And more in the same adulatory strain.

The following is one among the cases which have been treated by Dr. Parker.

"A young lady from Nanking, Le Awoo, aged nineteen, suffered from a disease of the left eye from her infancy. At this time a white spot with a fleshy excrescence covered the apex of the cornea, and the blood-vessels were enlarged and passed over the cornea. She was the eldest daughter of a silk merchant. The father was informed that the eye at least might be prevented from becoming worse, and perhaps the vision be improved. He said he confided the case to my care—had he not confidence, he should not have applied. By repeated applications of lunar caustic the fleshy excrescence was destroyed; the blood-vessels were divided at the union of the cornea and sclerotica; the general health was attended to, and after applying leeches to the temples a blister was ordered. New granulations filled up the depression in the cornea made by the caustic. The blood-vessels of the cornea became indistinct and the sight improved, and at a little distance a stranger could scarcely perceive that it differed from the other eye. Just before the term of the hospital closed, the father and two daughters came to take a final leave, bringing presents, which were declined, saying that it was abundant reward that the treatment of his daughter had been successful; but he would not take them away. The patient and her little sister, aged thirteen years, then came into the room, attended by a servant with a large crimson blanket. The first impression was, this is a part of the present. It was however spread at my feet, and the two young ladies knelt upon it. They were authoritatively told that it was not required nor permitted to *Kow-tow*. They heeded it not; and though I took the eldest by the collar to prevent it, both succeeded in bringing their heads twice to the floor. This was done in the presence of a large assembly of patients and several Europeans. The father

was dressed like an officer, and his daughters wore splendid silk gowns, with the richest embroidery."

In the thousands of cases which have come under the doctor's treatment, many opportunities, of course, must have occurred, and which the consideration of the grand end at which Dr. P. is aiming in all that he does would lead him to improve, for turning the attention of the Chinese to the true system of religion in opposition to the fantasies and superstitions of the worshipper of Confucius, Budha, and the thousand paternal gods of the celestial empire. And when patients, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, would have bowed in adoration before him, he has raised them, and with the spirit of the humble Christian, pointed them to the true God, to whom only power and praise belong. And even when success, in the advance of the disease, could neither be expected, or relief be given, opportunities have offered when the disappointed patients have seen how truly the sympathy of a Christian physician has been given them, as they have been pointed to the Being who hath pity for the sorrowful. Such a case we see in a patient by the name of Akeen, of whom Dr. P. remarks, that he gave him but little encouragement when he came to the hospital, and the day he dismissed him, after kind treatment which disclosed that the organs of his eyes were so far destroyed that light again could never be enjoyed, "the patient manifested much gratitude," said the doctor, "for what had been done in the improvement of his health and for the attempt to restore sight. It was a remark of one of my respected medical preceptors to his students, that when the materia medica of earth failed, they might yet point their patients to that of heaven. I have experienced this satisfaction in the case of this young man. His eyes suffused with tears as I took

him by the hand; and with several Chinese listening, told him through my interpreter of the world in which he may see, though never again on earth—that in heaven none were blind, none deaf, none sick. I also endeavoured to point out the way for him to find admittance there."

A volume of interest might be written in connection with Dr. Parker's action at Canton. But further space cannot be given to it here. Dr. P. is every way the person desirable for the location and the calling he occupies and pursues.

On the 16th, the day succeeding my arrival in Canton, being Sunday, I preached in the British chapel of the Company's hong. The American missionaries supply the pulpit here, generally, the chapel having been courteously tendered them for that purpose. Dr. Parker, I believe, has the charge of the services, and officiates regularly, or alternately with Rev. Mr. Bridgman, when Mr. B. is here. The Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal church of America is used, with a few variations, to meet the peculiarities of the mixed community. For instance, in the prayer for the President of the United States, the word "*Kings* and all others in authority" is substituted. The gentlemen, not episcopal in their orders, generally use, besides the service thus slightly altered, an extemporaneous prayer before the sermon. The Rev. Messrs. Handson and Lockwood, when at Canton, officiated, in their turn, in the same chapel.

On Monday I visited, in company with Dr. Parker, the Temple of Longevity, one of the principal establishments of the Chinese Budhist priests. The priests welcomed us, Dr. P. being already known to some of them. They conducted us through the buildings of the Temple; from the top of the main one, a fine view presents itself of the

greater part of the suburbs of the city—the city walls, near which the temple is situated—and an extended view into the city within the walls.

At the covered portal, forming an entrance into the court, within which rises the principal and central building, and within a recess guarded by bars, are four statues, two on either side, larger than life. On the toe of one of these sublime personages, sitting with one foot elevated, quite a number of Chinese labels were displayed, among other things proffering to give his worshippers *toe-nails* when lost. The opposite deities as confidently assured their votaries that they would secure to them children of either sex, as they might desire—the one proffering male, the other female heirs. But both of them, I presume, on the condition that the seekers of such gifts should reward the priests who served at the altars of their godships, for their trouble of throwing the tablets for them, and divining with their bamboo labels and sibyl-leaves.

In the principal hall of the floor-rooms, the god, elevated on an altar some feet from the floor, was canopied around by the usual fixtures, with openings for the exposure of his most comfortable and gilded person on the four sides of the altar. Incense urns, artificial flower-stands, and taper-supporters, occupied the front of the altar where the josh-sticks are burned, the flowers placed, and the tapers lighted and melted away.

The temples of the Chinese, which are built regularly, are two stories high, a piazza running quite around each story, from which you enter the sacred rooms constituting the centre of the building. The upper hall of this temple is a spacious room, occupying the whole area of the second floor; and in the centre of this upper hall sits the complacent, fat and dimple-cheeked, corpulent, cross-legged,

gilded, smiling, almost laughing god of longevity—a perfect contradiction in his air, of what one of my early instructers would have guessed, whom I have more than once heard, with an oblique allusion to a certain class of persons, and with a spice of sarcasm on the lip, repeat the words, "*slumbering* fat." His deityship to-day was wide awake. And there was a most expressive air of comfort about the youthful-looking fat old gentleman, of whom, should an earthquake or any other convulsion of nature happen to shake from his six or seven feet elevation, it would puzzle his best serving priest, with all the revelations he may have received in connection with his divining apparatus, to declare which way said youthful and fleshy old gentleman would roll along the floor—whether from head to feet and from feet to head, and from head to feet again, or like a pipe of wine, upon his bulging sides. As for such legs as said old gentleman has, with all their hundred weights of muscle, comfortable indeed for sitting à la Turk, *rather à la Budha*, they are altogether too duck-like to be thought of in any necessity of support for such a rotundity of person as this godship of longevity, or to be taken into any account which would estimate the chances as to the probable course which his godship would roll, in case of his being thrown from his present most comfortable attitude of rest.

This temple is apparently the most popular one, and certainly on the largest and most respectable scale of any of the temples situated on the Canton side of the river. And this upper hall of the Temple of Longevity affords a convenient and spacious apartment for the grandees to assemble in, on their festive days of particular worship. The god has lately been repaired, and his decayed person of antiquity has given place for the newly gilded statue, in

the shape of a Chinese Lambert. The development of muscles in this specimen of wood, cut into something of a form resembling the figure of a man, is superior to any thing else in the way of statuary that I have seen in the Chinese temples, and is not very discreditable to the artist, when the idea designed to embody in wood is considered. The figure, at once, strikes the visiter as a representation of a comfortable portly old gentleman in retirement, living upon the abundance of this life's good things, and as much good ale as would render his yet unwrinkled cheeks rosy, and his corpulent person a very prayer itself, that one may have rest. A smooth-faced and portly young priest, who accompanied us through the buildings, seemed alike enough to the gilded god in his proportions and physiognomy, though in miniature, to have been a near kin, or else had sat as the model for the statue; and only wanted size and age to be its fac simile. He was a good-natured, full-cheeked, shaven-headed priest, that flourished in the best keeping, as his rotund person seemed to declare.

We were joined by a thinner and taller member of the body, while we were admiring the prospect from the upper verandah of the temple which, with its roofed and spacious area, extends quite around the building. He was in black, and is the principal of the establishment, more dignified than the other, and at times not less communicative. They both accompanied us through the grounds, which are not in the best keeping; and the abundance of a species of cresses, in appearance covering almost the whole surface of the water ponds within the premises, gives a stagnant aspect to these otherwise ornamental reservoirs. In these ponds flocks of ducks were sailing, feeding upon this weed upon the surface of the water; and here, as elsewhere throughout all the Chinese temples and the

private residences of extent, the gorgeous and sacred water lily prevails, in porcelain pots. We were conducted to a small square room fronting the most pleasant part of the grounds, and tea was served, with a tray of sweetmeats of various kinds, each species of fruit occupying its division on the same waiter, containing the lichee—a very agreeable dried fruit, and yet more delicious in its undried state—dates, dried melon-seeds, ginger, citron, Chinese olives, beech-nuts, and last, but not least peculiar, as they seemed to us of uncelestial tastes, *roasted beans*. We chatted for a while, as we sipped the uncreamed and unsugared tea, and partook of the variety of the waiter resting upon the centre-table, about which we sat. It was inquired of the *abbot* (we use terms known to designate stations with titles unknown, as this person was at the head of some one hundred priests of the establishment) if there were nunneries embraced in their system. He answered, No; and I know not the idea which seemed pleasantly to strike him, which however led to the remark, as he placed his hand upon the head of a fine looking boy beside him some twelve or thirteen years of age, "Budha sent me down this shaver in an egg about a month since, which produced him." The sweetmeats were very fine, some of them, and I so remarked complimentary, but the abbot replied, that "they were very indifferent," like some peculiar person I have known, who greatly regretted that they had not that which was better to give, when they were giving, as they knew, the very best in the world.

We returned through the streets, being the lions of the way, and "Fanqui, Fanqui," ringing ever and anon in our ears, while a mob of children, both small and grown, surrounded us, and the women rushed to their screened door-

ways to catch, as we passed, a view of the foreigners, which seemed to be an era in their experience, and gleeful now as unfrequent, as I had opportunity occasionally to observe, while I lingered a short distance in the rear; and the curious sex, in the indulgence of their inquisitive propensity, suffered themselves to be drawn half-way out beyond their screens in their gaze after the receding stranger, and apparently to the great surprise at their own presumption as they found another "Fanqui" almost confronting them as he came up so unexpectedly and near to them; and in again to their inner apartment they would dash, as rapidly as their small feet and waddling gait would allow them.

The whole community are evidently on the *qui vive* at this moment, in connection with the late difficulties between the foreigners and the Chinese authorities and mobs.

We are the first of the foreigners who have ventured far into the suburbs since the shutting up of the streets which lead into the square of the factories. On my arrival at Canton, it was not deemed prudent to wander too much about town, but still it was believed a few days more would secure as much freedom to the foreign residents as they had ever enjoyed. For the present, however, the small boats are prohibited from passing on the river; and the pleasure boats belonging to the different factories here are seen lying within the paling in front of the factories, where they have been placed by the Chinese authorities since the enclosures of the vacant lots have been made between the river and the hong houses.

These areas in front of the foreign factories will form pleasant promenades by and by, so soon as they become coated with grass. But the boats alluded to are mostly neglected, having been included in the estimate of the

English of their losses, and which, with the millions of other damages they have, or think they have received, will be demanded, including the amount of the opium which they have resigned to the Chinese authorities, and which demand either the Chinese will have to meet, or suffer reprisals (so we think the future will say) upon their commerce, and *perhaps* yield to the urgent request of British arms *a portion* of their territory.

It was doubtful, in the present circumstances of the times, whether I should be able to get over the river to Hanan to visit the celebrated temple there, deemed the most magnificent in the southern part of the empire, if not equalling any within the celestial kingdom. So writers have spoken of it; and persons who have enjoyed opportunities assure me that it is a very creditable specimen of the best order of the Budhist temples of China.

The story of its present prosperous circumstances, and the high esteem with which it has been held, is this: After the success of the first Tartar invader, his son was sent to subdue the remaining opponents of the usurper, who held out against his authority in the south. The general arrived with his conquering army, and entirely subdued the south Canton, and entered the town of Hanan with the intention, agreeably to the royal mandate, to put to the sword, without discrimination, the opposers of the conqueror's power. An attempt upon an invulnerable priest of the temple at Hanan caused the upraised arm of the prince, who, in person, was about to take the priest's life, to be withered in the attempt. The priest restored the use of the arm to the astonished general, and petitioned that the lives of all the people of Hanan, on condition of submission to the new power, should be spared. This was done. The prince petitioned his royal father. The inhabitants, to

evince their gratitude, brought gifts to the temple, and royal beneficence enriched it, and the humble establishment rose into distinction, as one of the most richly endowed temples of the kingdom.

Dr. Parker's popularity among the Chinese and favourable repute with the mandarins here would secure the privilege of crossing to Hanan, if it could be obtained by any one. His wish was mentioned to a linguist, with the assurance that we did not wish to create any "bobbery," but very peacefully to visit Hanan and then to return. The linguist said he would see, and came back the next morning with the assurance that the boat of one of the hong merchants, whom he was requested to consult, would be ready for us immediately after dinner, which would allow of our reaching the temple in time to see the priests at their worship or afternoon vespers, at about half-past four.

A number of the officers from the Columbia and John Adams had arrived during the week, and an invitation was extended to them by Dr. Parker to accompany us.

We crossed the river and were soon at the entrance to the court of the temple. The first portal was characterized by two large statues, in better keeping and on a still larger scale than those before seen, being some fifteen feet in height. As you pass into the court you traverse a fine wide pavement flagged with granite slabs and leading up the gradual ascent to the portal, which forms the entrance into the second court within which the various buildings of the temple are placed. It is a spacious area which is inwalled, and passing the portal, with two immense statues on either side of the entrance within their bowers, still larger than the custodes at the portal of the outer court, you advance by a gradual ascent to the main temple, spacious, with its upper and lower hall surrounded with its veran-

dahs. The priests were already at their mystic vespers within the lower hall, a spacious apartment, with the altar of their Budha nearer to the farthest-in wall than the front, but around which they were moving in solemn and monotonous chant of the sacred name of their god. Again they rested in front of the altar, while one of their number performed the three times three knockings of the head upon the floor, and the chant continuing in the most monotonous under and even tone of "Fuh-o-me-ta-to—o-me-ta-to-Fuh," I ever heard. Again they marched to the same monotonous sound as they circled the altar, with the palms of their hands pressed together and held, with the fingers upward, against their breast, while a string of beads rested between the thumbs and the edges of the hand. They were a curious spectacle, robed in yellow garments most of them, the rest in black, with shaven heads, and faces as solemn as if the bell which one of their number struck to mark their time, were the death-knell, or funeral requiem recited in anticipation of their own obsequies, which some spirit had told them would occur on the morrow.

A priest showed us through the different divisions of the buildings, one of the halls containing at either end twelve gilded statues larger than life, some with black beards, some with red beards, some with no beards at all. In the hands of some were the instruments of war, in the hands of others, instruments of peace; in others, the sword, the spear, the hatchet, the knife, the rose, the palm, the harp, together representing the ancient sages to whom the hall is dedicated, with veneration and worship. The hall is otherwise hung with tablets, the sages occupying their places within a glass partition at either end of the room, and the central altar of the hall arranged in front of the god with the usual paraphernalia of the censer, the

flower-vase, and the taper-stand for the consuming of josh-sticks, holding the fading flowers, and the light from the melting wax.

All in life is marked with change, and decay is stamped on all that is material. What a burlesque I thought as I stood in the Temple of Longevity, was the crumbled god who offered long years to his votaries, while he could not preserve his own person from the dust, but had lately been supplanted by a new image, and yet still confided in by a deluded and unthinking people. And here, as I stood looking on these statues and the god within the main altar, how *cold* seemed the religion that cherished such a system. The most it promised was, that when the soul left the body it might become the resident of some animal, and again pass though a series of other animals, in endless transmigrations; and as its chief blessedness, be finally absorbed into the Budha they worshipped. Blessed religion of Jesus Christ! thou dost open before the wishful spirit that longs after immortality, *consistent* hopes, meeting its wants, and pointing out the way to a blissful state of endless life. The body may go back to its mother dust, but the spirit shall enter on its course of thought and action *suitable* to its being, in a state where it shall enjoy the changeless friendship of its God, and of the good and the holy, in the happy residence of the ransomed, the intellectual, moral and immortal spirits. God give me gratitude in the possession of his Word, and an education in its precepts.

There was nothing of interest about these figures to the eye of one who has formed any just notions of the natural developments of the human form. The immense statues at the portals are huge monsters of beings, neither divine nor human, and convey no positive sentiment save that of

power and anger, which is the result of their hugeness and paint.

There was, however, one tasteful thing within the Hall of the Sages, and it graces the spot wherever it may be seen,—for beautiful nature is always lovely. I allude to a large vase of natural flowers, freshly gathered and placed upon the altar of the god. Without the permission of the oracle, but with the consent of one of his votaries, I plucked a beautiful flower from the gorgeous boquet, as a thing that seemed to rebuke, with its soft loveliness, the rough features of ugliness and disproportion everywhere seen around, and now would do the kind office of soothing a restless sensibility that ever attends me on the perception of *unfitness* in the combination of things or circumstances around me.

There is one curiosity odd enough about these premises of the temple of Hanan. In one part of the court there is a pen for some dozen fat hogs, kept with a sacred respect for their lives and good health and luxurious living. More in keeping I thought it would have been had their swineships been attachees to the Temple of Longevity, so nearly allied they seemed to be in proportions to the corpulent knight of that establishment. But here they were, and most comfortable specimens of the pork species they certainly are, those twelve hogs. They die not, so far as I learned,—they were too lazy, or too dignified, or too wilful to rise at our presence, though proper consideration ought to be had to the usual manners of that species of animal, when treating of their responsibilities on the reception of visiters, knowing that their unsanctified race without these consecrated enclosures act ever as a contradiction and exception to that otherwise universal law of motion, that a body moves in the line of direction in which the

face is impressed; for a sailor well knows, that to get a pig on board ship he must seize his tail and pull him in an *opposite* direction. But, the laws of motion apart, these swine (perhaps there were but eleven) have a very comfortable house; the premises are kept clean, and themselves fed, until, had they ever read Shakspeare, they might cry out "Hold—enough!" They retain their incumbent position as long as they choose, but that they occupy a standing attitude, the length of time they would choose, admits of a question—as it seems doubtful if such small legs could very long support such round hundreds of fat. My own opinion is, that they are not free agents in this matter, and, therefore, as it is said, "necessitas non habet *legs*," I conclude that they yield, as good Budhists, to the law of necessity, when they can stand no longer, and submit themselves, as quiet fatalists, to the favourite doctrine of most of the Orientals, and not less especially of the Chinese. It is thought, I believe, that however immortal may be the lives of these novel specimens of "otium cum dignitate," that, occasionally, one of their number disappears, and as often is supplied by the lay devotees, without charge, to the fraternity.

We were conducted to the reception hall, after we had gone the round of the buildings, through the grounds, flower-garden, or an apology for what had once probably been such when the grounds were in better keeping, and saw at the extremity of the premises the reservoir, where the ashes of the priests are consigned, after they have been gathered from the funeral pyre. Here the principal priest met us, and with considerable urbanity endeavoured to make our visit a pleasant one. His apparent amiable desire commended him to our kind wishes, and Dr. P. desired A-hoy to say to him, that when he crossed the river to Canton, he would be pleased to see him. "Oh no, *Meester*

Parker," replied A-hoy, as he hesitated to interpret the courteous invitation of the abbot; "you would *never* cease to have him present, *Meester* Parker, if you once invite him. Best first know him, then invite." The shrewd young Chinese was laughed at, and the invitation was turned into thanks for the priest's politeness, with assurances that we had been greatly gratified. And notwithstanding A-hoy's pre-admonition, Dr. P. himself assured the abbot that he had medicines, and with pleasure would supply him with any, in case he should need, if he would call at the American hong. The dark-robed Budhist seemed much pleased, and indicated that he should not be late in his application.

And that same A-hoy—I shall never forget the peculiar and exquisite smile that graced his fine features. It was the perfection of effeminate loveliness, without detracting from the manly features of the young Chinese. I know not how he may be esteemed, but I do know that there was an interest of expression about his face which would immortalize a sculptor to fix it in marble.

We returned to the boat and found that the hong merchant, whose politeness had furnished us with his fine boat, had provided a variety of fruits also, to await us on our return to re-occupy it. We ate of the fruits; and A-hoy asked, "Will you have water, gen-tle-mens?" Some of the party accepted the finger-bowls and laved their hands. "My master knows enough of foreign manners," said A-hoy, "to get the bowls of water, but I shall have to remind him the next time of the napkins." The not witless remark, in the absence of the napkins, secured another approbative smile to A-hoy, for the penetration he showed on the occasion for which, in this one particular, by an oversight, he had not provided.

We returned unscathed by pebbles or in any other way molested, although we were the first of the "foreign devils" who have presumed to venture abroad on the side of the river opposite Canton, since the prohibitory measures which confined the *Fanqui* to their factories.

There is legend connected with the origin of the city of Canton, and all as veritable as the fictions associated with the foundation of the seven-hill city, once the empress o the western world, which boasts the twins Romulus and Remus for its founders. But it would be of little interest to follow the story-tellers from the period when the inhabitants of the "southern regions" first commenced to bear their tribute of "crabs and frogs and snakes and crickets" to the "son of heaven, who received homage from the four quarters of the earth," up to the different epochs when, n one dynasty, the young Canton bore the name of "the martial city of the south;" or in another, "the city o rams," after five genii, robed in as many different coloured vestments, are said to have entered the city on as many different coloured rams, which were enabled, notwithstanding each bore in his mouth a stalk of grain having five ears, to exclaim audibly to the people,

"May famine and dearth never visit your markets;"

thus giving the additional titles of "the city of genii" and "the city of grain" to the famous capital of the southern province. It will rather suffice to note that the rebellious people of the south yielded to the prowess of the northern arms; and after many alternations of discontent and submission, finally gave their adherence to the founder of the Han dynasty, some two centuries earlier than our own era. In the sixth century the provincial city had become a regular mart for foreign commerce, carrying on a considerable

trade with Cochin-China and India; and for its protection against the assaults of the first, the city-wall was raised about the year 1060. Internal contentions drenched the south in blood on the accession of the new dynasty in 1279; but commerce revived on the restoration of quiet, and in 1300 "abundance of vessels," as writers narrate, "came to Canton."

The pioneer of European commerce to China was De Androde, who reached Canton in 1517. Other adventurers, from the different European states, soon succeeded; and the trade, through the alternations of reverses and prosperity as the result of the internal broils on the fall of one and the rise of a new dynasty—which make the empire of China less a thing of quiet than some of the admirers of its political economy suppose—has risen progressively, until in 1837 its exports have reached the annual amount of nearly forty millions of dollars.*

THE CITY WALL is about six miles in length, and may be traversed by a walk of little less than two hours at rather a quick pace. It varies in its height according to the unevenness of the surface at its base, from twenty-five to forty feet, and in width fifteen feet at its top, widening to twenty-five at its base. Its composition is stone and brick filled in with earth on the interior. There are sixteen gates—four passing through an inner wall and twelve forming entrances through the external bulwark, which runs parallel, on the south, with the river, and winds circularly back into the interior, resting on the brow of a hill in the northern part of its circuit some two to three hundred feet above the level of the river, which from this point it commands, with a perfect view of the plain on which the city is spread be-

* In 1836-37, English Imports $34,900,662. Exports, 30,168,380. In 1836-37, American Imports $3,678,696. Exports, 8,202,869.

neath it. "The gate of the five genii," "the gate of eternal rest," "the gate of eternal purity," will serve as a sufficient specimen of the names of these outlets of a city of "the flowery nation," of a "flowery language;" and the "dragon street," "the flying dragon street," "the martial dragon street," "the flowery street," "the golden street," and "the golden flowery street," will more than suffice for a specimen of the 1,000 and more or less avenues of this inwalled emporium of commerce, containing a population with its suburbs of 1,236,000, as estimated on the most creditable data; and which, no one who has walked through the crowded streets of Canton, gazed into their one dense mass of shops, and viewed the fleet of 84,000 boats that float upon the stream in the neighbourhood, each with its family of man, wife, children, ducks, geese, chickens, cooking utensils, chop-sticks and all, would think of estimating that number less than 1,000,000 of people. Surely it must be a blessing to the Chinese, as a body, that they need no more household furniture than a stool to sit upon, and a bowl and chop-sticks for their table furniture, and a kettle for their cooking apparatus. Otherwise, broad as is their empire, 360,000,000 of people would cry out that the space is too narrow for us. As it is, a family of a dozen Chinese of both sexes can make out with a house of three rooms—one for their eating hall; and the floating gentry of the boats, I suppose, content themselves with but two equal divisions, in their water palaces.

It would be occupying more space than I have designed to appropriate to these volumes, were I to give the particulars which I have written in my manuscript, connected with the government of the city of Canton—its officers and police—and what to myself is of deeper interest, a general notice of the system of literary examinations which

prevails throughout the Chinese empire. It is a system commendable in its arrangement; but when considered in connection with the books perused by the candidates for distinction in literary fame, affluence, and elevation in office, it presents a miserable course of education—philosophy, science and geography alike being absent from it—and the highest perfection aimed at is but a successful imitation of an affected style in composition, and a logic which starts with false premises.

But our ships have yet a long traverse to make in their circuit of the globe, and I may not delay too long in the provincial city of the south, or among the endless subjects of interest associated with this peculiar people of the celestial empire.

Chinese Poetry.

Poetry is the language of nature, and nature exhibiting herself in different circumstances. The American Indian delights in the chase and the war-whoop; and the burden of *his* song is of war, as he dances around the war-pole and shakes the scalps of his enemies, after his return from the distant trail of his foe, whom he has left in his blood. The revel grows louder, and the dance more fierce, as the red chieftain narrates his deeds of triumph, or the young warriors who have taken their first scalp come forward to receive their war-name from the older chiefs.

The Goth and the Vandal were not unlike the aborigines of the American forest, in developing their feelings in rude song and music of the wild and heroic kind.

The refined nations of modern Europe, and the magnificent Grecian and Roman among the ancients, may all be traced in their advance in civilization and the cultivation in the arts and sciences and refinement of manners, in their poetry. And while the ancients, in their master-perform-

ances, sung of the deeds of heroic action, they left to modern times the developments of all the combinations of the human heart, in its display of deep emotion and natural action in connection with restless ambition, profound and jealous love, and deeds correspondent to the universal passions of men.

We therefore should expect to find the poetry of the Chinese, as we really do, characteristic of themselves. They are essentially an agricultural people; and their whole system tends to *quiescence*, alike in their philosophy, religion and politics. Their philosophy inculcates the influencing of men by persuasion in argument, rather than by force—their religion embraces the sentiment, that the destinies of men are woven indivisibly and irresistibly by the fates—and their principles of political economy require unquestioned and unquestioning submission to the power that rules. Patriotism with them is the inculcation of obedience, by practice and precept, to the precedents of the *past*—religion is the veneration of a remembered ancestry, and the preservation of their tombs, and the burning of gold paper and garments to the manes of the departed—and fame of every kind, that is honourable in the estimation of the Chinese, personal, political, present and posthumous, all depends not on originality of genius and acquisition of true knowledge in the arts and sciences, and an independent literature, but on a successful imitation of a false, limited, past, but not obsolete standard of philosophy and ethics, embraced in the collection of the "Four Books" and the "Five Classics" of Confucius. To imitate these in style—to quote these in illustration—to be guided by these in action, and instructed by these in principle—and successfully to produce these in argument, secures approbation, admiration and reward; and is the only path to preferment and

distinction. Hence it is, that *the mind of the Chinese is only imitative, and incapable of invention.* We look not then for excellence in poetry connected with any thing like originality, where the standard itself is a book of indifferent odes of the preceding ages, collected by Confucius five hundred years before the Christian era, and adhered to as the model of perfection and for imitation; and we justly conclude that the Chinese, for sixteen centuries, have made little advance in the poetic art, otherwise than in the smoothness of the rhythm, in the increasing refinement of the nation. They have no epic poem, and their tragedies are melodramas, which seldom reach the deep-natural of intense passion; and as performed on their bamboo stages, exhibit, at least to the European eye, more of the burlesque and the masquerade, than the natural scenes of dramatic life. I am aware that some better qualified than myself to judge (their partialities aside) as to this branch of Chinese poetry, would dissent from my opinion; and only on one occasion, without being fully aware of the scene I was about to witness, I had the opportunity of being present at the Chinese "Sing-Song." The action of the players then seemed well to comport with the *wooden* swords they used to do their fatal deeds; and of the thousand spectators, jammed *en masse* to witness the performance, probably three-fourths were incapable of appreciating a happy sentiment, and manifested more pleasure at the regalia of the dresses and the firing of the abundance of crackers than at the dramatic progress of the play.

But the Chinese are fond of flowers—are a rural people—cultivators of the ground—the emperor himself annually, for the encouragement of agriculture, holding the plough, that he may give the influence of his imperial example to the empire—all which, connected with the

system of literary examinations already alluded to, so calculated to encourage a taste for literature, such as it is, would lead us to expect that their best specimens of poetry would be found in the descriptive, associated with calm nature, as found in the painting of rural scenes, conveyed in sententious thought. And such is the case. They paint the garden—the water-pond—the lily—the sacred lotus, which fills their private grounds—the ever occurring peach-blossom and the plum, and their most plentiful flower, the epidendrum; while they applaud *that rest* of which their own Confucius speaks with admiring partiality, and which the Chinese looks to for his old age; and which certainly is grateful alike to every refined mind, as the Latins have it, *otium cum dignitate.*

The measure of the Chinese poetry consists of different feet, according to the number of characters which constitute the line, varying from three to seven characters. Each specimen is to be found in the Shee King, the book of odes collected by Confucius, constituting one of the classics, and which, I am informed, is being translated by the Rev. Mr. Shûck into English, and, as soon as completed, will be published in America. Although rhyme occasionally prevails, it is not frequent; and owing to the peculiar construction of the Chinese language, the sounds are less perfect than words allow, which are formed of alphabetical letters. The Chinese poetry, however, depends principally for its contradistinction from prose, on its regularly recurring rhythm, parallelism, and antithesis, rendering it strikingly analogous in its construction to the poetry of the Hebrews.

I am indebted to Mrs. Shûck, my missionary friend at Macao, for several specimens of Chinese poetry. The neat manuscripts in Chinese characters are beautiful specimens

of the written character. I copy the translation of a single piece—the original containing five Chinese characters in each line, and the piece itself composed of a stanza of eight lines.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND.

" Ten years have elapsed since last we parted;
And no sooner have we met, than we part again.
We bind ourselves by promises to renew this meeting,
But we shall never be so young as we are now.
The shadows of the passing cloud speedily vanish,
The falling leaf returns not to its branch;
Should I fly like the wild bird to seek you in the south,
In what part of yon blue mountains shall we meet?"

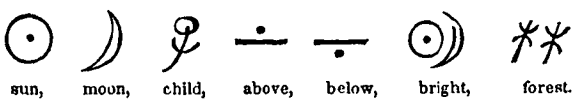
THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

The Chinese language has been deemed a phenomenon in philology; and its formation, from its infancy in its advance to its present magnificence and comparative merit as an oral and written medium of communication for three hundred and sixty millions of people, seems to be regarded as a matter of astonishment. On the contrary, so far as a slight familiarity with its first principles will enable one to judge, I should deem its construction to have been precisely as we would expect to be the origin of a written language among a primitive people. The illiterate peasant or huckster, unable to write, could yet draw hieroglyphics of straight and curved lines. And by way of refreshing his recollection, had he an occasion to debit his neighbour a cheese, he would naturally score upon the bark of a tree or upon the door of his tent a circular mark; and if it chanced to be a grindstone instead of a cheese, he would not forget to add a dot, for the sake of definiteness and distinction, to the centre of the circle, all which first attempts in the fine arts would be increased as necessity and convenience required, and improved in their form as

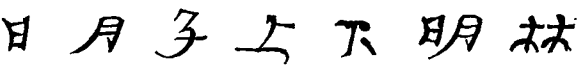
the tyro-sketcher continued his practice. A combination of these symbols becoming definitely associated with the objects which they were used to represent, would at length become the medium of communication between different individuals; and, reduced to a written form, improve in their shape as convenience for their rapid formation and agreeableness in their appearance to the eye should suggest in their continued use. New symbols not being readily found for every new idea, a combination of the originally formed characters would naturally be suggested, and eventually, the symbols or hieroglyphics becoming so numerous, they would lose their visible resemblance to the objects they were originally employed to represent, and at length become mere arbitrary representatives of ideas.

Thus it precisely is, as it seems to me, with the hieroglyphic formation of the Chinese language. Their original form, representing the idea of the sun, is a circle with a dot in its centre; the moon, by a crescent or segment of a circle; a child, by something resembling the first attempt in the nursery to draw a man; morning, by the sun's rising; above, by a dot over a straight line; below, by a dot beneath a straight line. Advancing to the combination of symbols, the sun and moon together mean brightness; two trees mean a forest; two men seated upon the ground represent the idea of sitting; waved lines, rivulets. And these symbolic representations of ideas, a few of which are here alluded to, would be increased; and for the purpose of meeting the necessities of a growing people and intercourse, a free combination would take place, and the original characters be improved upon, in the advance of refinement and taste, and yet more particularly, for convenience and uniform appearance, as the characters were used in writing; and with the discovery of the art of print-

ing the characters would undergo still a further modification for the beauty and agreeable effect of the type or plates. This is seen in the fac simile below, illustrating the preceding remarks—the upper line exhibiting the original form of the Chinese character, the lower one giving the form now used in their printing; and seen still more particularly in the plate further on, exhibiting the improvement of the original form by the beauty and uniformity of the character now in use.



sun, moon, child, above, below, bright, forest.



The greatest wonder in the history of all written languages is, that an alphabet of twenty-five letters, representing the elementary sounds of the voice, should ever have been discovered, and remains yet a question if it were not originally a gift direct from heaven. If however it be a discovery of man, we should be led to conclude that it would be the result of aftertimes, when a people had become more philosophical and given to analysis; and that it would be the result of a cumbersome system of hieroglyphics and arbitrary characters, precisely like that which we have presented to us in the pictorial language of the Chinese, giving its literati to feel the necessity of something by which the symbolic character of the language might be simplified. And in the range of philosophical analysis, there can be found no other example so striking as the alphabet of articulation (save the ten Arabic numerals) to illustrate the illimitable combination to which a few simples, having their origin in nature, can be carried.

And the superiority of the alphabetic system to the symbolical character of the Chinese, renders it not an improbable conjecture that, in the advance of philosophical literature in the East and the certainly to be expected advance of Christianity, the language of the celestial empire will one day, and not at a great time distant, be expressed in an alphabetical character corresponding to the written languages of the West.

But as it is, the Chinese character, in which their language is embraced, is a magnificent structure when considered in its immense number of symbolic representations, which have now become arbitrary signs of ideas rather than hiereoglyphic characters; and also, in view of the extent of space over which the language has spread and the number of people by whom it is spoken. And notwithstanding it has been formed in a manner we should deem the most natural, by a people advancing from the rude state to that of high civilization, it becomes a wonder in its solitary loneliness, in contrast with all other written languages of the world, for its existence as a language without an alphabet. The possibility of this at first seems to the Western, from his usual mode of thinking, to be incredible, until he shall have become familiar with the principles on which the Chinese characters have been formed. As it is, there are some peculiarities which are curious and interesting.

One particular character of the Chinese language, exhibiting it strikingly in contradistinction with the Western languages, is, that all its words are of one syllable. It is true that there is often a coalescing of two or more vowel sounds, which give to the character, when reduced to English orthography, the appearance of a dissyllable or polysyllable, and have it in the original enunciation. But if this be

recognised in the vowel sounds, then I do not see why characters with certain elementary consonant sounds, as *ts*, should not also be regarded as dissyllabic, for there is here as distinctly an exhibition of two elementary articulations of the voice as in the case first supposed, if not more so—for *tseen* (*t-seen*) requires as distinctly the enunciation of two elementary articulations of the voice as *tien*. The effect of this monosyllabic form, were it not for the different intonations given to the characters, would be most monotonous, but with this variation of sound the repetition of a lesson by the child at his daily task becomes a song, containing more of the elements of true harmony than I have been able to discover in the combinations of any number of Chinese musical instruments. The monosyllabic character of the language may be seen by the following lines, taken from the Trimetrical, and the Thousand-character Classic, the first and third books put into the hands of pupils in the elementary schools. Both of these books are in measure—the first being constituted with lines of three characters each, the other with four characters in each line. The Chinese read from right to the left, and from the top of the column downwards. The first quotation contains five double lines from the Trimeter, the second, eight lines of the Thousand-character Classic:

Fifth.	Fourth.	Third.	Second.	First.
Seih	Keaou	Kow	Sing	Jin
Mang	Che	Puh	Seang	Che
Moo	Taou	Keaou	Kin	Tsoo
Tsih	Kwei	Sing	Seih	Sing
Lin	E	Nae	Seang	Pung
Choo	Chuen	Tseen	Yuen	Shen

Eighth.	Seventh.	Sixth.	Fifth.	Fourth.	Third.	Second.	First.
Leuh	Jah	Tsew	Han	Shin	Jeih	Yu	Teen
Leu	Yu	Show	Lae	Suh	Yue	Chou	Te
Teaou	Ching	Tung	Shoo	Lee	Ying	Hung	Heuen
Yang	Suy	Tsang	Wang	Chang	Tsih	Hwang	Hwang

Another peculiarity of this singular language is, that all its consonant terminations are in *n* and *ng*, yet without giving it a disagreeable nasal enunciation.

But the most important consideration in connection with the Chinese language is the extent to which it is used as a medium of written communication. The extent of the empire, and the early non-intercourse of the separate but subjugated states now constituting the Chinese domain, has originated many idioms, and such a departure has there been from the court standard of pronunciation that the colloquial use of the language in some of the provinces is utterly unintelligible to another province. And yet the *characters* used by all are the same. Another cause of this departure from a common standard of pronunciation results from the circumstance that *the sound* of each character in the Chinese language must be learned by being heard from an oral teacher, as the Chinese have no system in the absence of an alphabet, to designate the sounds of their characters. Still the written characters remain the same in all the provinces, and are universally understood over the empire, including 360,000,000; and adding to this number the inhabitants of islands peopled by Chinese, and others who have the Chinese character as their written language, we may estimate the number by whom this character is used at 400,000,000 of people. The illustration showing how the written character of the Chinese may be understood by this

vast mass of people, while they yet, in many parts, are unable to make themselves understood in conversation, is simple. The idea expressed by the English word *man*, in French is *homme;* Spanish, *uomo;* Latin, *homo;* Greek, ἄνθρωπος (*anthropos*); Hebrew, אִישׁ (*ish*); Chinese, 人 (*jin*). This Chinese character (*jin*) not being formed upon the principle of sound, but as hieroglyphic, addressed to the eye, might with equal propriety be pronounced *homme, uomo, homo, anthropos*, or *ish*, as well as *jin*, the present sound by which the Chinese distinguish it. And if this same Chinese *character* entered into the language of all these different nations, instead of their own present *words*, and was called differently by the sounds which each now use, for man, then the Greek would not understand the Roman when he spoke the sound *homo*, nor the Roman the Greek were he to use the sound *anthropos;* nor the Spaniard the French sound of *homme*. But all having the *character alike*, though called by names of different sounds, they would immediately understand each other, should either of them take a pen and draw the *character* 人 (*jin*).

A better illustration is derived from the Arabic numerals used in common by the different nations of Europe and America. Were the American to use the word *thirty* to the Spaniard, who calls the same numeral *trenta*, he would not comprehend the American; nor would the Frenchman, who calls the same numeral *trente*. But either of these persons, taking a pen and writing the number in the Arabic numeral 30, and all immediately comprehend it, although each called it by a different sound.

Thus it is with the Chinese. Though the idioms in the various provinces throughout the vast empire differ as to the pronunciation of their character, the character itself remains fixed as to its *form and meaning*, and, addressed to

the eye as a written communication, it is intelligible to all. The court pronunciation has been called the mandarin dialect. And as the candidates for promotion to offices from all parts of the empire have to pass their literary examinations in the mandarin or court idiom, the mandarin dialect is spoken by the literati universally, and most extensively, while this course of examination, in connection with their unchanging classics, keeps the language itself unchangeable.

Here then we see the field that opens, *through the Chinese language*, for influencing *four hundred millions* of people, or nearly one half of the inhabitants of the globe. The whole system of the nation's literary course is such as would secure to a work, written to their taste and once admitted to their empire, the most rapid and universal perusal. And a Christian classic, once introduced into their triennial course of examinations, would imbue the nation at once with its principles. It is a high point from which the Christian missionary may gaze, amid every discouragement, in anticipation of the day when his books, or certainly those who come after him who shall have enjoyed the assistance derived from his labours, shall find the way into the hands of the reading part of the people of such an extended nation, and, may be, form the classic which shall become the means of giving this civilized but idolatrous and comparatively unintelligent people, a better literature, science, and, above all, the happy institutions and the immortal hopes of the blessed religion of Jesus Christ.

There are no inflections in the use of the Chinese character in composition, the nouns, verbs, and particles remaining invariably the same; and the various sense of these symbolical characters must be fixed by the position

they occupy in the forming of the sentence. Syntax, therefore, is unknown, according to its application to alphabetic languages where there are changes in the termination of nouns and conjugatiôn of verbs and the variation of adjectives for the expression of their different degrees of comparison and agreement. Grammar, connected with the Chinese language, therefore, can only be a treatise of rhetoric, exhibiting the best usages of classical writers, and other elucidations, for the formation of the best style in the use and arrangement of unchangeable and unchanging but definite and significant characters.

There are six different styles of character, more or less varying from each other, now in use among the Chinese, which are exhibited in the opposite plate.

The first is the most ancient style, after the original hieroglyphics, and by Europeans is called the seal character.

The second is the style of official attendants, as formerly used by writers in the public offices, and thence derives its name. It is now used in inscriptions and prefaces of books.

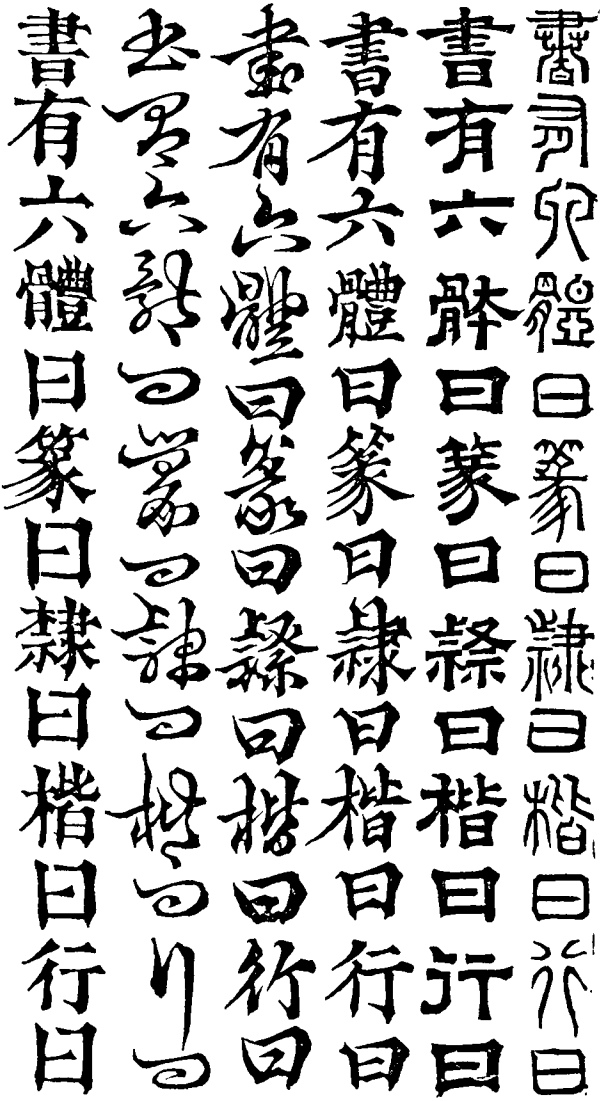
The third exhibits the pattern style, and is formed by gradual improvements upon the others. No Chinese can claim any consideration as a man of literature who cannot correctly and neatly write in this character.

The fourth style is a running hand, to some extent, as the pencil may, without being raised, pass from stroke to stroke in the formation of the character, while no abbreviation is allowable in writing it.

The fifth is a still freer running hand, full of abbreviations, as will be seen by the comparison.

The sixth is a beautifully formed character for its symmetry and uniformity, deriving its name, Shung Te, from the dynasty during whose time it was introduced, as a more

Sixth. Fifth. Fourth. Third. Second. First.



elegant form of character for printing. This art, by means of wooden plates, was introduced into China near the commencement of the tenth century, and during the succeeding forty years the Shung dynasty possessed the government, under whose auspices this character received its modifications and improvements, and has remained and still continues to be the picturesque and beautiful character in which the Chinese books are printed.

It would be interesting to give in this connection various quotations from the prose works of the Chinese, which would serve to illustrate their style, manners, domestic economy, philosophy and religion—their impressions connected with the power of charms, lucky days, festivals—aphorisms—a few hobgoblin stories and freaks of fairies who hold their court in the constellation of Ursa Major, and greatly concern themselves in the government of the Chinese people, making Mr. Bulwer's fairy action in guarding the beautiful consumptive in the "Legends of the Rhine" more natural, had the scenes been laid in China, than I thought them when reading his book; and though I now forget whether he places their court in the same star-palaces of the north——but, to indulge on all these topics, if it should not tire, it would too much extend this notice of the celestial empire in connection with our pause in the China seas.

It is certain, however, that in the literature of China, with all its crudities, there is much of interest—their books abounding in sentences of formal etiquette and graceful expressions, though deficient in tender expressions. The people have been acting according to a prescribed code of rules in manners for centuries, which makes them the most formal nation in their habits of intercourse among themselves and with others, that exists on the face of the earth. And yet there is a measured politeness, and an ease too, with all

the grave etiquette of the people, that gives an agreeableness to their manners and a grace to their formality, even to their attitudes in walking, bowing, and their stereotyped salutations; and you feel, while your heart melts in kindness towards the Chinese gentleman in your association with him, that the "Board of Rites," at Peking, however much they may have retarded the Chinese nation in its advance in the scale of modern improvement, they have yet given to the nation a system of manners towards their equals worthy of a refined people.

Dr. Morrison has remarked, on the ceremonial forms of China, that the "joining of hands and raising them before the breast," is the lowest order of salutation known among the Chinese. The next more deferential mark of consideration is a low bow, with the hands joined as before. The third, still more deferential, is bending the knee, as if about to kneel. The fourth, kneeling. The fifth, to kneel and strike the head against the ground. The sixth, to strike the head three times against the ground previous to the rising from a kneeling position. The seventh, kneeling and striking the forehead three times, rising and again kneeling and striking the head yet further three times before rising. The climax, or the eighth ceremonial, the Chinese call the *kow-tow*, and is required of all who enter the presence of the Emperor, and invariably practised by the courtiers around the person of his celestial majesty. It is kneeling three successive times, and at each time knocking the head against the ground. Some of the gods of China are entitled only to the sixth and seventh degree of veneration, while Heaven (Teen) and the Emperor receive the three prostrations and the three times three knockings of the head, from him who would approach these deemed to be equally sacred powers in worship and for favour.

Walk around the Wall of Canton.

On the morning of one of the last three days I spent in Canton, it was proposed to me to take a walk around the city walls. This had been done, and it was deemed practicable now, though my kind friend Dr. Parker thought that the adventurers who should attempt it would render themselves liable to be pelted with mud and pebbles, if nothing more serious should happen, before they returned.

The principal inducement to myself was the probability that the city might be entered through a breach in the wall on the northwest extreme of the city, should the point be reached at the break of day. For my own personal safety I had but little apprehension, having already traversed most of the town without the walls unmolested, save the inconvenience of the crowds that gathered around the *Fanqui*. It was also my desire to gain a view of the country beyond the city. My young friend K. offered to be my pilot, and we were to start at four o'clock in the morning, calculating to reach the breach before the celestials were moving. We were on our way at the moment appointed, and found ourselves threading the narrow streets at a quick pace, and with light enough just to discover to us the way our course lay; and now and then dark objects confronted us, who had begun to move earlier than we anticipated, and to increase in numbers as we passed from street to street. Occasionally a door of a shop opened, and the occupant placed a lighted josh-stick in the urn of the family god at one side of the threshold of the door; and now we glided by a sleeping sentry who had anticipated the hour of day-break, and stretched himself on some vacant stool to gain his morning nap. The faces of those who were passing us became more and more distinct, and began to awaken our fears that we should be too late to pass the gate in a wing of the wall extending from the main bul-

wark towards the river at the west corner of the city, and formed the pass to the country. We had already passed the southern gate, through which criminals are conveyed from the inner city for decapitation—a point we had visited the preceding evening, and saw near a dozen sculls occupying the manger-like reservoir attached to the wall for holding the heads as they fall from the body at the stroke of the executioner. Labels of the names and crimes were still adhering to some of these victims of a merciless code; and we trusted that our own heads would not be perilled, though we were venturing beyond the limits usual for foreigners to ramble; and in these times of excitement could rely, if ever, but little on the good faith or forbearance of a Chinese mob.

As we had measured a good long distance through the narrow streets, and daylight had already broken upon us, we concluded that we had arrived at the gate leading through the wing of the wall, and quickening our step, advanced to sally through; when the sentry from within the guard-house raised a cry loud enough for the alarm, if a hundred cities had been on fire, and the halloo was repeated by numbers of the people already passing and repassing this opening through the wall. I had advanced and turned to hurry on my companion, without regarding the twenty arms of the celestials that were beckoning me to return, but we soon concluded that we had turned too suddenly to the left, and were bolting directly through into the city. To the gratification of the sentry, who by this time had come out of his establishment and neared us with positive imperatives, we retraced our steps and continued our course still south and east, and in a few moments more passed the gate of the wing of the wall which we supposed we were doing in our previous attempt. We now followed a narrow

lane lined on either side by inferior houses directly under the main bulwarks, and the crowds of the lower classes gazing from their doors as we passed them with a rapid pace. We soon stood in the country. The sun was just rising. The green field—a beautiful stream, purling along the deep cut of the ravine—and the ravine itself, were all objects of acceptable contrast to the pent-up space through which we had been threading our way by twilight.

The wall was on our left, rising high up some forty or fifty feet here, and here again, on a more elevated point of ground, not over twenty—the battlements crowning its top and ornamenting the heavy work by their regular openings. The lower part of the wall is built principally of stone, the upper part of brick. We saw more than once persons walking upon the wall as they discovered themselves to us through the openings of the battlements. A half hour more of rapid walking brought us to the high point where we doubled the southeastern corner of the wall, with high grounds at our right in the distance crowned with lookout stations, and between them and the wall runs a deep ravine, to the high edge of which the wall extends. A short distance brought us to the breach on the northwestern part of the wall. We had left every object of animated life out of sight as we turned the southeastern corner of the wall; and fearing that our time was too far extended into the morning, the sun being already up, we apprehended, as we ascended the ruins of the wall which here occupied the highest point of ground within the city, that we might at once be brought into a confronting position with some of the frowning gentlemen of the long braids. But we ascended cautiously, and in a moment or two found ourselves standing on a spacious piece of table-ground forming the brow of a hill that overlooks the whole city.

A single tree of forest dimensions is standing here, and beneath it we reclined and contemplated the forbidden city spread immediately beneath and before us, every part of its wide area within distinct vision. It was a beautiful field of perspective, surpassing all that I had anticipated, supposing it to be crowded, like the suburbs, with shops innumerable. But as it now spread before us, the spacious courts exposed themselves to the eye, and the dwellings being generally low but empaling spacious grounds for gardens, exhibited more foliage and shrubbery than is usual to be seen in an extensive city. Our eye reconnoitered here and there—rapidly took in this view and that, the elevation of one part, the crowned spurs of the hills over which the walls on the northwest run. A still calm yet rested on the provincial city in its slumber of the morning, as the sun was now sending over it his earliest level beam.

But, another moment, and a halloo from a celestial, who had just made us out, as he came forth from a high building roaring; the wail broke upon our ear, as he advanced with an immense bamboo-pole, elevating it over his head in a threatening attitude, while with a gesture he indicated that it was his pleasure that we should walk over the wall again, and adown the steep pile of ruins, by which we had ascended.

My friend, who had once before made the circuit of the wall at the expense of some little inconvenience received from the erratic flights of mud and pebbles at a point a little further on, now suggested that it might be better for us to depart before the said threatening bamboo came in too near an approximation to us. He therefore stood with one foot on the edge of the aslant of the ruins, ready to retreat with most expeditious despatch, while I

begged permission (as I like to have my own way on such occasions) to take one more look at the silent city, sleeping in its rest and shade of many shrub and tree.

I should have felt less confident in my position had I not possessed a wand in my pocket, which I well knew would act as a spell upon the hero of the bamboo, so long as he held the field single-handed. And therefore, both for the amusement of trying his spirit, and to hold my own place for a moment longer—relying fully upon my silver magic to quell any rising storm, however high the anger of the celestial might rage—I waved my very substantially proportioned walking-stick over my head, as much as to say that walking-stick and bamboo-pole might forget all politeness, should they come, without timely explanation, into juxtaposition. The Chinese now hesitated, dropped his pole from above his head and held it with his distended hand, and with his other began, by drawing it across his throat, to make all manner of indicatives that our heads might also be labelled and exposed in the execution catch-all, in the neighbourhood of the southeastern gate of the city, where we had visited with more disgust than trembling the day before. Having satisfied myself that the hero would not venture nearer until reinforced, I took another view, and at length advanced towards him on seeing several others approaching up the steep; and now, by a slight and confidential touch of the hand, assured him that I desired that we might be friends; and he, having received a certificate of this desire, as he extended his, simply begged that I would leave the beautiful height as soon as possible with convenience to myself. To give the now amiable celestial all the credit of having driven us out before the approaching brotherhood, who were rapidly gathering, should come up, I bid the hero "*chin-chin*," and disap-

peared beneath the mound, up which we had ascended to the most prominent point of the whole enclosure within the walls of the city.

Our path lying outside the wall, we were aware that the party which had gathered as we left the wall might, by a shorter route, anticipate us, and cause us inconvenience as we reached the gate of the wing of the wall on the northwest, corresponding with the wing on the south, and where opposition had been experienced by some others, on a previous expedition to circle the wall of Canton city. But, while we quickened our pace we met with no obstacles at the position where we mostly apprehended it. By a sudden bend of the wall we were shielded from view until we could come suddenly up to the gate and pass it. We did so, and found a funeral procession at the point, moving thus early out of the city. We were suffered to pass without disturbance; and entering the narrow streets again of the city, called the suburbs of the inwalled town, we soon had our attention drawn to a number of butchers of dogs, which they were now dressing, and which had the appearance of young pigs. They reciprocated our smile, and wished to know if we of the outer land ate dogs. No, we assured them, only when shipwrecked, and would preserve life in our last extremity. We had not advanced far ahead of these gentry before they overtook us, and they trotted on with two baskets slung, one at either end of a bamboo-pole, bearing these identical and delicate specimens of the canine species to the market, for the gratification of the taste of the celestial epicures.

We reached the American hong without being conveyed thither in a pig-basket, as we have been told of a gentleman, who, it is said, having wandered too far from the factories, was very charitably returned in such a vehi-

cle. Having taken a bath and consulted our toilets, we soon found ourselves seated at a fine breakfast, with appetites improved by a walk of about six miles, accomplished in about two and a half hours.

The two streets of Canton, where the principal trade with the foreigners is done, with the exception of the regular trade with the Chinese hong merchants, called the co-hong, which in times of good understanding are all bustle and life, now exhibit the appearance of an "infected district" in New-York, when the yellow fever chances to be reported as prevailing. New China-street is almost entirely forsaken, the original opening towards the river having been shut up, lest an illicit intercourse should be held in supplying the foreigners during their "durance vile" in their factories, communicating as that street does with the grounds on which the factories front. And old China-street, the only one now remaining open as an outlet and inlet to the factories, presents the shops with closed doors, or at least, with closed shutters; though the Chinese shop-keepers are seen standing in their doors, and cautiously but eagerly invite the European in to trade, while, with fear and trembling lest they shall be fined by the mandarins, if seen, they close their doors and commence the display of their thousand varieties of goods, curious and useful, to the stranger. Many of these shop-keepers transported their goods within the city walls, apprehending that there might be collisions between the Chinese and the foreign population. But they soon resupply their counters; and you may have trinkets of every species—valuables of great interest—curiosities long to gratify the eye—and variety on variety, which gives the stranger ever renewing interest in his observation for the first few weeks of his residence at this extensive and only mart of foreign trade in the celestial empire.

There are many expensive curiosities, which seldom reach the United States, found in *the antique shops* of the city, as they would be called elsewhere; scenic representations, frequently of considerable beauty, exhibiting mountainous scenery, and variety of pictorial representations resembling extensive mosaics or cameo marble slabs, though affirmed, by the vendors, to be natural; also Japan ware of costly prices from Japan itself, though always in small quantities; figures in rock crystal, and crystallized quartz of dark, opaque, translucent, and purest transparent specimens. The lacquered-ware shops also present a great variety of furniture and household wares; work-tables; round-tables; dressing-tables; boxes of all kinds; waiters; chess-men; card-cases; card-baskets; &c., &c., of ivory and shell. And the silver shops, though the work exhibited is inferior in workmanship to the European, so far as plate is concerned, yet present every variety; and the per centage on the work is lower than at home, the plainest patterns in silver being wrought at twelve and a half per centum; and from this varying, according to the pattern, to thirty-seven and a half per centum. One article of silver egg-stands struck me as particularly tasteful, exhibiting an originality of pattern I had not before seen. The filligrane work in silver and gold bracelets, and frontlets and buckles, would meet the taste of the lady delighting in finery, and not be inappropriate, so far as some of the *silver* patterns are concerned, to fillet the brow and to clasp the wrist of the most fastidious in their selections. But I should tire were I to enumerate more particularly, and shall be happy, in my selections of Canton trifles, or more valuable for distant friends, if they shall be suited to their taste.

Every Chinese gentleman as well as lady wearing a

fan, at least in these southern parts, has caused particular attention to be given to their manufacture; and the varieties of leather, paper, tortoise-shell, ivory, silk, painted, stamped, embroidered, brocaded, present to the purchaser all he could wish for making a collection to please his fair friends at home, that in the celestial's own "flowery language" they may bear "the gale, scented with the perfume of flowers, to the blushing cheek."* There is one specimen made of the feathers of the Argus pheasant, some of them more than three feet in diameter, very beautiful, and are a light and pretty thing for a hand-screen.

A Chinese, generally, wears no cap or hat except on official and ceremonious occasions, and the fan serves him as he walks, to protect his eyes from the sun. In the shade the fan again serves him as a *graceful nothing* by which his hands may be put at ease, as he moves the gentle breeze or plays with it unfolded.

There is a peculiar swing about the gait of the Chinese, which they deem to be both graceful and dignified. It would be death to their pretensions to a knowledge of the graces or the book of rites, did they move more rapidly than a measured step would allow. And there is certainly, with their flowing dress, something very graceful in the swing of the mandarin's gait.

I might add a long disquisition on the various products exhibited for sale at Canton, now I am alluding to some few of its most curious specimens of the shops. I could mention, with a page for each, first the *amber;* which, by

* A fan presented to Dr. Parker by one of his grateful patients, has an extract from one of the old poets on one side of it, and the following note of the transcriber on the other: "Tsyng Mei (a friend of Ma, who sends the fan,) copies the *tung shoo*, (the pine tree,) and presents his compliments, and desires Dr. Parker to refresh himself with its breath."

the way, merits a more particular note when considered as a beautiful thing of nature, and once so valuable as an ornament and for the use of the temple in frankincense. But more fragrant odours now rise to please the gods of millions, that have eyes, and see not; ears, and hear not; noses, and smell not. And then *amomum*, seeds of pungent and aromatic taste; and *aniseed stars* from the Philippines and Japan; beeswax; benzoin; bezoar; bicho de mar; and *birds' nests*, that peculiarly Chinese staple, for soups, some of which I will exhibit to any of my friends, but cannot afford them many specimens, as they cost more than their weight in silver. And then, thirdly, cardamons, (elettaria et amomum cardamomum,) which the Chinese use to give flavour to their dishes; and *cassia*, that sweet genus the laurus, which makes the name of Laura, sweet, spicy, "gingerly," evergreen and beautiful, like Mr. Willis's poetry, whose piece to little "Laura W." is cassia-sweet, as is all he writes in rhythm. And then cloves, cochineal, coral, cubebs, the violet-dying cudbear. And then, *dragon's-blood*, a resinous gum long known, once a favourite substance with alchymists in their mixtures; elephants' teeth; fish maws; gamboge; *ginsing*, that imperial monopoly when produced in Tartary, and which the emperor of China yearly sells to his subjects at the handsome price of just its weight in gold, and which the duped Chinese believes to be a specific for every disease. India ink, too, plain, silvered, and rolled in gold leaf, mace, mother of pearl shells, from which so many decorations, trinkets, and various figures, and letters, and stamps are made, and sometimes in Portuguese settlements of the East serve as window-lights, through which the translucent ray streams in mellowed beam and richness, and musk and myrrh, nankeens, nutmegs, olibanum—the

frankincense of ancient times of the Israelites, the Greeks, the Romans, Hindoos, and Budhists, still burned in Chinese temples—pepper, quicksilver, rattans, *rhubarb*, without which the Chinese seem to think the Americans and all the English and the world besides must perish, to a certainty. Rice—what would China and all the East do without rice? "Have you eaten rice?" is the question with the Chinese, if a friend comes in near the hour of the first or second meal, instead of have you breakfasted or dined. Sandal wood, sapan wood, shells from the sea shores, sea-weed, sharks' fins, silks, skins, steel, sugar, (I trust the reader marks that I recite *alphabetically*,) tea, thread, tin, tortoise shell, tumeric, tutenague, vermilion, woollens. Surely such a classification is not elsewhere known, even in the wild systems of the Chinese, founded on the analogy of their four elements, air, earth, fire, water.

My mercantile friends would give me no credit for acumen in the trading "lore and lucre," were I to discourse much on traffic, and therefore I must console myself with the knowledge that commercial *dictionaries* are at their elbows when they would learn of commerce and trade—subjects I purposely avoid, together with all *statistics*, *measurements*, *plans of edifices*, *tonnage*, *etc. etc.*, only so far as it suits my purposes to do otherwise, or would be inconvenient not to introduce them. The square and compass are not convenient companions for a walk—numbers, my phrenological friend says, I do not particularly excel in, though a very good mathematician, and yet more given to metaphysics.*

* If any reader of these volumes should be disposed to think the writer has indulged too little in statistics and local and commercial information, connected with the places at which our squadron touch-

And yet it would be neglectful of the memory of our ever-to-be venerated mothers of the revolution, who so heroically practised abstinence from the folia of the China shrub, were I so slightingly to pass over the *tea plant*, with only the naming it as in the list above. And I should do injustice, too, to the aromatic recollections of mine hosts, Mr. Morse and Dr. P. of the American hong, did I not allude to the ulong and poshong with which their table was supplied; the one giving forth the odour of the marygold,—(marygold? aye, the marygold—some of my friends will understand my allusion to the marygold,) and mixed, yielding to the taste the flavour of roses, as their perfume comes to the sense of smelling. Surely could the heroines of those olden times, already alluded to, (blessed be their memory!) when no sacrifice was too great for the freedom of their sons, in whose liberties their own were identified, have been regaled with the aroma of the fresh teas which have been served to us here, the eventful scenes which gave birth to a new power among the nations might have been delayed. For it is a tempting draught, that cup of fresh tea as it may be drank in China, united with the

ed during its cruise, I have only to say, that such omission has been intended. It were easy to compile volumes of tables, notes of population, geographical boundaries, and such like, and all this from books in one's own chamber and at home, as easily and as accurately as abroad. It has already been done; and the books with these particulars are on our shelves or in every library. Descriptions of things one's self has seen, and emotions one's self has felt at the time of mingling in the scenes where, for the time being, he has moved, give him at least more acceptable topics for writing upon, in his indulgence over his private journal, and will be most likely to be acceptable to those whose sympathies he is so fortunate to have, whatever may be the approbation or disapprobation of those (of less consequence to him) who enter not into his feelings nor pardon their indulgence, or rather their expression, as awakened amid the incidents and associations of his travels.

American mode of serving it with cream and sugar, and most certainly would have made some of the Boston whig ladies notable tories ere they would have sacrificed such a beverage. But one must take a voyage to Canton, and be an inmate of the hospitable hosts of the American hong before one can gain such a cup of tea as the world nowhere else out of China knows. A sea voyage dissipates, to a great extent, the rich flavour that characterizes the fresh teas of the choicest kinds, as they are drank by tea-connoiseurs in China.

The time fixed for the duration of my stay in Canton having been completed, and my observations hurriedly made, commissions executed, and my own wishes very nearly satisfied as to the length of my visit to the provincial city, I prepared to leave on Tuesday, the 25th of June. My time had been rendered agreeable in its rapid flight under the courteous attentions of Dr. Parker and Mr. Morse, to whom I am particularly indebted for the pleasantness of my visit at Canton. The hospitality of these gentlemen was not only cordial at the time, but a note from the latter assured me, after my return to the Columbia, that a second visit would ensure me another welcome to the American hong. I mention it to evince my sense of the kindness of these gentlemen, and the known liberality of the individuals composing the house of O., K. & Co. At the other American houses I received the courtesies with which the American gentleman visiting Canton is assured of meeting from his fellow citizens while there; and was happy to meet them at their table, by whom several of our officers, who were visiting Canton, were courteously entertained.

The community of American merchants at Canton preserve a style in living that does them credit as good livers,

while practising (I am told) a good degree of temperance in their habits. Their tables were well furnished—their meals served in very creditable style, and the system of domestic arrangements, including their comprador and servants, is among the most convenient if not the very best in the world. The Chinese servants, too, are the very pink of perfection in their way. I am sure the officers of both ships will remember, with lasting pleasure, the acquaintances they formed at Canton, and the free courtesies they received from them, while there.

With trunks, boxes, packages, silver-ware, lacquered-ware, tea chests and tea caddies, crape shawls, grass cloth in pieces, grass handkerchiefs, silk handkerchiefs, silks, chessmen, silver, shell and ivory card-cases, seals, canes, fans, some antiques, paintings, filligree work, etcætera, a company of nine officers were on board of the passage boat Union, on the morning of the 25th, gliding slowly down the Pearl river on which Canton is situated,—passing the raft of less than a million of tanka-boats, flower-boats, passage-boats, tea-junks, merchant-junks, war-junks—the French and Dutch follies, Howqua's fort, pagodas, Whanpoa to the Boga Tigress, constituting, as the Chinese deem, the mouth of the Pearl river. Here a mandarian boarded, to see that all was right. Some of the young gentlemen, seeming to doubt whether an embargo might not be placed upon some of the contraband, were well away when once away from the easily appeased but sometimes disobliging officers of the customs. The wind breezing up during the night, the next morning the Columbia and John Adams, lying in Tung Koo Bay, hove in sight; and the passengers of the little clipper Union, with their disgorged chattles, were soon on board of their respective ships, after a visit to the curious city of the south province

of the most curious nation of the world; and with their curiosity abundantly gratified, and their curious tastes sufficiently satisfied by the medley of curiosities with which they had returned.

For myself, the young dreams occurring in my boyhood, associated with the far and near East, have been sufficiently realized. I am quite ready for our return course.

It is thought, however, that occurrences may daily take place to detain us here yet some time longer. But in the present state of affairs it is the intention of Commodore Read to leave China, so soon as a sufficient supply of bread is on board. The merchants desire that the Adams should be permitted to remain to protect the commerce in any emergency that may occur, either in the policy of the Chinese government, or as the result of any action that may take place on the part of the Queen's commission, now awaiting despatches from the India Admiral, who probably, however, will not re-appear on this station until he shall have heard from the British government at home, after its reception of intelligence of the present state of affairs, into which the late difficulties in connection with the opium trade has thrown the foreign commerce in China. The English shipping are all lying at Hong-Kong, and form quite a fleet; and all are in rest waiting for the action, dependent upon whatever intelligence shall be received from the West as to the pleasure of her Majesty, or her Majesty's ministers.

SECTION VI.

Tung Koo Bay.

The ships at anchor. Sounds beneath the hull of the ship. The bull-frog's serenade. Fourth of July. Ships in gala-dress. Revisit to Macao. Pic-nic. Old walks renewed. Cassa gardens. Farewell to them. Incident. The lovely Maniac. Final leave of Macao.

As I had anticipated at the time I left Macao, the two ships moved from the roads to Tung Koo anchorage ground, nearer Canton, to ride safely during the typhoon season. Here they are in their solitary but social position, while all the merchant vessels have proceeded to Hong Kong. The bay is formed by the main land, the high peak called the castle peak rising directly in front and north of us, the large Lantow on our right, and the small island of Tung Koo on our larboard quarter. The scenery is bold, the high peaks of Lantow, generally capped by a grayish cloud, throwing down the green mountain side its yet darker and broad folds. Lintin island, so often spoken of as the point where the "opium fleet" have usually concentrated, is seen over the little Tung Koo, daily frowning in its mists, as they wreath in sombre dun the high cliff of this to be future storied isle. But little of interest is found here, save a quiet which all love after a bustle for months. Our little schooner, the Rose, plies regularly between our ships and Macao, bringing the news and conveying requisitions, and forming a conveyance for letters and passage to and from the ships to the city. She is

almost the only thing that disturbs the monotony that prevails around—the ripple of the wave, the going and return of the shore boats for water, bathing, rambling, and—sad as it has been all along—burying the dead. Since the ships arrived here the captain's clerk of the Adams has died. He was first interred on one of the small islands, since, in Macao burial ground. On one occasion, on the little island of Tung Koo, I repeated the service over three sailors interred at the same time, in separate graves. It was a solemn echo that came from each grave successively, as the earth crumbled with its muffled sound of "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," on their coffin-lids.

The tides here set strongly, flooding and ebbing, and the waters rush like a mill-race by the sides of the ship. At night a peculiar sound not unfrequently makes its monotonous rumbling, which comes through my air-port like the croakings of a million of frogs. I heard the same, at night, on the west coast of Sumatra. Some say they are fish around the bottom of the vessel. May they not rather be millions of coral insects? The boats and cable-chains, with small coral palaces newly located upon them, would seem to make the supposition a natural one. But I did not care at first, though I were deceived, in deeming these noises the serenading of that long and sleek-legged gentry, which, in defiance of all their natural rights, are conveyed by the dozens into the Canton markets as a gusto for celestial tastes. These commingling sounds around the ship brought to my recollection some lines intimately associated with the rana brotherhood. I do not know to whom I must accredit them, but avail myself, on the occasion of introducing them, to say that I will thank any friend or stranger to make known to me where I may find a song called "The Dutchman's Bells," or something like it

in name, originated by the custom of the Dutch teamsters decorating their horses' headstalls by these tinkling cymbals. But the serenade of the frogs;—certainly, were it set to Chinese music, it might prove an effectual charm for the Budhists to put to a distance beyond their present court in the Ursa Major, the fairies, so much an object of dread to the worshippers of Fuh.

"The night was warm, the pool was still,
No sound was heard from lake or hill,
Save where, upon a log decayed,
A bull-frog croaked his serenade:

Wake, frogess of my love, awake,
And listen to my song;
The heron roosts far from the lake,
The pickerel his rest doth take
The water-weeds among.

The sun has put his fire out,
The daylight's hardly seen,
No enemy is round about;
Then frogess poke thy lovely snout
Above the waters green.

For lonely I am sitting here
Upon a rotten log,
Oh cast away all idle fear,
And for a moment sweetly cheer
The sight of thy bull-frog.

Oh hop with me to other pools,
Where we may live and love;
Where no cool winds the warm lake cools,
And where doth dwell no human fools,
Those two-legged things above."

July 4th, 1839.

This glorious Fourth has dawned upon us with a bright sky, smiling in sunny keeping with the associations connected with the birthday of a nation to its sovereignty among the governments of the earth. And our ships, they are

now resting away from that western republic on the waters of an imperial power, which claims all nations of the world as tributaries; and she, whom they represent, alone of all the civilized powers of earth has refused to bear tribute, when seeking from the celestial and self-complacent empire of the vaunted "inner land," the favours of trade. And around them the placid waters of Tung Koo, on this bright day, mirror back the green islets and isles rimmed with their beaches of golden sand; while their elevated peaks, here and there, are lost in the blue deep above, as one purple cloud is seen lingering above the mountain top, seemingly to say: "Though, this day, your nation's privileges and homes and destinies are bright as the sunny bay and blue skies and green isles that surround you, there were clouds that overhung the nation when your suffering forefathers, in a clouded hour, struggled for independence." And our ships, to-day, are arrayed in all the gorgeous apparrelling of the national flags of every people, streaming in the gentle breeze as it quivers by them just in sufficient freshness to lay open their graceful folds, and trace to the gazer's eye the emblems of half a hundred nations. And Britain—olden and honourable Britain—though she was the power the infant Columbia contended with and overmatched, it was an honourable contention of mighty powers; and now, that nation's flag is floating in honourable distinction at the main-yard opposite the American ensign, at the first post of honour. And under the considerate taste of Lieutenant Turk, while our ships lie moored in the seas of the Celestial Empire, the black and blue and red and white of the Imperial Kingdom stream at the main-topsail yard; and Muscat and Siam, our treaty-friends of the East, and Cochin-China that would be our treaty-friend, occupy places of distinction, while the gems of Portu-

gal, the gold of Spain, and the stripes of France and Holland wave from their several points, with corresponding jacks extending from the royal yard-arms to the several trucks of the now gaudy coloured ship. She is a beauty of no finical taste, but rich in her decorations on this gala-day, displaying her attire of varied dies to the astonishment of the hundred boats of the celestials, who, in unusual numbers, this morning cover the bay. And a few moments since, while the wondering Chinese were yet lingering in their undisguised admiration of the strange and gaudy ships, our loud-mouthed cannon spoke the notes of exultation in memory of the glorious day that declared the American nation a free and independent people.

The scene, in truth, is a beautiful one. The little Johnny A. (pity her name does not correspond with her sex, and she reminds me of a beautiful little girl I once knew, by the name of *Henry*) lies but a short distance from us, thinking that she has put on her prettiest holiday dress. And she thinks not altogether wrongly either, for she often has good taste; and, coquette that she is, like most beauties, is never backward in exhibiting her acknowledged attractions.

And at home—blessed home! how are ye all there this day? I think I see at least one happy-faced group, smiling among the green lawns around them, where they have gathered from the heated walls of that mart of the western world. And would I were with ye, enjoying the green fields and the luxurious shades of that sunny seat. And surely to-day ye may well glory in your home, and love the land of the brave and the free—of the *plentiful* and the happy. If it be true that political discord pervade the councils of your nation, and jealous and intriguing ambition wakes the cry of discontent; and dis-

union and degeneracy at times walk undisguised in your public halls, with designs of treachery and treason, ye are yet the happiest people of the earth—the freest, and *the determined to be free.* There is written on the brow of each of your citizens the certificate of his birthright—the lines of independence and comfort. And afar from the loud murmur of political strife rise your thousand homes, throughout town, village and villa, that tell you are yet, and are long to continue to be, a happy nation. It is not mere self-complacency that colours the picture of your domestic and even political economy, which demagogues and despots alike would traduce—it is the reality of your quiet homes, and comparatively peaceful rule, that heightens the intensity of the bright contrast in the compare with almost every other nation of the earth, which your pre-eminence leaves in shade and sorrow. Even your own riots, that so defame the wisdom of your institutions abroad, declare you to be a *thinking people*, and that the voice of a community that thinks for itself shall rule, and not the dictatorial power that forbids any other will than its own to be heard. It was this independence of thought that determined the actions of your forefathers; and the rich bequest of thinking for yourselves was the manly and perpetual legacy they left to bless, in perpetuity, a free and independent nation. God bless thee then, this day, my happy country!

In the evening I strolled on the beach of the main shore, with Lieutenants Turk and Pennock. The sun was nearing its dip as our cutter shoved from the shore, and the two ships still reposed in their quiet, with their flags streaming in the level beam of a nearly setting sun. The music was rolling off, as we neared the frigate; and when the sun's last ray glanced on the bosom of the still bay,

the flags of the two ships fell in unison from lift, and stay, and spar, to the decks.

The time of our leaving the China seas rapidly approaching, I availed myself of the opportunity offered by the Rose of revisiting Macao, to take a final leave of my friends there, whose welcome I again received, after an absence of a number of weeks to Canton and Tung Koo, retraced some of my old pleasant walks, called on friends, enjoyed a moonlight pic-nic party with Mr. Gutzlaff and family and others, who rambled to the heights that overlook the bay and the distant roads, and constitute the opposite cone of the range of hills on which the hermitage that flanks the eastern heights of Macao is located. It was a lovely night, and still as the unrippled surface of the bay, that drank the bright light pouring softly from the silver moon, as she was seen peering in more than her usual loveliness high up in the clear heaven. The music of flutes, and the soft notes of lady-voices, broke on the air of the still-calm scene, ever more mellow and sweet when the intonations are vibrated on the soft eddies of the moist atmosphere of eve, and the sweet sounds were borne on in the voice of song, along the green hill-side and over the sleeping waters. "We met," was spoken to the currents of the soft breeze; and Scotland's airs, in all that peculiar style of Highland melody, were heard from the steep, for Scotia had her representative there. The ground had been spread with mats; and viands and variety for various tastes had preceded us to the elevated and romantic spot. And surely a distant gazer would have thought the fairies were holding their court, as they contemplated the rural scene, graced by the flowing-haired maiden and elder matron, seen by the soft light of the smiling moon, who, herself, was abroad without her veil to-night. Such scenes

as these have a charm to the lover of soft nature, and make the amiable more amiable; the lovely more lovely; and the manlier brow, knit by mental effort, to relax under the gentle influence of the soft breeze and moonlight melody. The party returned by the Praya Grande, that pleasant promenade at evening, and never more pleasant than was that walk this night.

And I took my last of many rambles in the cassa-gardens the succeeding day, which I had thought I should find a place of welcome resort, during my stay at Macao. It is not because Camöens sung in heroics the story of the first adventurer around the cape of storms, amid these shades and rocks—it is the sweet retreat itself, where solitude becomes a charm, and friendship lights the purest flames upon her altar when strolling with those we esteem, that will long secure to this retreat a place in the memories of the past, which come ever acceptably to the mind. Association—how ever-powerful and irresistible in the human mind! By it, life is relieved a thousand times, and man's existence of earth becomes the space of ages. Nothing is a trifle in its view, and trifles become worlds.

> "A word, a leaf, a faded flower
> Full oft possess a magic power;
> And wake, when gentlest memories flow,
> The smile of joy or tear of wo."

Have we not heard, in the simple echo of our own step, some peculiar sound, as we paced some spot, perhaps under some peculiar circumstances, which, in after days, repeated in similarity of echo, has borne back our thought to a far distant place, where we heard that sound before; and then, relieved in a moment, through scenes that were months, perhaps years, in acting? I have seen, at the repetition of a single word, an eye pearled in tears that had

not wept for months. There is a whisper among the foliage of the trees, we may distinguish as having been breathed in other groves. No one may forget where he first listened to the murmurs in the pine-tops—with what friend he has moved through the rustling leaves in the autumnal forest, as, on some other forest-path, he re-stirs the rustling messengers that wake the memories of the past. Nor may I forget the *cassa-groves*—the friends with whom I have paced those avenues—penetrated the wild bower, and together sat on the high turret of the wall beneath the embowering trees, and whose hands have plucked the bough and mingled it with gathered flowers as the offering of friendship. There are, of whom it is poetry to think, and piety to love. And though I eschew all sentimentalism, I estimate with delicacy and vividness the refined female character, always sweet, yet a thousand times more sweet where religion is blended with its elements. Cassa, and its light, and its shade, and rock and avenue, and Camöens' olden cave of granite, and embowered turret, and scenes among which, with friends or in solitude, I have promenaded, adieu!—all, save one scene—adieu!

And that one scene, how it lies in my memory! I may not, nor would I forget it if I might. I am not certain that I should so freely narrate it. I had several times passed an old gentleman in this garden, attended by his daughter, on my evening walks. He is a Portuguese from Lisbon, of some family consideration, and deemed a man of property. He married an English lady who was a Protestant, who died not long ago. The young lady, his daughter, is a light brunette, with an exquisite head of hair, playing in unconfined ringlets upon her neck. The Portuguese residents here, wear no bonnets. A little incident had made me acquainted with the father, who speaks English, as did

his family. The young lady for some months past has partially lost her mind, but not all her vivacity. Her father said she did not perceive the change in herself, *but thought it to be in others.*

I sat one evening on the elevated wall, to which I have already alluded as the embowered turret, approached by a flight of rustic steps. Mr. —— and his daughter came near as I rose; and the daughter placing her delicate hand upon my arm, while her own still rested within her father's, she said, "You, Senhor, are not among those who have changed to me!" I could have wept, but only pitied and admired. It was a subject worthy of a better composition than the following, which it prompted:

THE LOVELY MANIAC.

They loved me once, but now they're changed,
And look with scornful eye,
Though oft with arm in arm we've ranged
When none seemed loved as I.

They listened to my plaintive song
When I would have them weep;
And wished I would the glee prolong
When merry strings I'd sweep.

But all things now seem changed to me
Except old faithful Rove;*
He shakes his shaggy ears in play,
And dearer seems to love.

E'en when I walk the garden-path
And seat me in the bower,
Less sweet I deem the perfume breath,
Nor find my favourite flower.

The birds that came with fluttering wing
Among the garden trees,
Less merrily their carols sing
Upon the evening breeze.

* The name of their old favourite dog is Pirato, Eng. Rover.

Oh what can be this fearful change
On all around I see?
They said, though they the world should range,
The envied I should be.

But not as once I deem they love;
They sometimes whisper low;
And though they call me oft *their dove*,
'Twas once with smiles, not now.

And they would smooth my sunny hair
With fondness of caresses,
And say so soft, there's none so fair
As she with raven tresses.

My mother, when she lived, would say,
"Sweet Mary, come to me,
Do you forget, thou dark blue-eye,
The kiss that's due from thee?"

But she, some moths ago, hath gone
Where spirits like her live,
She thought she left me not alone,
And oh, who could believe?

But meekness is an angel's charm,
And beauty has its spells,
And I would not resent nor harm,
But win with playful smiles.

And yet my heart will sometimes break,
They look so strange and cold!
And then my silent room I seek
And weep my woes untold.

For there is God alone to see
The sighs my bosom swell,
As I before Him bend the knee
And all my sorrows tell.

And he is all unlike to those
So strange that seem to me;
And has a heart that feels my woes,
And says, He pities me;

And if they all forsake me else
Not He will Mary leave;
And though the world is surely false,
None trusts in Him to grieve.

And when the summer months are o'er,
And they will dig my grave,
In heaven, He tells me, tears no more
My lilied cheek shall lave!

The Rose was to leave her anchorage in the bay for Tung Koo, after dinner. It might be her last trip. I had spent a very agreeable week in Macao, and was on board the schooner at the time appointed. Towards sunset the anchor was aweigh, and the Rose standing slowly out the harbour; and I, at least, am not again to visit Macao. At the extreme end of Praya Grande was to be seen a single couple—a gentleman and lady—on their evening promenade. The schooner was known, and for a moment they paused and a white hankerchief was waving. I took the compliment and repeated the adieu.

SECTION VII.

Getting under way and leaving Tung Koo bay. Gale, and near shipwreck on a lee shore. Entrance to the waters of the Pacific. Eclipse. Water-spout. Crossing the 180° of longitude. Gaining a day. Melancholy loss of men. In sight of the Sandwich islands.

"I PRETEND not to be weather-wise, Mr. M.," I remarked to the Purser as I joined him on the quarter-deck, while our ship was just ready to trip her anchor on the morning of our leaving Tung Koo bay; "but if all the sailors' signs be true, we shall have more wind before we have less."

The John Adams, lying in a different position from ourselves, had already gotten under way, being towed through a different pass, as her position was more favourable with regard to the tide, which delayed us for an hour and more, before we could double the head of Tung Koo island.

It was four bells or ten o'clock in the morning, as our ship unmoored her last hold on the celestial empire. The sky was deeply blue, and beautiful beyond any morning I had before remarked it; and on this field of calm loveliness lay the soft and elongated cloud, with its spread train and feathery edge, more enchanting in its pencilled fringe than I had ever marked that species of the airy coursers which the seamen call the mares' tails. They slumbered in their unearthly and sweet rest as they lay, few and at far distances from each other, with the mackerel backs, in their chequered and broken layers, filling more closely the higher up portions of the blue—deeply blue concave. Few

mornings ever broke more fair—few skies ever looked more beautiful, as these clouds in the play of their electric points varied the rich and sunny heaven. One mystic nimbus was alone to be seen amid all this rich beauty, as it wreathed its dark folds around the highest peak of Lintin, an island in the near distance, as if to say, "Skies the brightest are not always unclouded."

The breeze springing up, we stood down the Macao roads, under a gentle press of canvass, unable to take the more northern and eastern pass; and soon after dismissed the pilot, with the hopes and the prospects of gaining with the increasing and favourable wind, a long stretch before night-fall, from this island bound coast.

All were congratulating themselves and each other on their happy escape from Tung Koo. We had seen enough of the celestials at their homes; and this point seemed now, to us, the starting place of our return to our own dear land; while every benevolent heart looked forward to our soon gaining a more northern latitude, which, it was hoped and believed would give substance to many of the shadows which were moving, like so many ghosts, over our decks, and add nerve to the decayed energies of the ship's company. Every step now seemed to plant itself more firmly on the deck, and every chest breathed already more freely as the freshening breeze bore on our ships, until, with the sunset, all apprehension of a lee-shore escaped the visions of the wary sailor.

"Stand by to furl the royals, I say!" cried the officer of the deck, after the Commodore had taken a few rounds on the quarter-deck, and scanned the prospects of the weather for the night.

"Haul taught—in royals!" was the next order; and a moment had not passed when those far-up sails, looking so

like the palm of a man's hand in their breadth, as they are spread upon the highest spars of the ship, were gathered to the slim and highest yards of the masts.

"We divined not wrongly, Purser, as we read that beautiful sky this morning:

'Mackerel skies and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.'"

The Purser and myself, at this pleasant hour, were trespassing, with other officers of the ward-room, on the arm-chest of the quarter-deck, while these orders were being given.

"Man the top-gallant clewlines—weather-brace—hand by the lee-brace—lay aloft to furl the top-gallant sails!" again cried the officer through his trumpet, as the breeze continued to freshen, and the ship, under the impulse of the pressure upon her canvass now and ever, met, with a bound that bid defiance to the wave, the cleft surge which the fresh breeze of the day had begun to conjure up to a greater magnitude each moment we had been deepening our water in its blue and fathom.

"Haul taught—let go the halliards and lee-sheet—clew down! Let go the weather sheet—clew up!" A moment only passed, and the top-gallant sails of the fore, main and mizzen lay as snugly to their yards as ever lady plaited surplice over stomacher or roll on dress.

The ship was deemed snug for the night; and as the hours advanced, with the continuance of the fresh and favourable breeze, all, save the watches in their turn, were lost at the usual time in their hammocks, cot, or bed.

The hour had reached a little past the mid-watch of the night, without awakening the apprehensions of the officer of the deck beyond the attentive marking of the weather, until a dark squall, as if magic had gained

some new powers in rapidity of movement, came down upon the ship, and with its heavy breath shivered to ribbons *every sail* that was set upon the ship.

It was a sorry sight, as the day broke, to see the tattered sails, that had been with difficulty gathered to the yards. The squall had now given place to a steady gale, increasing every hour in its force and fury; and the ship was now lying to under fore storm-staysail and main and mizzen trysails. The royal and top-gallant yards had been sent down, the topsail yards clewed down, and the Columbia, in her storm-dress, now abided the war of elements, the torrents of rain, and the hurricane of winds! The rains for a while ceased, while the winds yet drove the sheets of spray in their horizontal layers from the cleft tops of the high waves, in as drenching volumes through the cordage of the nearly naked ship, as were the torrents themselves. A new course was bent while the frigate lay to like a life-boat on the billow, though the sea had now swollen to the mountain surge. The John Adams, under the same sail, was seen at the windward, apparently with all things snug, like a phantom craft, and at times under bare poles, as the two ships rose together, or again sunk, so that the trucks of either became for a moment invisible to the other, and the next, rose with their hulls and every cord distinctly traceable on the wild and dun sky. And then, those winds—those howling winds of the gale, as they murmured with a voice more doleful than could be the chant of a thousand spirits of lost mariners ingulfed by the raging storm, came through our rigging, with omens of dark things to the ship.

Thus the two cruisers stood on their parallel tracks for the day, bounding from surge to surge, or drifting from ravine of water to leeward ravine, while the roll of the

sea spread out its giant proportions, now tumbling from its height to find its level as the top broke in its cataract of foam to the deep and blue declivities of the billows; or at times, threw its broad sheet in a crystal river across the bulwarks of our ship.

The wind in its fury fell not as the coming night shut in again upon the dark sea; but its fearful impulses increased as the night watches advanced. The ship was thoroughly soaked by the driving surges which dashed against the Columbia, now penetrating the partial openings of the closed port-holes or coming from the hatchways of the upper deck; and our ward-room was afloat, from the sea that drove with an irresistible force against the stern-ports, and penetrated by the rudder coat. And the sick were in their darkness and distress, but delaying death. But wet as was the ship, and shivered as were her sails, the revelation of the morning had not been anticipated for its fearful apprehension and the critical circumstances in which the gallant bark was to be found. The top-gallant masts, notwithstanding the back-stays were well taught, bent like a withe in the roll of the ship; and the morning discovered, as trifles in these circumstances, that the main-top-gallant-mast had been carried away, together with the main-trysail-mast; and one of the boats, without having been heard in the loud roar of the winds as it was disengaged by some surge from the davits, had gone on its wild buffet of the waves.

With sea-room, and the gale might, if it please, blow its worst, in typhoon, hurricane, and tempest, and we would trust the good Columbia to her stumps, evincing, as she did, her stanch qualities, without admitting a drop of water through her lower planks, and bounding and rebounding like some light but solid trunk of a forest mam-

moth, which the storm of ages might beat upon uninjured and unyielding, in the tight work of her admirable mechanism. But the rock and the coral reef, and shoal, and sand bar, in union with the surge of the open ocean, and the wild gale that shows no pity in its madness, would make even a thing so fair and faithful as the frigate that had so justly secured our confidence and attachment, a mere cradle of bulrushes, were she once to strike upon them, in the tumult of the elements that were now driving above, and raging around, and rolling beneath us. But it was hoped that we had gained an offing, the first twenty-four hours, of some hundred and fifty miles; and it must be a fearful drift of tides and drive of winds that could have borne us in dangerous nearness to the coast. The dark clouds had permitted no observation, and the log could not give us the tides and the drift. The second morning broke, and the storm had not lowered its voice; and the hurricane in its torrent-tempest now blended its fury with the heaviest roll of the sea, heaving in its wildest commotion. None but the mariner, then, could estimate the fearful development of the daybreak as the morn let fall its early light on a suddenly changed sea in its colour, from the deep blue of the fathomless ocean, to the pale green of soundings. The lead in its cast gave the shallow water of but twenty-five fathoms, and in the drift of a few more casts, but twenty-two fathoms, still decreasing, while the elements commingled their continued and unabating furies.

All hands were called. Even the sick were summoned from their hammocks. On a lee-shore no officer would venture the ship within twenty fathoms in so wild a blow; and the tide and the gale were sweeping her each moment nearer to the invisible land, now impossible to be seen through the whirling mists a hundred lengths of the ship.

Our sails then seemed our only salvation; and yet they had all been riven to a useless mass of parcelling; while our anchors must be the last resort. New topsails therefore were bent by the already far-spent and nearly exhausted crew, while the Commodore, in a consultation with three of his principal officers, decided that the anchors should not be cast so long as twenty fathoms of water swept beneath the ship. And yet no sails could stand in such a gale, to enable the frigate to beat from off the shore; and no ship could tack in such a sea; and no anchors, it was believed, could hold a ship driven by such a commotion of the rolling ocean; or if anchors held, the ship must swamp beneath the surge as it broke in its sweep above the decks, and the masts, without a remedy, go by the board. And yet the ship, in her drift of another fifteen minutes, might strike; and if the gale continued but a few hours longer, and the wind held its point where it was, she *must* strike on rock, or reef, or sand; and in either case, in such a swell, those who best knew the dangers, cherished least the hope of rescue, to a single soul of the frigate's crew.

Was it a miracle? It served us the same as if the Almighty had extended his arm from the cloud, and pointed to the winds, for our safety, *whither to change their course!* The rain in its last torrents seemed to have pressed down the sea to the ocean's level, by the weight of the cataracts tha fell in their last effort. A lull came in a moment more. The crew, in their exhaustion, and drenched for hours, without sustenance, had but just completed the bending of the sails to supply the canvass riven in the gale, when the wind, as if by enchantment, came out from another quarter. In a moment more it fell upon our courses and topsails, which had been braced around as the ship wore, and on another tack she now lay several points farther from the land.

With the change of wind came a lifting of the mists; and under our lee, within four hours more drift of the gale, lay the high bluffs of an iron-bound coast! From this, in twelve hours more of light and freshening and favourable breezes, we parted, beyond solicitude or care.

For myself, I seldom experience much of the emotion of fear, in circumstances of danger; and in this instance could but slightly estimate the critical circumstances of the ship, compared with those who had made many voyages, and encountered many dangers. No sign of alarm, however, marked the energetic action of the officers or the unwearied efforts of the crew; while a gravity, becoming the circumstances of the ship, prevailed.

On the succeeding Sabbath, the attentive solemnity at our usual services indicated that there was no heart present that did not respond to the sentiment of the following prayer, which a sincere emotion of gratitude, in my own heart at least, had dictated, for the becoming thanksgiving of the day:

O God, who holdest the wave and the wind in thy palm, and at whose command the gale awakes, and the sea rages; we give thee our thanks that our lives have been spared, and that our ship has been preserved through the dangers of the gale, which has swept, in its fury, so lately by us. May we feel that our lives are in thy hand; and that our breath is the gift of thy favour; and attribute the continuance of our mortal existence to the Providence which has sustained us. When there was no hope in mortal power—when the winds and the tides were sweeping us fast and fearfully upon apprehended dangers—and when the hour had nearly come, that would bear with it destruction to our ship, and probably death to many of its crew, thy voice was heard by the winds; and at thy mer-

ciful mandate changed their course. Oh God! we thank THEE, therefore, for our safety. We thank thee for ourselves, that our day of probation is continued to us; we thank thee for our friends, that they will be spared the sorrows of the tidings that our loss would have gathered upon them.

But may we always remember that our last day, however long our lives may be protracted, will come suddenly upon us. May we therefore use the days that are continued to us in rightful repentance of the past, and in solemn and devoted discipleship to thee for the future; that whether we die soon and suddenly, or live yet for years and leave the world by a protracted illness, we may be thine—thine, through the eternal ages of thy blessed kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

We lost sight of the John Adams on the second night of the gale, but joined company again a few days afterwards, and together, on the 16th day of August, entered the Pacific ocean from the China seas. It was a brilliant day over head and a deep blue sea beneath; and the two ships, with studdingsails set, glided gaily after the storm through the pass between the Luzons and the Formosa to the long desired and bright waters of the Pacific. Such a departure from the olden lands and treacherous seas of the strange Sinices to the ocean of sunny isles is indeed a welcome incident to the tempest-tossed, after having been buffeted by the wild wave and dark winds, and threatened shipwreck among the breakers of a leeward shore. We leave ye, then, seas of the olden land, with willing hearts, but with hearts that will not forget the scenes we there have witnessed and mingled in. And it is with an elation of spirit we enter the blue waters of the placid ocean, as our visions take in the welcome

combinations of hopes and happy scenes and anticipated delights that await us, on the re-meeting with our friends at home—for, we are now on our return-way to those who will not have forgotten—who *will* give us welcome—for, our own yearnings assure us of the coming response of their affectionate hearts. God be thanked for the past—and trusted in for the future—and hoped in, in all the circumstances of this world—and loved through immortality.

We have been fortunate in witnessing two eclipses, on our voyage, which our friends at home will not have seen. And a peculiar water-spout has served to add to the number of sights and incidents, which have served, in some degree, to vary the monotony of our tedious passage from the China seas onward, to the port of Honolulu, lying five thousand miles distant, at least, from Macao Roads. The spout passed slowly across our wake, within a few fathoms of our ship, sailing free at the moment, in a still ocean, but with a gentle breeze filling her studdingsails. It descended from a dark cloud in a *bent* column, apparently six or eight feet in diameter, of a dark misty colour, creating an apparent commotion at the point of its contact with the blue bosom of the deep.

I am confident there was no ascending or descending currents of water of greater density than a sudden condensation of a small volume of air would produce, which, however, was sufficient in this instance, to exhibit the appearance of descending currents. But they could only have been strata of heavy mists. Had it been otherwise, the column of water must have possessed a *perpendicular* form, and ended suddenly, as the volume of water spent itself. On the contrary, the moving column broke nearly in the centre—contracting its ends to a point, and exhibiting two cones, with the base of one in the clouds, the base

of the other on the sea, and each drifting to the leeward like two narrow elongated and tapering clouds of mist.

But an incident of more interest than that of crossing the equator, or looking the third time upon an eclipse, or water spout, was our crossing the 180th meridian of longitude; where and when, unlike the "*noble Roman*" and *Dr. Ruschenberger*, who each lamented that he had "lost a day," we on the contrary exclaimed that "we had gained a day;" and, adding *another Thursday* to our reckoning, evidenced the inaccuracy of another verbal fallacy, "that two Thursdays never come together."

But the curious, the bright, and the terrible that often meet the voyager on the ocean, have not rendered our passage through the Pacific ocean, thus far, otherwise than a very sad one. It was sincerely hoped, that, so soon as our ship should reach a northern latitude, our sick-list would diminish, and our apparently convalescent cases become much improved in health. But the gale we had experienced, and the loss of fresh provisions which had been laid in for the sick, as a consequence of the gale, and the obstinacy and almost incurableness of the disease of the dysentery of the East, made our ship a floating hospital. We left the roads of Macao with more than a hundred and twenty on the sick-list; and death seemed the only power that diminished the old numbers, while new cases or the recurrence of old ones supplied the vacancies that this perpetual comer among our numbers continued to reduce.

In one instance, three of our crew have been given to the deep at the same moment; in another, two; and on two or three days at different times of the day, two others. In all, since we left the anchorage of Tung Koo, and to-day, the 10th of October, on nearing the anchorage ground off Honolulu, Sandwich Island, we have lost twenty-six men.

But the sight of these fair isles, rising high up, from the placid expanse of the wide and deep ocean, beneath a sky so fair and a climate so mild and sunny as this day presents, in the latitude and longitude, and in full sight of the island of Oahu, cheers every heart and delights every anxious mind, in the anticipation of supplying our ships with the necessities for the sick, and for the recruiting of an exhausted, dwindling, dying crew.

For myself, I record it, in acknowledgment of the kindness of a Providence I would never distrust, that after an illness of three weeks I am again convalescent, and, in the opinion of our benevolent and Christian surgeon, prepared rapidly to be reinstated to usual health, at our pause of a few weeks at these islands, never more welcome to the weather-beaten and distressed, than to us.

SECTION VIII.

Sandwich Islands.

HONOLULU.

Honolulu. Delightful climate. Courteous reception. Call at Mrs. L.'s. Dr. R. and Rev. Mr. S. Rev. Mr. Bingham preaches on board the Columbia. Sixteen thousand natives members of the church. No milk on Sunday. A still Sabbath, to America a national characteristic. Residence on shore. Houses of the missionaries. Natives on their way to their meetings. Rev. Mr. Richards, interpreter to the king. Letter to his Majesty Kammahamaha. Coral church. Native congregation at worship. Tea at Mrs. Deill's. A marriage; and the marriage party. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Sunday on shore. Address to the native congregation. The native dress. The natives *in the transition state* from savage to civilized life. Success of the mission. Disparagement of the missionary action justly to be frowned upon. Tea at Rev. Mr. Bingham's. Night-blooming ceres. Meet his Majesty Kammahamaha at Dr. Judd's, at tea. The king forced to abrogate the temperance law, and admit *French brandy* into the islands. Impolicy of reviving the ancient games. Messrs. Castle, Knapp, Cook. Mr. Chamberlain and family. Lua at the Pari. Salt lake. Success of the missionary enterprise at the Sandwich Islands. Visit of the French frigate l'Artmise. Manifesto of the French captain. Protection offered to all foreign residents but the American missionaries—an insult to the American citizenship and American rights. Distress of the mission families. Testimony of the officers of the squadron to the disinterested and successful labours of the missionaries. Farewell to the Sandwich Islands.

Our ship anchored in the Roads of Honolulu, Thursday morning, October the tenth. A sheet of beautiful water spreads out itself between our ship and the coral reefs, over which the surge in its roll curls its white lip,

and by a break in the cascading and coruscating foam of the dashing and maddened breakers designates the narrow and siill pass between the jutting points of the two reefs, to the inner bosom of the bay. The shore beyond sweeps in a green aslant for miles to the northwest, while the brown lava-peaks rise abruptly back of Honolulu, flanked on the southeast by the truncated cone of Diamond Hill, where once the fires and smoke and associate noise and lava-streams disgorged themselves in volcanic eruptions. Now it sleeps in its stillness and solitude as its rotund and brown sides lie against the horizon, separated from the adjacent peaks in its farther out position in the sea. And then the valleys indenting these volcanic hills, as they stretch their deep ravines across the island, here and there develope their green sides, which retain their rich and verdant colouring and luxuriousness, under the influence of daily showers, descending from the misty clouds that hang in their perpetual sombre on the highest peaks of the almost perpendicular and lava-battlements which inwall these deep cuts across the mountains. And the sun is out, in its mild and here said to be innoxious beam, throwing his enchantment of smiles over this yet different specimen of the picturesque from what we have elsewhere seen; while the *delicious atmosphere* dilates the nostrils of the invalid, at least, with acceptable and never more welcome revivifying breath. The shipping, including a number of whalers and vessels of lesser tonage than a frigate, lie in the inner harbour, hemmed in and protected seaward by the coral reef; and the town stretches itself on the plain of volcanic cinders and alluvial from the mountains, which forms an extensive area between the base of the mountain and beach, superincumbent on a coral bed.

I had not intended going on shore until the day or two

succeeding our arrival, being myself an invalid; but another death among our crew, making the twenty-seventh since we left Tung Koo bay, occurring in the morning, I accompanied the body a little before sunset to its burial place on shore. The dock we found crowded with expectant natives, who had learned from the men who dug the grave, that a burial from the ship was to take place. There were a hundred or more of all ages, sizes, and of either sex, waiting the arrival of the boat. I was glad at so early a moment to have an opportunity of seeing such a promiscuous assembly of the natives, exhibiting so favourable a contrast in their dress and manners to the Malayan population with which we have met in other parts of our cruise. They accompanied the procession of the mariners as they bore their comrade to his grave, advancing through a wide street walled on either side by a line of parapet formed of blocks of dried earth, giving a neat and regular appearance to the street, while the dark material exhibits the sombre of a greater age than the formation of the avenues, through which we passed to that part of the town, where the grave-yard is situated.

There was an air of simplicity in the manners of this good-natured people, which attracted my observation. Not one unkind face was seen; and here and there among the group I marked, in the simple manner of expressing their rude affection, several couples walking with the hand of one within the other's, and all apparently enjoying the scene with the natural curiosity of rude minds, but with perfectly respectful demeanour. The grave was surrounded, as the body was lowered to its rest; and while a hundred voices were heard a moment before, a stillness pervaded the whole group, so that a whisper could have been heard throughout their number, as I removed my hat and re-

cited the funeral service at the head of another of our men, who first occupies his place here among the dead, only as a forerunner of a number more who will for ever sleep in the volcanic dust of the island we now are visiting.

The services at the burial being over, two strangers of the foreign residents were introduced to me, one of them handing me a note from an acquaintance, whom I had met in Macao, and now assuring me of a welcome to Honolulu. "Rest assured," says this kind and polite note, which I quote here as evidence of the ever ready courtesies and hospitality tendered by our Christian friends abroad, "I can speak for myself and my missionary friends, that our hearts and houses are always open to welcome the stranger, as well as to sympathize with the distressed. It is true we are deprived of the elegancies of life, but we have ever had reason to rejoice in the belief that we were in the way of duty marked out to us by our heavenly Father." The same note informed me that a lady of the mission was acquainted with some of my friends of New-York, and insisted with her husband upon *the right* of claiming me as their guest during the stay of our ships at the island.

On returning to the frigate our boat passed the John Adams, lying at anchor. She arrived some hours later than ourselves, this morning, after a separation of about forty days, during which time both ships have been well buffeted by boisterous seas. We were glad to see our consort arriving in the offing, after we had been lying but a few hours at our moorings.

Several of the gentlemen of the mission were on board the day succeeding our arrival, leaving their names for the Commodore, who had gone ashore to call on the king. They left the ship at an early hour to call, on their way to the shore, aboard the John Adams, where they were sure

to meet with a welcome reception from the gentlemanly officers of the Adams, who have manifested, in no equivocal manner, their due appreciation of the missionary character in several of the ports at which we have called on our cruise in the East. The name of the Rev. Mr. Bingham has most frequently been before the public in connection with the Sandwich Islands missions, and my interview with him to-day leads me to believe him a devoted, as he has long and very meritoriously exhibited himself to be an unflinching, disciple of Jesus Christ.

The succeeding day, Saturday, I visited the shore, making several calls and dining at Mrs. L.'s, who had very kindly sent me an invitation to make her house my home during our stay at this port; but I deemed my missionary friends to have a prior claim upon me, and therefore accepted a previous invitation, whenever I went on shore to make my home at Mr. and Mrs. D.'s.

Dr. Ruschenberger's book in relation to the islands was very naturally made a topic of conversation.

For my part, I assured my lady-host, that, standing on the high peaks of the mountains back of Honolulu, I should willingly trust myself to the care of Dr. Ruschenberger, to save me from pitching headlong over the precipice as I gazed on the beautiful sea in the distance and the island scenery about us; but as for Mr. Stewart, not to him should I trust me in such circumstances, lest together we pitched down the steep to the breaking of both our necks. Dr. R. has but little imagination. Mr. Stewart's mind glows in its perceptions of the beautiful of nature. And yet this does not necessarily make Mr. S.'s descriptions less accurate, or Dr. R.'s more correct. They might be both true to nature, so far as each, in his own way and with his own eyes, viewed them. But one eye would de-

tect a light and a shade in colouring—a tint and convolution in a cloud; a wave in the undulating surface of a field, or in the flexible bend of a meadow of grass, and drink in the harmonies of nature through the sight, as the ear taketh in the melodies of sound, while the other saw not, heard not, felt not. And yet the more delicate eye and the more sensitive heart, in description, would paint, and truly, what it actually did see, and the emotions actually felt, in view of the perception; while the other, seeing only one half the first perceived, feels, accordingly, only one half as much, and wonders that the other should be such an enthusiast; when, in fact, the feelings of the first are only in the *same ratio* with his perceptions, as were the other's, who saw with but half an eye, and consequently felt with half a heart.

But delivering my sentiment, I believe, in fewer words than I have employed in repeating it, I perceived an agreeable smile to wreath the lips of Mrs. L., which induced me to add, "But I have never seen Dr. R.; were you acquainted with him?"

"He stayed with us when here," was the reply; "and we found him a very agreeable gentleman," continued Mrs. L., with another of her characteristic and agreeable expressions.

"Well, then," I continued, "I have no doubt but Dr. R. told you that your boy" (a fine little fellow of three years of age, then sitting at the table) "had a very fine head."

"Yes, he said so," continued my lady-host; when we continued to discuss Dr. R.'s excellencies, phrenological acquisitions, etc., very much to our own satisfaction, no doubt, and certainly to the agreeable passing of a half-hour in analysis of Dr. R.'s merits as a writer.

But, in truth, I have not read Dr. R.'s and the Rev. Mr. S.'s letters, originated by Dr. R.'s work, and therefore, for the time being, excuse myself from taking upon me the duties of an umpire in the case.

Mrs. L.'s situation is quite a pleasant one, in the cottage style, and will be yet more pleasant when yet more shrubbery and folia of taller trees cluster about it and shade the grounds.

On Sunday, agreeably to an invitation which I had presented to the gentlemen of the mission, at the request of Commodore Read, that one of their number should officiate on board the Columbia, the Rev. Mr. Bingham gave us a discourse, in which he stated a fact, which ought to thrill the heart of Christendom and paralyze the tongue of defamation, that about *sixteen thousand* of the inhabitants of these islands have become communicants in the churches, and exhibit evidences of sincerity, as the disciples of Jesus Christ. Among this number are most of the influential chiefs of the islands. And although the nation is but partially enlightened in its advance from the savage state to the civilized, the principles of the gospel have become familiar to their minds and feelings; and the cases of discipline, regarded as puritanically strict by some when associated with the sect of Christians which is established here, are not more frequent than in the churches of the same denomination, in the United States. Ten thousand of this number have been gathered into the churches, as the fruits of the more than unusual and interesting state of feeling on the subject of religion, which has pervaded the population of all the islands during the last two years.

It was no unequivocal evidence of the change which has been effected in the circumstances and habits of this

people, given us by an amusing little incident which occurred this morning. In other parts, wherever we have been, in the East, the *Sabbath day* has been to the people generally, as any other day. The Arabian, the Hindoo, the Singalese, the Malay, and the Chinese, give no consideration to the Christian Sabbath; and their tradesmen work at their several employments. Their shopkeepers deal in their merchandise on this day as much as on any other of the week; and in their engagements with the European are often unable to tell when the Christian's Sabbath comes, unless they are reminded of it in view of engagements they may be making, and never take it into account without being thus reminded. And the Roman Catholic is not, one would think who has observed their customs *abroad*, much or at all better in the reverence due to this holy day, which, while they are supposed to respect the sacred day of rest, yet turn it into a holiday for amusements and good cheer. In Catholic European countries we know that it is the principal day for frequenting the theatres and other places of amusement, particularly thrown open on Sunday for the supposed benefit of the populace. And in South America and in the East I have seen the Sabbath day, which terminated the gala-season of some favourite saint, devoted to the pomp of parade, and concluded by an exhibition of fireworks—the discharge of sky-rockets and crackers—for the amusement and amid the carousal of the mob in front of the temple-gates.

It was a delightful contrast, then, this Sabbath morning, which was presented to our ship, as she slept in her loneliness and quiet on the bosom of these waters, amid the calm and the rest of a Sabbath-day morning. Not one native boat was alongside, and a stillness pervaded,

where heretofore, each Sunday morning we have been in the ports of the East, the chatter of a hundred native voices has greeted the ear.

Our market-boat erelong arrived alongside, and before I had left my room, I heard a murmur of displeasure about "*no milk* having been procured." As my boy called me to breakfast, "Smith," I asked, "have you gotten no milk this morning?" "No milk, sir, this morning—the *missionaries* will not let it come off."

"The *missionaries*, dunce!" I exclaimed, with a half-suppressed smile, "what have the missionaries to do with it?"

"Don't know, sir, but they say the missionaries"—— Here my boy seemed to perceive the ridiculousness of the complaint against the missionaries, which, if true, the fact told volumes in their favour, of the happy influence they had brought to bear upon the public sentiment of this community, and he left his sentence unfinished.

The subject was a matter of remark at the table; and while it was proposed, either in ill-will or sport, that a boat should be ordered off from the shore, it was conceded that things were in fact as they should be, on the Sabbath day, and that the influence of Christian principles here was not only holy, but truly *American*, in contrast with scenes that have attended us during our whole course, since we left our native land. And if there were no other consideration than that of preserving a striking and beautiful *national characteristic*, the American should be an advocate for a quiet, restful, Christian Sabbath.

Our steward had relied on the shore-boats for milk, but such has been, and *is*, the influence of the missionary action at this island, that no boats are seen moving from the shore on the Sabbath morning, or to it, save from the

ships, for attendance of religious services at the seamen's chapel.

But not only is the observance of the Sabbath here more purely American, as well as Christian, than we have found it elsewhere since we left the United States; it is also true that other things harmonize with the unperverted tastes of a citizen of the land of our homes. The very beef, turkeys and other poultry, potatoes and other vegetables, taste like the same articles we have eaten in the United States. All perceive this, and relish it accordingly, in contrast with the less agreeably flavoured articles procured in the Indies. Even for these four days, during which we have been at the Sandwich Islands, we have thus been often and agreeably carried back in our memories to the homes of our infancy.

On Monday I took up my residence on shore with my stranger-friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dimond, to the neglect of invitations from others of the foreign residents, to whom my acknowledgments are due, that I might be more immediately in the neighbourhood and circle of the missionary families.

The residences of the missionaries are generally two story dwellings, built of coral-rock, with narrow piazzas in front. The premises had been yet more pleasant had the piazzas been wider, and the roofs of the buildings extended proportionally, for yielding an acceptable shade in a warm climate. All the houses of the mission families have more or less shrubbery in their yards, and shade, from the very beautiful and gaudy mimosa, as I took the plant to be, down to the favourite little rosa vincula, which flourishes luxuriantly here, and without an abundance of water, which is a consideration, as the soil is of such a nature, in its capacity for absorption of moisture, that it makes the irri-

gation of plants even of a small plot of ground a considerable labour, with the few conveniences and water advantages enjoyed for the purpose.

The ladies of the mission deserve credit for the beautifying of the grounds about their houses as far as they have gone, as I am informed that the praise of what has been done is principally due to them; and it is certainly a thought worthy of consideration, that the lots possessed by the mission should be thus improved and adorned by the beauties of nature,—tending, as such improvements do, to the health of a family of children, the refinement of their feelings, and the cultivation of their tastes. It is said that flowers about the hut of a savage is a sure evidence that there is some advance of civilization within, beyond that of others of the tribe. And the garland of ferns and the beetel flower, and other green and flowery chaplets that are here sometimes seen to wreath the tawny brow of the lowest of these Sandwich Islanders, while it may serve to render the *deficit costume* of the poorer native yet more glaring and laughable to the unphilosophic eye, yet declares that the least civilized among these people have advanced one step on the scale of refinement in feeling and of elevation in social life. And when each native shall have a small bed of flowers, or a single flower-pot cherishing a choice shrub at the door of his thatched hut, he will exhibit proof of having taken an additional step in the path of civilization and refinement of feeling harmonizing with the legitimate tendencies of Christian principles. And thus should the native be encouraged to have his little border of the *rosa vincula* as well as his larger patch of *kalo*.

From my window at Mr. D.'s the Columbia lies in full view, and near enough for her colours to be designated by

the naked eye, while between her anchorage in the roads and the shore the surf breaks in its eternal voice and monotony, and long line of untarnished white. And in the heavy swell of the open roadstead, even at this distance, the frigate is sometimes seen to lie in a state of unrest, as her trucks mark their curve lines on the azure above them.

It is a more interesting view, however, to see, from my window, the crowds of the natives on their way to the early morning meeting, to which the church bell has summoned them, at the break of day. One of the churches is a short distance beyond the residence of Mr. D., and my window commands it, with the intervening area. The building itself is an immense thing for the space it covers, constructed of upright poles and cross-ribs, to which thatch-work of grass is attached externally, of which material the roof is likewise composed. This building inwalls an area of twelve thousand square feet, and allowing three square feet for each attendant, will give seats for four thousand natives, as they place themselves upon their mats, which constitute the floor. The introduction of seats in different parts of the building diminishes the capacity of the building by some few hundreds. A number of doors form the entrances into this spacious area, which also serve in this mild climate for lighting the building. Thither, for morning prayers, the natives gather in large numbers ere the sun has yet come up over the high peaks of the island-mountains, though he may be shining on their eastern ranges, and on the ocean beyond them. And here too, during this week, in attendance on "a protracted meeting," the natives are seen gathering twice at other hours of the day. And when the services are over, they stream, in vast numbers, from every door of the spacious building, in order and propriety, returning to their homes. No

noise, or the loud laugh is heard, but stillness and a gentle demeanour, not often so universal in a higher state of civilization, prevail, as the crowd floats along the streets to their humble residences.

At dinner I met the Rev. Mr. Richards, who has accepted the appointment of interpreter to the king, and instructer of the adult chiefs.

On a late visit to the United States, Mr. Richards conveyed proposals from the king and his chiefs for some Christian and philanthropic member of the bar to visit the Sandwich Islands, for the purpose of giving instruction in political economy and jurisprudence, and the general science of law, for the benefit of the rulers of this nation, and for the better organization of its laws and development of its resources. Mr. Richards found it impossible, at the time, to procure such a person, to the regret of the mission and the disappointment of the chiefs. But, said they, on further consideration, "we are glad that you have been unsuccessful in your application. It would have taken such a person, had you found one, some years to acquire such a knowledge of our language, as would enable us to understand him. But you already have a knowledge of the language, and we can converse with you and understand you as one of our own number. You, therefore, must take this duty upon yourself, and we will support you."

This was an entirely unexpected proposition to Mr. R., from the chiefs; and not once dreaming of entering upon such a task, he had brought no works with him which he might need for this purpose from the United States; and besides, it being contrary to the instructions of the Board, that their missionaries should connect themselves at all with any government, near which they might reside, Mr. R. still hesitated. But the subject being one of great im-

portance at this particular point of the nation's circumstances, in their advance from the savage state to the civilized, when the chiefs have felt the influences of Christianity, and mostly become conscientious in their desires of acting right and of advancing in civilization as well as in morals, they need the light they now have not, to inform their judgments, and for the suggestion of correct principles, to enable them to mature those plans which shall most rapidly and successfully advance the nation in civilization, and develope, for national and individual prosperity, the resources of the island.

In view of these considerations, Mr. R. was finally induced to accede to the wishes of the chiefs; and feeling the embarrassment that the instructions of the Board to their missionaries to abstain from all interference with the affairs of the government might occasion him, or that he might be deemed as transgressing the letter of these instructions by accepting the appointment, he sent in his resignation to the Board on entering upon the duties of his station. His connection therefore with the Board has ceased, while his sympathies necessarily continue with the missionaries; and with them, in his present situation, is he endeavouring to advance the people to the possession of those institutions which characterize a Christian and civilized nation. His responsibility for his further action is now to the chiefs, to his own country at home, and to his God. And it is to be hoped that he will have the independence, decision of character, and the wisdom to act as the present necessities of the people or any unforeseen circumstance of the nation may require. I consider Mr. Richards a gentleman well qualified for the position he occupies. His amiableness will secure his popularity with the chiefs; his piety, a conscientious course; and his familiarity with the national

circumstances, his aptness to acquire from books the principles applicable to a nation's greatest prosperity, together with his practical knowledge of the character of the people and the motives that will most successfully influence them, will all enable him at once to comprehend the ground upon which he stands—the obstacles in the way—the object to be aimed at—and the most successful means for securing it.

It was my privilege, after the period of which I am now speaking to have many conversations with Mr. R. And in this connection, although I have as yet but simply mentioned the KING of the Sandwich Islands, with whom I afterwards frequently met on occasions yet to be described, I choose to introduce the following note, sent to his majesty just previous to our leaving his islands; and after I had enjoyed ample opportunity of seeing and becoming interested in the action here put forth by the missionaries for the Christian and intellectual improvement of his subjects.

HONOLULU, October 18th, 1839.

To His Majesty Kammahamaha III.—

The American people have heard much of the king, chiefs, and people of the Sandwich Islands. It is a high gratification to the writer that he now has the pleasure of visiting your majesty's possessions, and to mark the advance of institutions of which he has heard much, and with which he has not been disappointed by his inspection of them since his arrival at this place.

Your majesty will believe me when I assure you that, at home, the missionaries to your possessions have the confidence of the American nation; and that the American government gives your majesty its cordial wishes for the advance of every valuable institution tending to the promotion of intelligence, morals, and the Christian religion

among your subjects. That I may evince to your majesty my own feelings of interest, I herewith beg you to accept "Kent's Commentaries," a work in four volumes, which contain the collected knowledge of one of our greatest men, and most able jurists, who has, for his learning and his worth, the confidence and admiration of the people of the United States.

The Rev. Mr. Richards, who I am happy to learn has accepted the appointment as your majesty's interpreter, will find these volumes of great service in illustrating the great and general principles of the laws of civilized nations, and be enabled, so far as they may be applicable in forming the jurisprudence of your majesty's government, to present to your majesty's consideration the interesting subjects on which these volumes treat.

Most assuredly and cordially, and with great respect,

Your friend,

FITCH W. TAYLOR,
Chaplain U. S. frigate Columbia.

P. S. The Rev. Mr. Taylor having heard that Mr. Richards has just received a set of "Kent's Commentaries,"* begs leave to substitute a set of English History in nine volumes, in the place of the Commentaries, which he proposed to send as evidence of the assured interest he takes in his majesty's happiness, and the mental and religious welfare of his majesty's people.

Besides the large building already described, which occupies the southern end of the town in the neighbourhood of the missionary residences, there is a newer and

* By an arrival of a vessel from the U. S. the day after writing the preceding letter. The same vessel brought an account of the Board's acceptance of Mr. R.'s resignation as a member of the mission.

better edifice, of equal dimensions, with neat dobie walls and glazed windows in the northern part of the town, where a congregation usually gather at the same hours as at the other. This congregation is under the care of the Rev. Mr. Smith—the other is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Bingham. The usual number of the congregations attending at these two native churches, at the same hour, varies from twenty-five hundred to three thousand each.

A new church is being erected for Mr. Bingham's congregation, on a large scale, and of durable materials. The walls of heavy blocks of coral rock are already carried up some twenty feet or more. The building is one hundred and fifty-four feet by seventy-eight, and with galleries will accommodate three to four thousand people. It is no larger than is desirable for the congregation; and when finished will be a building very creditable to the place, and do honour to this interesting island-nation, now in its transition from barbarism to civilized life. And few things will tend more rapidly to advance the people on the scale of civilization than such works, while they add permanency to the Christian institutions which they have adopted among them. For the erection of this building, the king subscribed three thousand dollars, and the chiefs and people twenty-five hundred dollars more. The materials for building this spacious edifice are brought from a coral formation, where the blocks are quarried. At first it was proposed by the chiefs that these blocks should be conveyed as burdens generally are, or have been, upon the shoulders of the natives, with the simple use of the pole. But a simple invention of wheels, and an experiment with the assistance of a yoke of oxen attended by a boy, soon convinced the natives that a

simple dray would save them the labour of a thousand men. And it is thus that this people are daily acquiring the knowledge necessary for the advance of a community in all improvements, and to appreciate the power of that knowledge. And when this building shall have been completed, it will have shown the king and chiefs, and the Hawaiian people, that they have resources that they never dreamed of; and advance them in self-possession and dignity of character in proportion to this new consciousness of their capabilities and power.

The progress in the erection of this building has been interrupted by a late incident (the visit of the French frigate l'Artemise) at this place, which will receive the animadversion, and I trust just censure, of the writer, in the sequel of this sketch of his visit to the Sandwich Islands.

The site for this church edifice is a good one, though occupying the plain; and the proportions of the structure are in keeping. I should have altered some particulars in the model, but it is interesting as it now is, as showing its paternity. The New Englander will at once recognise its origin, in its walls broken by double rows of small windows, instead of the continuous Gothic or elongated Corinthian. The additional strength gained, and the characteristic language of its model, would at once prevent the suggestion of change, and at the same time render undesirable any alteration in the proportions of the interesting fabric.

I happened over to the native church, in the afternoon. What a scene was that I witnessed! I never dreamed of seeing such, though I had read and thought much of missions, and seen much on our cruise around the world. But here were before me near two thousand worshipping disciples of Jesus Christ, in their own native building, which

their own hands had erected and thatched. It was one of the native prayer meetings of the two churches, during the session of a conference or protracted meeting of this week. A native prayed, reverently, in the soft and expressive language of the people, with a measured intonation, and sometimes with a repetition of words that struck the ear with the agreeableness of rhythm. A hymn was sung. A number, twelve or more, of the female natives were in front of the pulpit, and as many of the males, constituting together a choir, on the level of the congregation, without its usual separation and formalities. Their singing was agreeable, and the performance creditable. Having familiarized myself with the pronunciation of the Hawaiian language, I joined in the tune. A second prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Bingham, in the native language. Having turned a leaf that I might remember the hymn that was sung, I left the church at the conclusion of the prayer. I came to my room, not far distant from the church, to muse in memory of the scene I had left. What hath not God done! A nation become a religious people, who were but late the worshippers of idols and the advocates of human sacrifices—and before me I had just seen nearly two thousand of them worshipping the God of Christians. Will that God forsake them, in their attempts to please him, however rude may be their first essays towards attainments in knowledge and reformation in morals? I think he will not.

In the evening I took tea with Mrs. Deill, the lady of the seamen's chaplain, at the port of Honolulu.

The succeeding morning I called with Mrs. D. on the families of the English and French consuls. Mrs. Dudoit, the lady of the French consul, is deemed among the prettiest of the foreign residents here, and is said to be as ami-

able as pretty; and Miss C., the sprightly daughter of the English consul, is almost the only unmarried young lady among the fair exotics of Honolulu, and has been but a short time in the island from "home."

Thursday evening was an era in the little world of the foreign residents, I suppose, at least in that part of it over which the nuptial divinities claim empire. A marriage in Honolulu I should think an unfrequent occurrence among the foreign population. The wedding party, then, of Mrs. Little, now Mrs. Hooper, became an interesting incident, and the parties most particularly concerned seem to have timed the period of their union with some reference to the visit of our squadron, which we certainly should appreciate as a compliment. A few particular friends, the American consul, and Captain Wyman of the John Adams, were present at the ceremony, performed by the chaplain of the squadron. Nearly all the foreign residents, soon after, were in the rooms. I was particularly pleased with the entrance of the governor of the island, who advanced to the bride and gave her his hand, and then, successively, to the other ladies and gentlemen in the room, and with an ease and a grace that was not surpassed by the *entrée* of any gentleman during the evening. There may have been the smallest spice imaginable of the *hauteur militaire* in his movement, which however did not diminish his ease, but in his circumstances of office and rank, and being the only native present in the crowd of foreigners, with every eye for a moment fixed upon him, did him credit. The king was absent, on the plea of illness. The governor left the rooms early, and Commodore Read, who is doing himself credit at these islands, also soon disappeared, with the considerate dignity of his high command; while the party seemed to arrange themselves in groups of easy

guests, though, as is not unfrequently the case in many parties, there may have been too much clustering of the sexes into their separate classes.

The American consul introduced the officers of the squadron; and with a degree of home-feeling and familiarity, did credit to himself and the position he holds. Erelong he was absent, for attention to his ill family.

The bride, an interesting young widow lady, was pretty, as all brides are, and more than what is true of all other brides, in this instance is a tasteful and clever woman.

The succeeding evening I took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Most of the missionary families were there during the evening. The Rev. Mr. Bishop, from Ewa, arrived to-day, from whom I had previously received a letter. He was my early instructer in the academy at Laurenceville, N. J. He is a worthy man, well informed, and has improved in interest, though here comparatively isolated. There is sterling worth in intellect and feeling in his character. The evening was spent in agreeable conversation. Scientific subjects are not unfamiliar to the members of the mission, as well as the religious and the intellectual of other departments. Several of the missionary ladies here have handsome collections of shells, and specimens in mineralogy and geology, with lavas and curiosities associated with the islands of the Pacific. And though there is but very little of the "azure hose or blue stocking club" discernible in the conversation of these women, occasionally they may venture to hint the scientific name of some shell when exhibited as a beautiful specimen in conchology. Some of them show themselves creditably familiar with several branches in the natural sciences; and I have been told, otherwise I should not have learned it from the retiring manners of the lady in question, that one of their

number, at least, is familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Mrs. S., my interesting hostess of the evening, showed me some pretty impressions of plants taken by herself, and an orange cowry, a shell I have never before seen, but have made many and unsuccessful inquiries for.

The residence of this missionary family is in the northern part of the town near the church of the second congregation, of which the Rev. Mr. S. is pastor. It is a very pleasant situation, in full view of the luxuriant and beautiful valley, which stretches quite across the island, terminating at the farther end, by the abrupt and storied precipice of the Pari. Mrs. S., with her fine susceptibilities to the beautiful in nature, appreciates and enjoys the view, and describes it with correspondent feelings. She would wonder that any eye could behold it and not kindle equally with her own.

The social interview was terminated by singing, prayer, and a few remarks naturally awakened by the circumstances of the meeting. It was not the worship of mere ceremony. It was the expression of mutual sympathies, at a welcome and social moment, when hearts blended their feelings in a thank-offering of worship to the God who has made us religious, and intellectual, and social beings.

The more disinterested and the more worthy, and the more persecuted does this band of benevolent men and women appear to me, the more I hear, and learn, and see of them.

Sunday, the succeeding day but one, and the only Sabbath I spent on shore at Honolulu, may never be forgotten by me. I preached twice in the seamen's chapel to attentive congregations. The foreign residents and the missionaries attend the services of the chapel—the native

services being so arranged by the missionaries as to admit of it. But the service the most peculiar, and which will leave the longest impression upon myself, was the meeting I attended in the large church of the natives. The spacious building was filled when I reached the house. I walked through a long range of these Hawaiians, as I ascended from the door, crowded thick upon the mats and filling the whole area, or were arranged upon their seats occupying the more central part of the building. As I entered the pulpit, already occupied by the Rev. Mr. Bingham and the Rev. Mr. Richards, I looked over a congregation of near three thousand of these worshipping islanders. What a scene was this for a Christian to contemplate in a foreign land, where the same people a few years before were a heathen and a savage nation! And before me, now, were some who had witnessed, and one, at least, who had been the cause of human sacrifices, to propitiate and atone for a broken *tabu*, which human blood alone could satisfy. A hymn was sung; after which I gave the congregation an address, which was interpreted, sentence by sentence, with such facility by Mr. Bingham, that there seemed but a little break in the continuance of the discourse. It was still throughout the house. Attention was arrested, and held. I repeat not here even the substance of the address, but I assured the islanders that it was happiness for a stranger, from a far land, to witness them worshipping the same God he worshipped—the same Redeemer—the same sanctifying Spirit. Their friends, the missionaries, who were also our friends, had told us much in their letters sent from the islands, but they had not said all that I, that day, beheld before me. In America, they prayed for the Hawaiians. They prayed for the missionaries among them. The missionaries had left their homes, and friends, and

many comforts for long years; and we, who in our ships have been absent from our homes, which are in the same land they left, though but for one year and a half, yet we feel how dear that home is to us, and therefore can estimate how much these our missionary friends have been willing to leave for the love of Christ, to spend a lifetime of labour among you. In America, therefore, we give them our prayers—we give them our Christian love—we give them our confidence—we give them, sometimes, when we think of them so far away, our tears. But we also are happy that they are among you, doing their duty where they think God has directed them to come. Will you not, therefore, more than ever, listen to their words? Will you not be more grateful that they have told you of the immortal soul —the thing within us which thinks, and loves, and is happy, or is sad, and wishes to be happy still and for ever when the body shall have gone back to its dust? Hawaiians, these missionaries have brought you things worth more than gold—more than gems—more than silver dollars—more than pearls—they have told you how to save for ever this immortal pearl within you; and how, millions of years hence, if Christians, ye shall live on and be happy with the undying saints in heaven, where God shall give to them his friendship as he gives it to his angels. Will ye not then hear them?

I am glad that I can talk with you, through my friend, though I do not understand your language. But I must not talk longer with you. Yet would I ask of you, who are professors of religion, will you give me your prayers? Our ships will soon again leave you, as we go on our way around the world to our homes. *We* came not to disturb you. We came to approve of your religious worship, and to tell you so. And when I reach America, I shall tell

the Christians there that I have met those who love God among the Hawaiians—that I have heard them pray to our God—sing in our own hymns and tunes—and that I have shed my tears while I have beheld the sight, and thanked God for permitting me to behold it. I shall never be with you again. Christian Hawaiians through this house! here in your temple I shall not meet you again, but hope to meet you in heaven. Farewell! But when I shall have reached America, I will not forget you. I will not forget how I have heard you pray, sing, and worship. I will not forget your green valleys—your home in the islands in the seas. I will not forget these missionary friends; but when the sun wakes up over the hills, and when it goes down in the ocean, I will pray for them and for you. Hawaiians, farewell! Hold fast the religion you love. Let a world, if it will, rage. Still hold ye on to the religion of Jesus Christ. The world will soon crumble to nothing. These mountains and this ocean shall soon be burned up, and then you will want the friendship of Christ. *Hold on, then, to the religion of Jesus Christ!* And when heaven and earth pass away, you shall find him to be to you more than an elder brother—your Redeemer, and your all. Hawaiians, farewell!

I offer no apology for introducing this brief sketch of part of the address in the form I here present it, and in which, amid the circumstances described, it was delivered. It will more naturally paint the scene that was presented before me, than otherwise could be done. When I had ended my address, Mr. Richards spoke briefly and feelingly to the congregation. A hymn was then sung, in a melody that could not but touch the heart of him, with any feeling, who for the first time looked on such a scene as this. And while my own was melting, I thought if ever there

were a just cause for *indignation*, it was while hearing flippant man, as sometimes he has been heard, decrying the holy and self-denying men and womenwho have here been, labouring for years to produce the astonishing and glorious effects which I now beheld before me. And never did virtue more justly frown on vice, than wakes the voice of benevolence in displeasure when contemplating the vicious defamation which self-interest, jealous traffic, and depravity of heart, at times indulge against such demonstrations of the righteous work of God's children, who advocate the religion of Jesus Christ in its purity and practice.

On attempting to leave the church, at the conclusion of the services, I found it impossible to proceed for a while, as the warm-hearted natives pressed around me to give me their hands; but moving slowly as I accepted the proffered demonstration of their interest on either side of me, as I passed, I finally broke through their gathered numbers. And when I had reached my room, but a short distance from the church, which overlooks the grounds in the neighbourhood, I gazed, with a feasted eye and a full heart, on the streams of men, women and children, flowing from every door of the large building, and directing their way to their homes, in the quiet and orderly walk of the respectful, who give consideration and conscientious observance to the Sabbath day.

All were decently clad, but in such a manner and variety of costume, in colouring and in material, as to interest the beholder, and to declare *the transition state* of the natives in their passage from their original savage to civilized life. Here was a passing group, one of whom perhaps was clad in a deep orange-coloured gown, with a bright yellow wrapper around the waist, knotted behind by the upper corners, so as to form something like an apron, while the

dark bushy hair was filletted with a wreath of yellow flowers or a roll of yellow feathers, constituting a costly ornament for the head or neck of the female native. Another, in the same group, has thrown a large purple tappa around him, knotted over one of his shoulders after the style of the Roman toga, and discovering a white shirt beneath, with a chaplet of ferns circling his head, while his dark neck and lower limbs are left in the freeness and bareness of a Highland chief's. Again, a light blue silk shawl covers a white frock, with a small straw bonnet upon the head; or a crimson shawl over a blue calico dress, with a similar hat. Indeed, almost all the females wear a straw bonnet on the Sabbath, which is manufactured upon the islands; and I am not certain but that the chaplet of leaves or flowers to which I have alluded is only a week-day ornament. And here, again, is seen an old man with a long staff in his hand, and with feeble step, clad in a simple white dress of tappa, the native material of the island, made often beautifully from the bark of the mulberry, now wending his way from a Christian temple, in deep thought and musings, unlike those that attended him from the revel and the sacrifice of former days. And there, the light-hearted group of children, in every colour of stripe and figure of silk or cotton, or tappa of coarser or richer material, move on, with free and bounding step. And there, the governor, in his blue cloth frock-coat and white pantaloons, and straw hat, is seen, attended by a little boy in his dress of frock-coat and white trousers, and shoes and stockings; and a little girl, in black frock and white pantalettes and jockey-hat, all undistinguished from a well-dressed group of Europeans, accompanied by a train of more indifferently clad attendants. Many others were in European style, among the males and females—the loose gown, and shawl

and bonnet being the common dress for the female natives. And one group more may serve to fill up the picture. It is the principal woman of the island. She is drawn by four or five natives, in a small hand-vehicle with two wheels, not unlike a porter's hand-cart, but a convenient carriage on a plain and smooth path for the principal lady of the islands, who is more than six feet high, and weighs —I know not how much. Her dress is European—the expression of her face good-natured—and her signature required to give validity to the acts of the king and his chiefs. Her son is the adopted heir-apparent to the government of the islands, and she has in charge the infant child, who holds, as queen, the same position in the government as does his present majesty as king.

But as the eye lingers on this moving crowd, as they are seen retiring from the house of worship to their homes, presenting so great variety in their dress, they are yet all decently clad, and move at their ease, in stillness and propriety, and exhibit evidences of great, though as yet a rude contentment and happiness.

How great is the contrast! How unlike the picture the same people exhibited but a few years ago! Another congregation of equal size, at the other end of the town, was dispersing from the house of worship to which they had gathered, in like order, decency, and rude respectability. The wide avenue, extending for a half mile between the two churches, seemed crowded by the meeting throng.

But it would require the Christian community at home to see, as I have seen to-day, the worshipping thousands of the Hawaiians, duly to appreciate the scene. Over the same congregation of these islanders which I had addressed, the eye of the Christian could look, in late months, as they gathered for worship, and see, not as an unfrequent scene,

half the congregation in tears, as the preacher declared to them the truths which have been borne to their understandings, through the labours of the devoted missionary, during the few past years. They bowed their heads in sorrow for their sinfulness—with religious sympathies, in view of the affecting story of the plan of salvation—and resolved to be the disciples of Jesus Christ. And to this church more than four hundred have been added, on profession of religion, during the last year; and more than six hundred to the communion in the second church; and more than *ten thousand*, in all, to the churches on the different islands. And the whole number of the communicants in the different churches of the mission anount to more than sixteen thousand souls. The mission has thus been blessed, by an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon its churches, and the ingathering of thousands to the communion. At Hilo, on a neighbouring island, five thousand two hundred and forty-four have, this last year, joined the church. And at Waimea, on the same island of Hawaii, twenty-three hundred more. Surely, the heart that has any Christian sympathies for the cause of Christ, or the eternal welfare of his fellow-men, must glow in view of this statement; and the lover of the missionary cause may exult in gratitude to the Giver of all good for this triumphant exhibition of the success of Christ's cause among the heathen. And tell me, Christian reader, while the grateful tear wakes in memory of the goodness of God to your own soul, and in boundless mercies to these once and but lately benighted savages, can you feel otherwise than an abhorrence at the slang of the infidel and the opposer, who are sometimes heard, either from self-interest or hate, to decry so worthy a cause and so worthy a band of devoted men and women, who have blessed, by their residence and

efforts, at the sacrifice of friends and home, the whole people of these islands? Believe me, this mission is worthy of the confidence of the Christian community at home; and as surely as the smile of God has rested so signally upon it, so surely it *will* receive the confidence and the support of the Christians in America. And I trust, as an Episcopalian, my testimony of confidence and commendation and deep-felt interest in behalf of this Congregational and Presbyterian mission to the Sandwich Islands will not be regarded, under such circumstances, the less unbiassed and sincere.

On each succeeding evening of this week I took tea with some one of the missionary families, accepting their kind invitations in that way that would enable me to make each an evening's visit before we left Honolulu. Usually I met some of the officers of the squadron present, and some of the gentlemen and ladies of the mission or of the foreign residents. The families of the mission resident at Honolulu are sufficiently numerous to form an interesting circle within themselves.

The day I first called on Mr. and Mrs. Bingham was the twentieth anniversary of the day they together entered a stage coach at Hartford, Connecticut, for Boston, whence they soon after took their departure for the Sandwich Islands. And this evening, Monday, when I was taking tea with them, surrounded by other members of the mission and officers from our ships, presents a change indeed, which these two oldest missionaries alone can justly contrast in all its shade and light.

Mrs. Judd brought in with her, after tea, the gorgeous and indescribably delicate "night-blooming ceres." There are things in nature which so affect one with their beauties, that the mind feels its incapacity, by emblems

and comparisons, adequately to define them, and loves rather to feel the effect of the beautiful than to attempt the delineation. "How. *unearthly* it looks," said Mrs. J. "How unearthly it looks," I only repeated, and still gazed on the exquisite and elongated white corollas within their yellowish green calix, surrounding a thick fringe of stamens, which, with their circle of tasselled, straw-coloured and flexible filaments, inlay this cup of more than alabaster white and purity. The white pistil, too, tufted with a yellow fringe, further ornamenting the centre of the cup, harmonizes, in exquisite softness, with the surrounding tassels, that wave or languish, as the beautiful cup may be turned, with the grace and mellowness of the softest fringe on silken and richest scarf of lady. We took the gorgeous and soft flower to its native element, the moonbeam, to-night falling from a clear and bright heaven. And it drank in the soft ray so sweetly, and itself looked so lovely, that nothing short of Moore's æolian euphony in lyric rhythm, or Bailey's soft melancholy of song, should by any attempt at descriptions disturb the sweet harmony of this bright night, this exquisite climate, and a thing so blended of the loveliness of the one and the softness of the other as is this lovely "night-blooming ceres."

This beautiful plant of the cactus is plentiful and luxuriant here, overtopping the high palings of the garden fences, annually and prodigally displaying, in the soft moonbeam of this delicious climate, its graceful flower, which bends its modest neck as it receives the approbating and blessed smiles of the silvering queen on her passage in her night-car through these serene heavens. The flower is a thing to be thought of in connection with the remembered friend with whom we have gazed at it, with like appreciation of its harmonies in itself, and the moon-lit scene

of light and mellowed shade, in which it timidly unfolded its modest and unequalled beauties to the sight.

The next evening I met the king, at tea, at Dr. Judd's. I had before seen his Hawaiian majesty at his own residence near the fort, in company with the governor and chief princess, and other chiefs who were present. The king seemed interested in a description given him of the proceedings of a court martial. And it was remarked to him, that if the cause of temperance on our arrival had prevailed, so that liquor could not have been procured here, the case before the court then holding its sittings would not have occurred.

"It is a pity," said the king, with an expression of countenance which indicated his deep sincerity of feeling. "I am sorry the temperance rule prevails not entirely."

Where the king's mind was wandering at this moment, no one at the table could doubt, though it would have been impolite to urge the subject to the recalling of the late occurrences at this place, when the king feels, and all impartial judges feel, that he was necessitated *by the interests of a French consul*, in near view of the guns of the frigate l'Artemise, and the threat that a larger French force from the coast, erelong, should appear off the islands to take possession of them, unless proposals which were made were complied with, to sign an instrument, which, if it made him not a vassal of the French king, took from him the power of excluding from his possessions, for the benefit of his subjects, *French brandy and French wines.* And why? Because M. Dudoit, the French consul, would be a dealer in the articles, notwithstanding the king had, a short time previously, to the great satisfaction of the best wishers of the subjects of his majesty, *totally excluded by law the further importation of all distilled spirits whatever*

into any port of his possessions. This was in accordance with the nearly unanimous voice of the residents of the islands, and shipmasters visiting these ports; and after the king's own sincerity had been manifested by the destruction of the whole (three in number) of his own distilleries in his islands. But, more of this in its proper place, farther on.

The king spoke of the ancient games of the people, and their influence upon his subjects, and what would be their effect if renewed. It would be the reviving of a system of gambling to continue from Monday morning till Sunday night. The exercise might be well enough, but the dissipation and idleness consequent thereon would more than counterbalance any good that may be supposed to rise from the sports. He instanced the rolling of the disk; the name of the game is forgotten; but it consists in rolling a round and smooth stone, of about four inches in diameter, and increasing, from its edge to its centre, from one and a half to two inches thick. Were this game to be revived, said the king, you would see the street, for a half mile, crowded with people to witness the success of the competitors in rolling this stone. The one who rolled it the farthest is the victor. But the evil of the system would be, that all this multitude would not only be present to witness the rolling, but would be sitting up all the succeeding nights in betting and exciting conversation in connection with the sport for several succeeding days, to the neglect of all business, and ending in disputes and revels. But as a substitution for these things, the people are encouraged in agricultural pursuits, raising the kalo and other vegetables and productions, and it is to be hoped with increasing success, and to the cultivation of permanent habits of industry among the great body of the natives.

The grounds about the house of Dr. Judd are well filled with trees and shrubs, a very acceptable and pleasant thing always to the stranger as well as to the foreign resident in view of the arid level on which the town of Honolulu is situated. For all this, the doctor says, the merit is due to Mrs. J., as he is often absent in his practice, as the physician to the mission, to different parts of the island. Mrs. J. is a lady of taste, with a heart of great kindness and benevolence. It will be acceptable to the friends of midshipman Morris to know, that it is within the bosom of such a family that he is now located in his illness, and where he will be left, we would hope, to recover; but we fear that in his advanced stage of pulmonary affection, that even this favourable climate, and the nursing which the kindness and the sympathies of those with whom he is staying in great tenderness and care will secure to him, may not possess the power to restore him to health. Young Morris is sensible that he has fallen into kind hands, and is resigned and contented as far as his circumstances of great debility admit. And to me, in the apprehension that he may never again be recovered to health, it is a consolation, though he sailed in another ship, to know from my conversations with him, that we shall leave him thoughtful of his future destiny, and with hopes that he has made his peace with his God, to whom he trusts he has (even since we have arrived at these islands) committed himself in resignation and discipleship.

The following day, Wednesday the twenty-third, the king visited the frigate, to whom an entertainment was given by the Commodore. The chief princess of the island, the governor, and other natives, constituting the king's suite, the American, English and French consuls, the gentlemen of the mission, and the foreign residents generally, were also on board.

The king was received with the yards manned and a salute of twenty-one guns—the officers and company being on deck. I know not whether the dress of his majesty was of the Windsor pattern or not, but it was a rich and every way an elegant suit. The coat was richly laced on lapel, skirt and collar, and is known to have cost eight hundred dollars. His pantaloons white, and richly laced at the sides, and his chapeau corresponding in its lace for breadth and richness.

The king supported himself with propriety; his manners were easy and sufficiently dignified. His health was drank standing, at the table, while he retained his seat. On drinking wine in compliment with the queen regent, (as I suppose she may be called, having the care of the infant queen in her minority, and acting in her stead,) to whom I was near at the table, she remarked, as she was further helped to a bunch of raisins, "*this* is the *best wine*"—wine and raisins being designated by the same word in the Hawaiian language. She was dressed in a lilac-coloured silk, and is an immense woman—more than six feet high and proportionally large.

The company had strolled over the ship previously to taking their seats at the table, and seemed at their ease, and gratified. I left the ship with my missionary friends at dusk, and the king and his party reached the shore at about the same time. The entertainment passed off very agreeably to the guests and creditably to the host. It was a coincidence of sufficient interest to be noted by me, and acceptable enough for the Christian community at home, perhaps to be repeated in connection with the religious effort which has been put forth in behalf of these islanders, whose king to day was entertained under the circumstances described, that it was *the twentieth anniversary day* of the

departure of the first missionaries from Boston for these islands. There is evidence written everywhere we move on shore, of the success of this early and Christian enterprise, as we contemplate it in the advance of this people thus far on the scale of civilization and Christianity, however far they may be from the highest point of its graduation.

The succeeding evening I visited at Mr. Knapp's, and met, besides some of the officers as usual, at tea, Mr. and Mrs. Castle, Mrs. Walker and Miss Smith.

I was agreeably reminded by Mrs. Knapp of her having seen me before her leaving the United States, in Greenwich, Connecticut, whither, during my university course at New Haven, I had wandered with a friend to that border of the state. I was grateful for her memory, as it enabled me to re-live over a very agreeable incident among those hours of halcyon days, when the world had a freshness in its scenes, which a few years only in its broad walks reduces to common incident. Mr. and Mrs. K. are a young couple who have not long been to the islands. The same is true of Mr. and Mrs. Cook, at whose house I visited the succeeding evening.

Mr. Chamberlain, whose interesting family I visited, is the secular agent of the whole mission of the Sandwich Islands, assisted by Mr. Castle, a gentleman of great worth, already mentioned. Mr. Chamberlain is a person well qualified for the position he occupies, and is beloved by all the members of the mission, among whom there is one harmonious feeling of agreement and kindness. The children of Mr. and Mrs. C. are particularly interesting for their fine and classic features, and the womanly manners of the two little girls. I mention them here, that I may also say that the children of the missionaries, generally, will not fail to interest the stranger

for the precocity of their minds and manners. This is to be attributed, in a good degree, to the fact that the parents make *companions* of their children, and that they are cut off from an intercourse with numerous children of their own age. And here, too, they are kept, as a matter of principle, from acquiring the language of the natives, that their association with native children may be prevented, lest their minds might be corrupted by much in the Hawaiian language deemed to be objectionable. Whatever may be the policy of this course, it is certain that it throws the children upon their parents as resources for their amusement and conversation. These two little girls of whom I speak, I take to be the one six and the other eight years of age; and they entered into a conversation with me with all the zest and vivacity of young ladies with the advantages of a number of more years. By some circumstance the conversation fell upon *noses*, (I am half disposed to think that the circumstance was originated by myself, as *their noses* were extremely fine and Grecian,) when I mentioned that Bonaparte, I believed, was in the habit of selecting his body guard by their noses. He always considered a man with a large nose, to be possessed of courage and firmness.

"And I remember," said the little girl of six, with great playfulness, "precisely what kind of a nose my brother has, who is in America."

"And what do you think of America?"

"I think it must be a very fine country."

"And did you ever see any chestnuts from America?"

"I think I have."

"And what were they like?"

"They were like"—I forget now the particular reply of my little friend, otherwise than her chestnuts proved to

have been filberts, and I promised (and I intend to fulfil all my engagements to my little friends abroad) to send her a parcel of chestnuts and other mementoes on my return to the United States.

The missionaries send most of their children home so soon as they reach the proper age and preparation for the continuance of their education under more favourable advantages than they would receive here. They are consigned to the care of their kindred; and I am told that the proceeds of property committed to the care of the American Board by some of the missionaries here, either on the part of the mother or the father, more than yield a sufficient income for the education of their children in the United States, and in some instances, besides, defray the amount of the nominal salary, in that case, which they receive from the Board at home.

Lua at the Pari.

We had heard much of the native manner of cooking food and their mode of getting up things at a lua, which is something after the manner of a southern barbecue. Not having as yet ridden to the Pari, one of the curiosities of this island, and the arrangement having been made to have a lua at that point, I accepted an invitation to form one of the numerous party on the occasion.

The ride to the Pari lies through a beautiful valley stretching quite across the island. Having mounted our horses, which are all in good keeping on the island, but ill-gaited, as the full canter seems to be the usual speed for riding here, we passed over the level ground back of the town by a track that soon conducted us through patches of taro, (arum esculentum,) written kalo in the Hawaiian. Crossing one or two bridges we soon found our-

selves threading a spacious ravine, which contracts as one proceeds to its farther extremity, a distance of some six miles across the island, where it is abruptly terminated by a precipice. The word precipice, in the language of the island, is pari, and hence the name of this steep.

We first reached the residence of Dr. Roke, who has a residence at the entrance of the valley. He joined our party and we rode on. The doctor, who has been some time resident on the island, seems familiar with its localities and productions, and many of its legends. On our left as we advanced, high up among the peaks that rose in their eminences above us, the doctor thinks to be a cave of the ancient kings and chiefs. So the legends go, and he has often and long looked for it, but has never yet struck upon its mouth, though the natives point out a prominent tree as designating its entrance. The present ruling family have their royal mausoleum in the town of Honolulu, where the coffins are retained with their coverings of velvet.

Having measured a mile or two further over the gradually ascending plain of the ravine, we reached the cottage of a Mr. Pelly, agent of the Hudson Bay Company, at this island. Below his house, and formed by a break in the plain of the ravine, is a small but quite a pretty fall of water. Having alighted, I chose to be interested in this pretty exhibition of one of the forms which nature assumes, on which no one can gaze without having his heart rendered more *pure* in the communion, rather than to seek the conversation of a man, with whose principles in morals or actions as a gentleman, I could have no sympathies. This Mr. P. constituted one of an *honourable quincunx*, who, in the late visit of the frigate l'Artemise to this place, joined in an expression of thanks to her commander

for pursuing a course which in his public documents *expatriated American citizens;* and which, had his plans been carried into execution on the non-compliance of the government with the conditions dictated to it under the guns of a man-of-war, would have exposed all the families of this mission to the mercy of the crew of a French cruiser. That this gentleman with his four compeers may have all the glory that such a paper can confer, I may, further on, quote the same for their especial benefit, and to awaken the frown of every virtuous reader.

The rest of our way was by a less even path, though not less interesting, as we pursued a narrower track through the luxuriant undergrowth matted about the more elevated hibiscus, among the boughs of which the convolvulus wormed its spiral vine and let drop its trumpet cup to the rider's view. A native was at my side, who kept pace with our advance, and gathered for my pleasure whatever I designated on tree or shrub or ferns, among the latter of which (beautiful in their varieties and luxuriant in their growth) we were now moving in our more elevated but gradual ascent. We now passed on through the grandest part of the ravine, formed by the perpendicular sides of basalt lava, with the mystic cloud hanging upon the highest tops in their threatening shade and misty wreaths, as if they sought to throw a gloom to the deeps below, to heighten the sublimity of the threatening battlements that rose, in their height and mists, above us. We came to a space of clear ground, where the ravine had again narrowed in correspondence with the termination of the perpendicular ranges of basalt at a point we had passed, and thus forming an oval basin, as seen from either extreme of the valley. We dismounted and gave our horses to the care of the natives, while we walked up a short ascent to a

notch of the mountains we had seen all the way before us, and found ourselves suddenly on the brow of the Pari, on a precipice which terminated this end of the ravine. The prospect overlooks a spacious level below, luxuriant in its richness, and mellowed to the softness of velvet; while the curling brook is dashing over the coral reefs beyond, and the deep, deep blue sea is far out as the eye can reach.

But the gale—for a current of wind ever sets through this gap—almost choked me as I attempted to wind my way across the pass, through which the currents of air rush in their passage of the whole length of the valley, and pour their currents over the town of Honolulu. We proceeded a short distance on the side of the mountain to gain the path for descending the Pari. This we accomplished, though deemed in former times a difficult attempt. By the assistance of an iron railing in the most difficult part of the steep, the feat is not difficult, though very much to the disturbing of the easy breathing of a plethoric man. For myself I found the descent and return of little difficulty, and at the expense of but little fatigue, and for a very good reason it may be, as I had a native hold of my stick to keep me from too rapid a progress down, and two of them to draw me back again.

When already about to encounter the currents on the top of the Pari, that drive in a hurricane through this gorge of the ravine, two natives seized me to keep me from being blown up the mountain-side, or point blank into the broadside of a lava-rock—my hat already having been seized by a third native, and a fourth attempting to secure my umbrella, all in the greatest kindness. I broke from them all, and was met by a messenger from the party at the bower, where the *lua* was to be spread, saying that one oven had been retained unopened, to await me, that I

might see the mysteries of the native mode of roasting pig, fish, and *dog*, and whatever else might be the ingredients of the oven.

I hurried on, and found, in the neighbourhood where our horses had been left, that a bower had been raised—half a hundred natives gathered in different groups—several fires smoking—and, within the temporary bower, constructed of poles and bushes, and matted with the ki-leaf, were seen his majesty Kammahamaha III., Commodore Read, commanding the U. S. East India squadron, H. B. M. Consul, Captain Charlton, and some dozen, more or less, of the officers of the squadron, comfortably—that may be questioned—but certainly seated, at their leisure, on the ki-leaves, beneath the bower. Here all had gathered to the lua.

The eating of dogs was formerly a very common custom with the islanders, and a canine roaster deemed a delicious dish—a royal dish. The dogs, however, are of a particular species, so said, though I suppose it matters little as to their kind. Those which are destined for the lua are fed on poe, a dish made from the kalo, and forming the principal food of the natives. Those who have eaten of the dog, as cooked here, say it is fine. This is the universal testimony; and a person, not knowing to what he was helped, with a piece of dog thus prepared upon his plate, would pronounce it to be a more than usually choice piece of pig. So say the epicures—so say the curious. The consequence is, that those who visit the islands have a slight sensation of an inclination for eating dog—for once. Consequently the lua was given to gratify the curiosity of the stranger-comers of our squadron.

Behold, then, when I had reached the last oven, yet remaining uncovered, behold the opening of its contents.

First, a play of fine wreaths of steam dissipating themselves in thin air above a hillock of green leaves, over which the drops of vapour had condensed themselves, so as to preserve the outer leaves of the little pile moist. Behold! A native, under the direction of Mr. Thompson, a gentleman of travel, seeking health and pleasure, who seemed to be the master of ceremonies to-day, removed layer after layer of leaves, until some six inches thick of these long and wide ki-folia were disposed of. Behold! The removing of the next layer presented the proportions fair to the hungry man, proportions tasteful to any man, of a whole pig, from tongue to tail, from back to breast, from toe to teeth. There he was, nearly as big as life, quite as big as a *whole roasted pig*. And beside him lay, in their white and clean appearances, the whole, and the half, and three quarter pieces of kalo, reposing upon a pavement of hot stones, which inlaid a circular and concave hole, which had been scooped from the earth, about twelve inches deep.

"Very fine," said his majesty's secretary, as he took a piece of the kalo and broke it for me to taste. "Very bootee-fool," he continued, as I tasted the mealy and delightfully flavoured vegetable, adding between the first and second taste, "very fine, very beautiful," not at all dissenting from the secretary in the truth of his ideas, however much we might differ, generally, in the application of English words.

"Very fine, very fine indeed," said another, as he unveiled from the smoking and verdant wrapper of the ki-leaf a fine fish, and submitted it to my examination and taste.

"Very fine, very fine indeed," I repeated; and there could be no mistake as to the fine manner in which these

fish had thus been cooked. The pig had already been borne to a distance, while we were tasting the various articles besides those already specified, wrapped in their separate coverings of the ki-leaf, save the fine taro.

"Do they cook the dog in square pieces, Mr. Thompson?" I asked, as I saw the natives take one or two such proportioned packages from the oven.

Unaccountably, Mr. Thompson was called to see the direction of some of the distant-going moveables, before he gave the reply. I had asked one of the Hawaiians previously, what the oven contained. He had replied, a pig. But Mr. Thompson, on being asked if the dog were in this last oven, had hinted that it was. I therefore drew the inference that the object of particular curiosity had been dissected, contrary to usual custom, as I had no doubt but that the conspicuous, and well-baked, and very delicate looking animal in all his indismembered proportions before me, was, in truth, *a pig*.

I adjourned to the bower and took my position among the guests, everywhere reposing "otium *non* cum dignitate," on the leaf-matted floor of the bower.

Erelong the various articles of the lua were making their appearance on various dishes—dog—pig—several pigs—fish—various kinds of fish, and never better than at these islands—taro—sweet potatoes, et cetera, et cetera—and poe, as another characteristic dish of the natives, new and old, the first sweet, the second sour.

"And which is the dog?" was the general murmur of interest, as that specific gentleman, in all his proportions, which I had seen removed from the oven, was placed near Mr. Thompson in the neighbourhood of the King and the Commodore. That is the dog, said one; and that is the dog, asserted another; and I will take a piece of the dog,

said all in their turns. But are you sure that this is dog? I could not refrain from asking, always having been considered somewhat incredulous without having positive evidence for what I am to believe, if circumstantial evidence rather prevails against the thing affirmed.

"Let me try a piece, I can tell," said Mr. S., a gentleman near me—"Calo, here, will not eat it if it is dog," added Mr. S., as he pitched a small piece to his favourite pointer. But Calo was a gentleman's dog, and it was not his part to refuse aught that was set before him; and therefore Calo ate it without a murmur.

"Dog don't eat dog," they say, and incredulity, in our neighbourhood, seemed rather to prevail.

"Mr. T., will you take a piece of the dog?" asked Mr. Thompson—"I do assure you this is the dog," reaffirmed the amiable gentleman.

"Pass it, if you please, Mr. Thompson;" and Calo was treated to another small piece, perhaps from another dish, but apparently from the one from which I had previously been served.

The politeness of Calo did not fail him even the second time; and the conclusion now inevitably was, that either dog will eat dog, or else no dog graced the feast of the Pari. And it is equally true, that if the piece to which I was helped was dog, I did not distinguish it from the choice rib part of a pig, though in the passing amusement of the moment, I confess I did not particularly call into requisition my most particular powers of discrimination.

The officers were soon moving back on their return-way to town, in separate groups. The lua had passed off in great propriety, at least so far as I had seen, without the rude noise of boisterous toasts, which may be in taste with bacchanalian carousals, but not with the social and rural

repast of rational and colloquial beings. Who would not forget a toast now on record, in that *refined*—no, I will not speak ironically—in that scurrilous and disgraceful penny-sheet paper, the S. I. Gazette—as having been given on a similar occasion, but very differently conducted repast, in which there is neither wit, sentiment, nor sense, and a thing to be regretted in the remembrance, because it is destitute of all three of them.

This is a region of rainbows. On leaving this beautiful valley, the prismatic colours arranged themselves in an arch that spanned the valley, with its bases resting on either side of the ravine, and advanced with its beautiful colours to the very opening of the valley, and faded away as if bidding us adieu, as we left that green ravine for ever.

The native custom of cooking dogs is diminishing rapidly among the natives. It is desirable that it should, not particularly so because there need be any fastidiousness about eating this animal; elsewhere, and particularly in Canton, they are a regular article to be found in the markets. And one will in some measure, perhaps, have lost his own fastidiousness upon this subject by the time he has made a voyage around the world. But, the particular reason why the natives should dispense with the habit, is, the expense of raising the animal in comparison with others of greater value, when considered as an article of food. And then, again, they are greatly destructive, where their numbers are large, to the kid and the lamb, and poultry. The same care and expense laid out in some other species of production, would yield a greater profit, and contribute to the support of a larger population. A town, too, crowded with dogs, is always inconvenienced by the nuisance; and the bite of a rabid one is so terrible in its consequences, as to render the diminution of the number, in any given place,

desirable. It is in view of the principles of political economy, production, population, and consequent wealth, that many of *the customs and sports* of the natives are to be viewed; and if so viewed, the silent influence or the more positive and open action of the missionaries, in the changing of the native customs, would not only not be found fault with, but highly approbated.

I reached my pleasant home, rendered such by my kind hosts, a little after sunset, fatigued by the ride, but pleased with the excursion.

Salt Lake.

The salt lake, lying some four miles on the way to Ewa from Honolulu, is a natural curiosity, mentioned to the newly arrived as among the objects worthy of a visit and a ride for pleasure and exercise. So I found it; more than counterbalancing the inconvenience of wet boots, which one is sure of acquiring while crossing a field of water in the first part of this ride from town. The ride itself affords a variety in plain and occasional steep—flocks of goats—a deep hollow covered with high and crooked cocoa-nut trees—Madam Boki's plantation—to whom, as I was told, some fine patches of taro and plantain trees and other productions had belonged, as we were passing through them, although the worthy woman's funeral was celebrated but a short time previous to our arrival. But the object of interest is the lake, some three or two and a half miles in circumference, reposing in a low basin among the broken hills of a lava formation, and one edge of it is near the sea. As a body of water it possesses no interest; the edges around it are barren, and the broken hills that hem it in are without verdure, and the water is shallow. Indeed, it is but a large natural basin, in which,

by the power of the sun's rays, reflected with additional intensity by the surrounding hills, the salt water is evaporated, and a process of crystallization is continually going on. The lake is covered with a stratum of salt more or less thick, from a few inches around its edges to a foot and more, and I know not but two or three feet, as the depth of the concavity of the basin increases towards its centre. The stratum of salt is mostly overflowed by a few inches of water which was excessively bitter to the taste, and nearly of blood heat in temperature, judging from the sensation of touch, not having a thermometer with me. The article has been quarried, and considerable quantities taken from the bed—the excavations soon filling again in the continual formation that is going on. The material is deemed inexhaustible. As I stood upon the ridge of the hills that surround this curious basin, I judged its level to be lower than the adjacent sea, with which the water of the sea must have some communication, either by oozing through the soil on the side bordering on the shore, or else by some more distinct subterraneous channel. The only other supposition being that it is fed by salt springs. The most probable conclusion, however, is, that the region being volcanic, and the basin itself deemed with great probability to be an extinct crater, some subterranean fissure leads from it to the sea, thus forming an inlet from the sea by some opening in the lava-beds which in a former period poured in streams from this caldron. These fissures are known to exist in great numbers in the craters of the active volcanoes of the neighbouring island of Hawaii; and in digging a well at Honolulu, an instance is known of a crowbar passing out of the hand of the workman as it pierced the crust through which it perforated, and was lost, as it was heard to sink far down in a crevice

of the rock below. It is affirmed in the Hawaiian Spectator, in a mere allusion to this lake, that it has a communication with the sea by a hole at its centre. But as the same writer affirms, in the same passage, that the bottom of the lake is *above* the level of the sea, we conclude that his affirmation is mere conjecture, without positive examination, as it must be very obvious that such a communication, *if* the bottom of the lake were *above* the level of the sea, would soon, as forming an outlet, drain the lake, and leave it as dry as the arid lava-cliffs around it.

I secured some very choice specimens of the crystalline formation, continually in process here. The wide stratum covering the surface of these natural salt works, is intersected by seams, resembling appearances in a field of ice, resulting from the cracking of the main body; produced here probably by the streams of fresh water, running, during the rainy season, into the lake, and creating, by dissolution, these fissures in the riven stratum. In these seasons the crystals have space for shooting forth in perfect formations, and fine specimens can be collected by the hand, being easily detached, in small masses, from the more compact stratum.

On returning, we took a different route from the one that guided us to the lake; and while crossing the hills adjacent to this extensive and natural salt basin, we saw a dog bearing a young kid in his mouth, and moving with an apparent consciousness of his dereliction from all duty of obedience to the laws, while the penalty, his conscience seemed to tell him, would sorely be felt by him, if once caught.

We next struck upon a little thatched dwelling, surrounded, in an otherwise barren field, by immense clusters of the prickly pear, overtopping, in their luxuriant growth,

the head of horse and rider, as he came up to their huge and impenetrable clusters. And wo to him who shall attempt to pluck the curious fruit from the prickly plant, have he buckskins on or other gloves to save his palms. A native, however, was soon near us, but too late to preserve us from an experience that may serve us in the future, and plucked, by a little noose upon the end of a stick, some of the fruit for us, and, with the greatest care for the comfort of his own fingers, opened the outer rind and displayed the gorgeously beautiful and rich fruit within, having the colour of the deepest crimson melon, with the consistency and sparkling crystalline appearance of iced cream, to the eye and taste, though possessing the property of the watermelon without its liquid. We descended the hill and came upon a cluster of small houses, from which the natives poured in a group of some six or eight, and one of them more neatly clad in her white gown than the rest; and the cause of it was written as legibly in the thing she bore in her hand, as the same said book narrated on its leaves, stories *in the Hawaiian language*. How truly do letters, from the A, B, C of the alphabet, to their most perfect and learned combinations, produce a refinement upon the mind as it becomes familiar with their powers and meaning in composition. Here, as everywhere, in its different degrees, was seen the influence of the missionary abroad, as well as the schoolmaster at home. These people seemed to be on the plantation of Madam Boki, and were very kind, as they knocked down at once, for our accommodation, a passage-way, that had been tightly boarded up with nails, for our convenience in taking a nearer course across the flats and taro fields. Home, and a cup of tea at home to-night, was acceptable, after a wet and late ride.

It is now twenty years since the first missionary to the

Sandwich Islands sailed from the city of Boston. During this time the number of the missionaries has been increased, from time to time. The nation was found a people given to idolatry, superstition, and the general vices of savage life. Human victims, at times, were sacrificed; and the conquered foe in war sometimes formed a feast for the victors. Their language, barren in general terms but copious in nominals, had but a verbal existence. The contrast presented to us at this time, is a nation, who have adopted, as a whole people, the Christian religion. An idol, as a curiosity for a cabinet, can scarcely be found. Missionary families are located on all the islands. Common schools have been established throughout the districts on the different islands, under the care of native teachers, more or less competent; and station schools, at the different residences of the missionaries, from which the native teachers are principally supplied. Select schools and boarding schools for boys and girls; and a high school, college, or seminary, as it may be called, in its infancy, with a number of promising scholars, and with instructers of liberal education to take them on in the different branches of the sciences and arts, as their capacities, purposes, and the course of improvement in the elevation of the people in religion and civilization, shall demand and render practicable. The Hawaiian tongue has been reduced to a written language; the Bible translated into the native tongue; a native newspaper printed; elementary books, for the schools, prepared and published, including Children's Lessons, Children's Teacher, Hawaiian Grammar, Arithmetic, Lineal Drawing, Algebra, Trigonometry, Surveying, Hawaiian History, Scripture History and Geography, Church History, Hymns, Tracts, Music, Nautical Almanac, etc., etc.; the printing of which, with other works not

mentioned, principally in the Hawaiian language, amounted, during the last thirteen months only, to eleven millions four hundred and ninety-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-six pages.

Eighteen native churches have been organized on the different islands. School-houses and church-edifices, several of the latter large and stone buildings, have been erected.

And as the contemplated end of all these efforts has been the religious and eternal welfare of this people, it must cheer the heart of every true lover of his species, and thrill the bosom of the Christian, to learn the hopeful accomplishment of this end even beyond the expectation of the most sanguine, from the following additional facts.

During the last year *ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-five persons* of the native population of these islands have been added, by profession, to the communion of these Christian churches; and *sixteen thousand five hundred and eighty-seven*, from the commencement of the mission.

The language of the missionaries is this: "The past has been a year of unexampled prosperity to the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the islands. At the close of the last year, the work of the Holy Spirit was going on in a most glorious manner at nearly all the stations; and the work so commenced has, to the praise of Divine grace, advanced with steady progress. Persons of all ages have been subjects of the gracious visitations of the Spirit, from opening childhood to decrepit old age. The boarding school and Sabbath school scholar, together with many who had been neglected, have sought, and, it is hoped, found a Saviour—or rather, they have been found by him and gathered into his fold. That every one apparently renewed by grace will prove to have been born again, cannot be expected; but we may confidently hope that

great numbers of those who have this year professedly turned to the Lord, will be found in the last day to be truly his people."

I would willingly leave the reader of the foregoing sketches of the date since our arrival at the island of Oahu, to form his opinion of the merits and the success of the Sandwich Islands mission, from the impression he has gained in their perusal. I am sure it would not be too vivid; the light, however faintly as yet breaking over this but lately benighted people, has been reflected, in description, but dimly on these pages, in comparison with the divine beam that has been streaming among the deep shades that enveloped the Hawaiian people, when first contemplated by the eye of the coming missionary. And he alone can draw the contrast in its depth of shadow and welcome and relieving light. And while the nation has far yet to go in its course to reach the intelligence and refinement of a cultivated people, what nation like this, in the history of civilization and Christianity, ever made so rapid a step from savage life and heathen superstitions to the possession of civic and Christian institutions?

The story of our visit to the Sandwich Islands, however, would be incomplete were these notes in connection with it to be ended here. My private feelings in connection with some who may be pained by the public exposure of transactions which will reflect no honour on some of the foreign residents, and particularly those in authority from the English and French governments, would lead me to pass over in silence the account of the late visit of the French frigate l'Artemise, and transactions connected with it, and the associate action, equally discreditable to the persons concerned, previously to her arrival. But personal feelings are to be sacrificed to the cause of truth,

while the high-handed and vicious measures which are now to be noticed, merit, and shall receive, rebuke.

We had heard much in connection with the action of the American missionaries to these islands before our arrival at Honolulu, and were assured that we should hear a great deal more on our arrival; that there had always been a party here opposed to the influence exerted by the American missionaries upon the native population, and that this party was ever ready to repeat stories, and re-affirm them, to the discredit of the mission. But the testimony of all disinterested persons, and the inquiries of all our national ships when touching here, after proper and considerate examination of the state of things as they really exist, and have been conducted, gave unqualified testimony to the happy influence of the mission upon the natives, and acquitted the missionaries *of all just cause of censure.* We were prepared, therefore, to hear much defamation from one quarter, and expected to witness from our own inspection the happy influences of Christian efforts upon a population but lately a savage and heathen people. And by making due allowance for the imperfection of all human institutions, and the slow progress of all barbarous nations from their savage state to civil life, as delineated in all history of the past, we believed we should find evidence of even a remarkable and almost unhoped-for success in the action of the mission.

But we were not prepared to hear, that, by misrepresentations of religious hate and self-interest in contraband merchandise, that a French frigate had been secured to visit this port, to redress falsely affirmed insults, and to secure to a French consulate advantages in a nefarious trade. And when the course pursued by the captain of the French frigate, *under the ex parte representations of the French*

consul, towards this helpless people; and yet more particularly towards an intelligent, devoted, and most worthy band of Christian and *American* missionaries, was learned, an indignant burst of honourable displeasure expressed itself in the feelings and from the lips of most of the officers of the American squadron.

This French ship *l'Artemise*, as she is called, arrived off the harbour of Honolulu, Thursday, July 9, 1839, about two months previous to our arrival, and her captain addressed the following manifesto (embracing, as will be shown, affirmations contrary to facts in several particulars, and where coincident with facts, in most particulars justifiable on the part of the Sandwich Islands government) to the king of these islands, on the same day of his anchoring.

MANIFESTO,

Addressed to the King of the Sandwich Islands, by Capt. La Place, commanding the French frigate l'Artemise, in the name of his Government.

"His Majesty, the king of the French, having commanded me to come to Honolulu in order to put an end, either by force or persuasion, to the ill treatment to which the French have been victims at the Sandwich Islands, I hasten, first, to employ this last means as the most conformable to the political, noble and liberal system pursued by France against the powerless, hoping thereby that I shall make the principal chiefs of these islands understand how fatal the conduct which they pursue towards her will be to their interests, and perhaps cause disasters to them and to their country, should they be obstinate in their perseverance. Misled by perfidious counsellors; deceived by the excessive indulgence which the French government has extended towards them for several years, they are undoubt-

edly ignorant how potent it is, and that in the world there is not a power which is capable of preventing it from punishing its enemies; otherwise they would have endeavoured to merit its favour, or, not to incur its displeasure, as they have done in ill-treating the French. They would have faithfully put into execution the treaties, in place of violating them as soon as the fear disappeared, as well as the ships of war which had caused it, whereby bad intentions had been constrained. In fine, they will comprehend that to persecute the Catholic religion, to tarnish it with the name of idolatry, and to expel, under this absurd pretext, the French from this archipelago, was to offer an insult to France and to its sovereign.

"It is, without doubt, the formal intention of France that the king of the Sandwich Islands be powerful, independent of every foreign power which he considers his ally; but she also demands that he conform to the usages of civilized nations. Now, amongst the latter there is not even one which does not permit in its territory the free toleration of all religions; and yet, at the Sandwich Islands, the French are not allowed publicly the exercise of theirs, while Protestants enjoy therein the most extensive privileges; for these all favours, for those the most cruel persecutions. Such a state of affairs being contrary to the laws of nations, insulting to those of Catholics, can no longer continue, and I am sent to put an end to it. Consequently I demand in the name of my government,

"1st. That the Catholic worship be declared free throughout all the dominions subject to the king of the Sandwich Islands; that the members of this religious faith shall enjoy in them all the privileges granted to Protestants.

"2d. That a site for a Catholic church be given by the government at Honolulu, a port frequented by the French,

and that this church be ministered by priests of their nation.

"3d. That all Catholics imprisoned on account of religion since the last persecution extended to the French missionaries, be immediately set at liberty.

"4th. That the king of the Sandwich Islands deposit in the hands of the Captain of the l'Artemise the sum of twenty thousand dollars, as a guarantee of his future conduct towards France, which sum the government will restore to him when it shall consider that the accompanying treaty will be faithfully complied with.

"5th. That the treaty signed by the king of the Sandwich Islands, as well as the sum above mentioned, be conveyed on board the frigate l'Artemise by one of the principal chiefs of the country; and also that the batteries of Honolulu do salute the French flag with twenty-one guns, which will be returned by the frigate.

"These are the equitable conditions, at the price of which, the king of the Sandwich Islands shall conserve friendship with France. I am induced to hope, that, understanding better how necessary it is for the prosperity of his people and the preservation of his power, he will remain in peace with the whole world, and hasten to subscribe to them, and thus imitate the laudable example which the queen of Tahiti has given in permitting the free toleration of the Catholic religion in her dominions; but, if contrary to my expectations, it should be otherwise, and the king and the principal chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, led on by bad counsellors, refuse to sign the treaty which I present, war will immediately commence, and all the devastations, all the calamities, which may be the unhappy but necessary results, will be imputed to themselves alone, and they must also pay the losses which the aggrieved

foreigners, in these circumstances, shall have a right to reclaim.

"The 10th July, (9th according to date here,) 1839. Captain of the French frigate l'Artemise.

"C. La Place."

At the same time, communications were sent to the American and to the British consul. The following is a translation of the note to the British consul:

Official letter from Captain La Place of the French Frigate to the British Consul.

TRANSLATION.

"Monsieur le Consul,—

"Having been sent by my government to put an end to the ill treatment to which, under the false pretexts of Catholicity, the French have been subjected for several years in this archipelago, my intention is to commence hostilities the 13th July, (which is the twelfth of your date,) at 12 A. M., against the king of the Sandwich Islands, should he refuse to accede immediately to the just conditions of the treaty presented by me, the clauses of which I explain in the Manifesto of which I have the honour of sending you a copy. Should this chief, contrary to my expectation, persist in his blindness, or to express myself more plainly, to follow the advice of interested counsellors to deceive himself, I will be constrained, in this case, to employ the strong means of force, which I have at my disposition. I consider it my duty to inform you, Monsieur le Consul, that I offer asylum and protection on board the frigate l'Artemise to those of your compatriots who may apprehend danger, under these circumstances, on the part of the natives, either for their persons or property.

"Receive, Monsieur le Consul, the assurance of the very distinguished considerations of your devoted servant.

"Post-captain commanding the ship l'Artemise.

"C. LA PLACE."

Here, had Captain La Place paused, however the Americans might have called in question his courtesy, they would not legitimately have complained. But it was not so. He sent a letter similar to the last to the *American* Consul, offering him and some of his fellow citizens protection, with the following additional clause, excluding others from the offer, *and marking them out as the objects* on which his vengeance and arms were to fall in the event of an attack upon the town.

"I do not, however, include in this class the individuals who, although born, it is said, in the United States, make a part of the Protestant clergy of the chief of this archipelago, direct his counsels, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults given by him to France. FOR ME THEY COMPOSE A PART OF THE NATIVE POPULATION, AND MUST UNDERGO THE UNHAPPY CONSEQUENCES OF A WAR WHICH THEY SHALL HAVE BROUGHT ON THIS COUNTRY."

What is the exhibition of things presented to us here? An armed French ship anchoring within cannon-shot distance of the town of Honolulu, with every means of communicating with a helpless and harmless government, but, without asking for any explanation, presenting ex parte accusations, and making peremptory demands of the surrender of the sovereign's prerogative, the cession of lands, and the deposit of twenty thousand dollars as security for the future obsequious obedience of his Hawaiian majesty, Kammahamaha III., to the king of the French people!

Nor is this all—nor is it *one half*. Along those streets of Honolulu, and in full view and reach of the shotted guns of a French ship of war, are a number of interesting families, who, for their intelligence, urbanity, and generous self-devotion to the cause of philanthropy and the Christian religion, would do honour to any Christian and civilized nation, as they have abundantly honoured, as *American citizens*, the people of the United States: now denounced, expatriated, proscribed, and pointed out by a French post-captain, as the *specific mark*, in case of hostilities, for the "devastations," "calamities," insults and horrors, threatened by cannonading, and by the landing of a lawless crew from a French man-of-war. *Vive le roi! Vive la belle nation! Vive la France chevaleresque!* Here were *women* and *children* of inoffensive families, comprising the greater part of the female population of the foreign residents, to whom it was the part of a gallant and brave officer to have hastened to offer *his protection*, rather than to commit them to the merciless fortunes of war not only, but, by a written manifesto, to mark them out as the particular objects of displeasure, who are to await the massacre and rapine of an attack which, it is said, the French commander affirmed should be carried "to the knife."

But, it was *American citizens* who were thus denounced, expatriated, proscribed and threatened. Here, then, the French commander and his consulate adviser have trod on ground that will burn them before they are over it. And what American citizen, looking upon such an insult to the broad seal affixed to the protections of his fellow-citizens abroad, does not rise indignant, and demand that a proper investigation and reparation be made for an indignity done to the citizenship of his nation? And who, without a blush, can read the insulting paragraph, ad-

dressed to the American consul by Captain La Place, offering him and some of his "compatriots" a protection which was withheld from others of his fellow-citizens? The insulting note should have been hurled back with the proud declaration, that he accepted not, and needed not, any protection which was withheld from other American citizens; and that neither they nor himself wished for any other shield than they would find beneath the known folds of their own nation's flag.

It requires that persons should be placed in similar circumstances of the American missionaries, rightly to estimate their feelings, when suddenly appears in the harbour a foreign man-of-war, threatening war to the nation, and offering protection to all *other* foreign residents excepting themselves; and *not only so*, but particularly pointing them out as criminally associated with the government, and the legitimate authors of the insults which the foreign ship came to redress; and declaring that THEY *would be to the invading force as a part of the native population.* They feared nothing from the native populace—it was the bayonets, and the rapine and insult of a French crew, with themselves already pointed out as the game to be hunted down, from which they wished protection. And in the hour of their distress, they gathered with their families—wives and children—to the rooms of the repository; and with fasting and prayer asked the protection of heaven for themselves, and the helpless mother and her offspring. Agitated and distressed, away from the strong arm of the nation whose protection, although they bore the scroll of their citizenship with them, they could not now seek—proscribed *in a written document*, and pointed out as the particular objects of vengeance—they offered up their devotion and reassured themselves in the protection of their God. Behold them,

citizens of the United States! Has it come to this, that the sealed protection of your country avails you nothing? Behold the gathered band, who have left far behind them privileges, and friends and refinement, for a life of benevolent action among a benighted people, who have learned to appreciate their action, but are a small nation, with their inexperience and lively imaginations depicting to themselves the terrors that may soon await them. The mother looks upon her offspring with the trembling heart of female dependence, and sheds her tears over them as she thinks of the possibility of being left to the mercies of an attacking enemy, that has *declared* them to be his foes. See it, American citizens! your fellow compatriots not only, but women and children of families, than whom, in the connections of some of them, America boasts not prouder in antiquity and influence, marked out as objects of insult and massacre for a French crew. Is this to be endured—this to be passed over? No! there is not one of you, in whose bosom the pure blood of American freemen courses untainted in sentiment and alliance with a foreign and popish hierarch, but will kindle at the insult, and ask due reparation for such measures in high disregard of the rights of American citizenship. Let a few examples like this pass unnoticed, and your government parchment and your national bunting shall both become, the one a useless scroll save only to mortify and to disgrace, the other a floating emblem on the breeze, for the taunt rather than for the respect and considerate deference of other nations.

The visit of the French frigate l'Artemise. to the Sandwich Islands was an incident of deep interest, in its bearing on the rights of *American* missionaries abroad; and it merits, in connection with the action of Captain La

Place, and the principles and affirmations embraced in his manifesto, an extended consideration. I have therefore treated at length the high-handed measures enacted at the Islands, which, at least, involve in disgrace the French consul, if it touches not the honour of the post-captain. But it will be impossible to condense my manuscript so as to introduce it into these volumes. I shall therefore reserve it for a volume by itself, to follow as a sequel to the Flag Ship. It will contain various official papers of the island government, correspondence of Commodore Read, the American consul, and others, and an exposure of the facts in the case—all going to show the false positions assumed in the manifesto, the unjustifiable measures of the French, and a defence of the missionaries, and an assertion of their rights, which will, or which should, exhibit these late transactions to the disgrace of the opposers of the missionary action at the islands, and show that, instead of exposure to the force of a foreign power, to defamation, and to insult, the missionaries merit the protection of their own government, and the approbation and the admiration of all the good, and of a world.

"For me," says the post-captain, the missionaries "compose a part of the native population." "FOR ME!" Here is proscription, with a vengeance! A French post-captain taking upon himself to identify *American citizens abroad* with the nation towards which he threatens immediate hostilities; and declaring that they are the particular persons who have brought disaster on the people, and shall be given up to the common ravages of a hostile attack. "*For me, they compose a part of the native population!*" Let it be known, to the honour of American female character, at home and abroad, that when hostilities had ceased, and the French commander had signified

that he would pay his compliments to the ladies of the mission, if invited, they deemed it beneath the propriety of an American matron to open their society to an officer who had used the language contained in the letter to the American consul. Franklin said to an English officer, boasting, at the commencement of the revolution, that, with a thousand men he would march from Massachusetts Bay to Georgia, "*The women of America* would whip you with *their broomsticks.*" The daughters are not unworthy of their mothers.

But I shall pass from this subject, so far as these volumes are concerned, by simply introducing a document signed by the ward-room officers of our squadron, expressing their sentiments towards the American missionaries, their unlimited confidence in their sincerity, and their admiration of their success. They felt a becoming displeasure towards the parties concerned in furthering the measures of the French consul, and of their own accord gave the missionaries the accompanying paper. It was to head a pamphlet containing other documents, which, together, exhibit in their true light the action of the French at the islands, the severe and cruel necessity of submission to which the native government was reduced, the entire innocency of the missionaries to the charges brought against them in the manifesto, and the hate and inveteracy of a miserable clique, who have long been the persecutors of these worthy and devoted men and women, whose praise is written in their self-sacrificing, benevolent, and successful action.

"We, the undersigned, officers of the United States East India squadron, having, upon our arrival at this place, heard various rumours in relation and derogatory to the American mission at these islands, feel it to be due, not

only to the missionaries themselves, but to the cause of truth and justice, that the most unqualified testimony should be given in the case; and do, therefore, order one thousand copies of the annexed article and correspondence to be printed for gratuitous distribution, as being the most effectual mode of settling this agitated question in the minds of an intelligent and liberal public.

"Being most decidedly of opinion that the persons composing the Protestant mission of these islands are American citizens, and, as such, entitled to the protection which our government has never withheld; and with unwavering confidence in the justice which has ever characterized it, we rest assured that any insult offered to this unoffending class will be promptly redressed.

"It is readily admitted that there may be in the operation of this, as in all other systems in which feeble man has any agency, some objectionable peculiarities; still, as a system, it is deemed comparatively unexceptionable, and believed to have been pursued in strict accordance with the professed principles of the society which it represents; and it would seem that the salutary influence exerted by the mission on the native population, ought to commend it to the confidence and kind feelings of all interested in the dissemination of good principles.

GEORGE A. MAGRUDER, Lieutenant.
ANDREW H. FOOT, Lieutenant.
JOHN W. TURK, Lieutenant.
THOMAS TURNER, Lieutenant.
JAMES S. PALMER, Lieutenant.
EDWARD R. THOMPSON, Lieutenant.
AUGUSTUS H. KELTY, Lieutenant.
GEORGE B. MINOR, Lieutenant.
JOHN HASLETT, Surgeon of the Fleet.

JOHN A. LOCKWOOD, Surgeon.
DANGERFIELD FAUNTLEROY, Purser.
FITCH W. TAYLOR, Chaplain.
ROBERT P. PEGRAM, Master.
JOSEPH BEALE, Assistant Surgeon.
J. HENSHAW BELCHER, Prof. of Mathematics.
ALEXANDER G. PENDLETON, Prof. of Math.

Honolulu, Oahu, November 1st, 1839.

The order that all officers should be on board Saturday evening, the second of November, thirty days after our reaching Honolulu Roads, gave all the assurance that our ships were again to move on their way to our next stopping-place; and that in a few hours more we were to leave the island where we had paused for health, for friendly intercourse, and reciprocated civilities. I had taken leave of a number of friends during the day, and notes of farewell went to others, who will very long be remembered in the many and agreeable associations connected with Honolulu. On Monday morning early, the John Adams was standing out from the inner harbour, with our own ship leading the way from the outer roads, to sea. A few hours more, and the island of Oahu was lost in the distance.

We are assured the visit of the East India squadron will not soon be forgotten at Honolulu, nor throughout the Sandwich Islands; and are happy in the declaration of the missionaries, in a kind farewell note sent to the Commodore, that the ships will bear with them more than the kind wishes of those we are leaving, while they shall be sailing on their course as the receding but remembered objects of their prayers.

SECTION IX.

Society Islands.

Island of Tahiti. Papeéte Bay. Queen Pomare. Captain Cook. Point Venus. Ride to Mattavia Bay. Tea at Mr. Pritchard's. Sunday ashore. Two Sundays come together. Address the Natives, and the Chiefs respond. The Frigate l'Artemise at the Society Islands. Letter from the English Consul to the Author. Coral Forest. Ships leave the Society Islands.

After a passage of thirty-one days, we reached the harbour of Papeéte, island of Tahiti, without incident of sufficient interest for record, save the crossing, for the third time, the equator. It was a fair night, November the twenty-seventh, and in longitude 141° W. We had been previously beating to the windward, to make our easting, and experienced much rainy weather. But this was all now left behind us, as our ship was standing south with a fine breeze and clear sky, and the band giving forth its mellow strains as the beautiful Columbia was waltzing, in grace and symmetry, across the line. Still getting easting, in a few days we made one of the Marquesan islands, and thence took our departure southwesterly for Tahiti. The last three days was a fine run, and the "Queen of the Pacific," as this green isle of the ocean has been called, rose to our view, when we were still leagues at sea. We approached it from the northeast, passing Point Venus; and gaining a pilot at the report of our gun off the Bay of Papeéte, stood in through the narrow and fearful pass, for a frigate, to the coral in-hemmed basin, on whose still bosom the Columbia is now peacefully lying.

The ship having passed through the narrow break in the reef, which forms the pass to the harbour, now rests at her anchor near in to the shore, in deep water, with numbers of coral islets rising in different parts of the basin so as to appear on the surface at low water; while the outer reef, with the exception of the narrow break, sweeps its circular wall of protection, over which the foam breaks in its beautiful line of white, like a bead of nature's fillagree work, inlaying its narrow silver line either way, on the blue field of the deep.

The present queen, Pomare, sovereign of the Society Islands, is residing some twenty or thirty miles from Papeéte. The late visit of the French frigate l'Artemise has made her alarmed at the approach of men of war, and it is said that those in authority of our own nation—the present and the ex-consul—have used language to her majesty that has made her apprehend danger from the visit of our squadron. But whatever may have been the representations of these functionaries to the department at home, the United States government have not thought it fit to specify any grievances to be redressed by the arm of power. The particular and the only object that called our squadron to these islands, was, besides the showing of a naval force in these seas, to inquire into the assault made upon the persons of the late American consul and his wife, with the intent to murder, and of robbery, by ruffians, who were to be dealt with as the circumstances of the case in evidence should require.

The name of the lamented and gifted Cook will always be associated with the islands of these seas, and most particularly with the Sandwich and the Society Islands, the first as being their discoverer, and the spot where his life was so abruptly terminated; and the Society Islands, as

the point of his visits and scientific observations. It was at Point Venus, seven miles from our anchorage, where Captain Cook fixed his tent on shore for the purpose of making his observations on the transit of Venus in 1769. The point derives its name from this circumstance. A beautiful ride and the residence of a missionary family at the spot, with its many associations of interest, induced me to accept the proffer of a horse from the English consul and the company of Mr. Johnson for a visit to this point. The road is an embowered way nearly its length, save where it leads directly along the beach in view of the tumbling surf, which curls its lip along every indentation of the several bays, and gives forth a voice of thunder as it rolls upon the beach. This magnificent display of the high surf where it comes in from the sea uninterrupted by the reefs, and first breaks upon the beach, is of itself a grand phenomenon that can never cease to interest the eye and the ear, for its mingled beauty and grandeur.

The bread-fruit tree was everywhere abundant on our way, and the yellow limes lay thick beneath many a luxuriant tree, like the apples of the north that have strewed the orchard where they have ripened with the later days of summer and the earliest sear of autumn. The green orange trees were clustered with bunches of the magnificent fruit in endless quantities; and the guavas, in their wild and rapid spread, are taking possession of the island; all presenting a supply of food for these islands, with their native cocoa-nut, that will always keep them an indolent people. They have but to raise their hands and pick their food from the trees that wave above their heads, and live and be happy, so long as life has no further charm to them than eating and drinking and sleeping, and sleeping again and waking and eating and drinking.

Point Venus forms one horn of Mattavai bay, into which many vessels enter instead of Papeéte bay, where our ship is anchored. The U. S. exploring squadron were anchored there but a few months since, on their first reaching the island, and Commodore Wilks (for so the young commander is styled, and with a pennant at his main is rightly so addressed) pitched his tent for observation on the same spot where Cook seventy years ago raised his. And here lay the Bounty, whose story is one of romance, and originating the poem of the "Island," from Byron's pen. The visit of the exploring squadron to this island is spoken favourably of by the missionary families. Commodore Wilks, Captain Hudson and officers inspected the schools, and presents were distributed to the children and native teachers. The ships, after spending a short time at Mattavai bay, anchored where our own ships are moored, as the more convenient and safe harbour.

We dined with the Rev. Mr. Wilson and family.

Our ride back from Point Venus, was alike pleasant along the embowered road of the ever resounding beach, passing the mausoleum of the ruling family, containing the bodies of the Pomares; and amused at times by witnessing the young Tahitians, whose element is the water, diving beneath the surf as it rolled its immense swell above their heads, and broke in foam and thunder on the shore.

I took tea with the Rev. Mr. Pritchard, who has the appointment of British consul at these islands, and has been long situated at Tahiti. Mrs. P. and Mrs. Joseph, the wife of the lately arrived missionary who is to occupy the field at this place, are the only two European ladies resident at Papeéte whom I have met. There is no society here; and but little of interest, save the luxuriant display of nature in the vegetable productions of the island. And these are not

numerous, so far as the trees of the plain are concerned. The bread-fruit tree, the guava, lime, orange and banana, and a Chilian plum, a magnificent tree with the grandeur of a forest mammoth, are nearly all the variety that meets the eye. These are all the natives need, with the assistance of the taro and an indifferent sweet potato and a mountain plantain. These trees bearing the year around, serve to yield the necessaries of life to the indolent populaiton.

The natives are of a fairer complexion than the Sandwhich Islanders, and some of them have interest of expression in their features. But they have generally (the women) the high cheek bone and the flat nose and moon face of the American Indian.

On Saturday the 13th I went ashore, to attend the religious services in the native church, and also, at a later hour, at the seamen's chapel. It was the Sabbath at the islands, their time differing from ours by one day, in consequence of the missionaries not changing their reckoning, as they should have done, on crossing the meridian of 180°, having made their passage to these islands by the way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Indies, like ourselves.

The usual services on board the Columbia, the succeeding day, exhibited this dissonance more strikingly than it would otherwise have struck us. On their Sunday, the succeeding day, I addressed the natives, through the Rev. Mr. Pritchard, as interpreter. When I had finished my talk a chief arose in his place and begged Mr. P. to interpret his reply. My address, he said, he would wish me to know was entirely understood, although I had spoken in English, as it had been interpreted, sentence by sentence. One illustration only (which was afterwards explained) he had not

fully comprehended. He had come down to the church this morning not with the expectation of hearing this speech, but he was glad that it had so happened. They were glad to learn, as they had now been told, that the religion which they had embraced was the same as that of the English and the American people, and which the American missionaries had borne to the Sandwich Islands, as the English missionaries did to Tahiti. He knew not, the chief continued, how it was with the rest, or rather he could not answer for them in connection with one part of my speech, where I urged them to "hold on to the religion they professed;" but for one he would say that it was his determination to do so. He believed in the sincerity of our friendly visit, so different from some they had lately received.

The manner of this chief was very easy, and his appearance, dressed in European style, was not different from that of a Spaniard or Portuguese in his summer dress of thin white.

Another chief rose, with assurances that all feelings of kindness for their religious welfare were receiprocated to the stranger, and that their prayers would be given for me. Indeed they prayed for all *clergymen*, he said, that they may be prospered in their labours, except Romish priests—they could not pray that *their* labours might be prospered. This was said with great gravity, in connection with the action of the Catholic priests and the French man-of-war at these islands. No particular reference had been made to Romanism in the address that had been delivered by myself.

Others spoke; and the scene was entirely unique and unexpected, not only to myself, but I believe to Mr. P. also, as he seemed to have been taken by surprise. But

the greater interest was added to the meeting from this spontaneous burst of feeling from the chiefs, in which the other natives of the congregation sympathized, to the occasional audible expression of their interest, as the speaking proceeded, in their rejoinders.

It is not within my purpose to extend my descriptions in connection with the Society Islands, or reflections upon measures lately pursued here. The islanders have been forced, as at the Sandwich Islands, into a treaty with the French, in connection with the Roman Catholic religion, which was made in view of threatened war and conflagration, giving the natives no alternative but to accept the conditions proposed. There is one particular, however, that must strike the *American*. No public exception was made, so far as I know, to the action of the *English* missionaries here, notwithstanding it is known, and not pretended to be concealed, that the *English* missionaries have advised the native government, and accepted judicial appointments under it. Why is this? Did France feel that it was a more delicate subject for her to meddle with Englishmen than with Americans; and when, too, there was positive and acknowledged proof in the action of the English, and none, either acknowledged or in fact existing, in the case of the American missionaries? The course of the two missions, in their policy, has been different—the American missionaries carefully abstaining from interfering with the acts of the native government, according to their orders from the Board at home—and the English missionaries, on the contrary, making it a point openly to use their influence with the powers that are. We leave the American citizen and the American government to draw their conclusions on this subject, and content ourselves by quoting the following communication of H. B. M. Consul at

this place, Mr. Pritchard, already several times mentioned, and well known for his long residence at Tahiti, and for energetic action in his Christian efforts in behalf of these people.

"Tahiti, December 20, 1839.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—

"I hereby send you a copy of the letter sent by Du Petit Thours, Commodore of the French frigate Venus, to Pomare, Queen of Tahiti. Also a copy of the treaty formed between A. Du Petit Thours, on the part of the French government and Queen Pomare. The requisitions contained in the letter were fulfilled. As the natives were not able to raise the money demanded, a few of us foreigners united, and paid the sum of $2000.

"At the time the treaty was formed a public meeting was held in the large church. At this meeting the native authorities stated that they were willing to receive Frenchmen, and to treat them well; but suppose French priests should come—were they, the authorities, obliged to allow them to teach the Roman Catholic religion? The Commodore, A. Du Petit Thours, replied, No; if they did not wish the Roman Catholic religion to be taught in Queen Pomare's dominions, they might enact a law to that effect. Some little time after, when the Legislature met, they enacted a law, prohibiting all except the Protestant religion being taught in Queen Pomare's dominions.

"In a few months after this, the Artemise, Captain La Place, came. I was from home at this time, but since my return I have been informed that the frigate struck upon a rock on the north side of Tahiti, when, had it not been for the timely assistance of the natives, the vessel would have been lost. She was thoroughly repaired at Tahiti.

The Frenchmen were allowed to cut down timber wherever they pleased, by paying the owner of the land a certain sum for each tree. About four hundred natives were employed for some weeks, pumping, who received *twenty-five cents for twenty-four hours' labour.*

"After the Artimese had been repaired, and was all ready for sea, the Frenchmen put themselves in a most hostile position. The first thing demanded was, that the law in reference to the Roman Catholic religion be abrogated. If the Tahitian government would not agree to this, two hundred and fifty men, armed, were to be landed, who would first set fire to the Protestant church, then the queen's house, afterwards the houses of the chiefs and common people, and thus destroy the town. The poor Tahitians were frightened into a compliance. The law was abrogated. They then insisted upon having a Roman Catholic chapel built at this station, professedly for the benefit of French seamen calling at this port. This demand was accompanied with the same threats. At length it was agreed that they should have a chapel, but that service should be performed in the French language only. This being settled, they then insisted upon having a Roman Catholic chapel at every station wherever there was a Protestant one, and the service performed in the Tahitian language. Their threats were such as led the natives to believe that there was no alternative; that they must agree to all demands made by Captain La Place, or commence hostilities with a powerful nation, against which they are not able to stand. Thus the French obtained all they desired, and went away exulting in what they had accomplished among the poor helpless natives.

"We are now daily expecting Roman Catholic priests to enter in among us and sow the seeds of discord in this

field of missionary labour, which probably may terminate in a civil war.

"I cannot now enlarge. Wishing you the best of blessings.

"I remain, very affectionately yours,

"G. PRITCHARD."

To the Rev. Fitch W. Taylor, Chaplain U. S. Frigate Columbia.

CORAL FORESTS.

I know not that Mrs. Stickney, in her Poetry of Nature, or Mr. Montgomery, in his descriptions of things which are poetical, has made mention of the coral forests of the sea. There is not in nature a grouping of forms and blending of colours more beautiful and gorgeous than is presented in the fantastic variety of a coral field in the deep. These islands of the Pacific are hemmed around by one line of coral reef, broken here and there so as to form inlets into the quiet basins, which constitute the harbours of the islands.

The sheet of water on which we are moored being perfectly calm, I jumped into a canoe paddled by a single native, and told him to shoot the fragile thing towards the outer reef, over which the breakers were tumbling so as to leave their beautiful line of white, ever seen, dividing the waters of the blue deep without from the deep waters of the basin within. We came to the shoaling water of one of the coral islets, whose submarine formation had neared the surface of the basin. It was a beautiful sight as I looked down to the submerged forests below, over which the canoe rested without rippling the surface of the still water, through which the eye gazed to the coral groves below. And you might fancy them whatever you chose—forests, grottoes—castle halls, with red rooms and green rooms—and all a gorgeous scene of beautiful

grouping and colouring. Here were fields of branching ferns in all their beautiful regularity of frond—and here, the matted folia of more irregular shrub—and here, the mushroom, with its radia converging to their common centre, and bounded at their diverging extreme by a common curved line, and laying their oval and circular forms among the shrub, or vine, or stem, or leaf, wherever there seemed a vacancy, like a rose in the filling up of a piece of carved fret-work, in ornamental architecture. And here again branched off, in heavier proportions, the resemblances of the cactus or prickly pear; and then, still higher, rise the antlers of leafless but spotless alabaster boughs of a wider forest, overtopping the ferns and lower shrubbery. And then, the colours and the grouping! Here was the delicate pink, that seemed to blush at its own consciousness of loveliness; and there the fringed group of purple; and again a deep hall of azure; and the cactus arrayed in green, with its edges lightening to the brilliant fringe of gold. Beautiful residences and forest-rambles for the Peri of the deep! My Tahitian, without remorse of conscience, committed sacrilege upon these golden, and azure, and sapphire halls, as he invaded the submarine forests and replenished the canoe with specimens of the different coloured sea gems for my pleasure.

We glided over to the Queen's Island, the little islet studding the coral flat; and securing from its solitary resident a variety of curious shells, were again returning to the shore before the bay became sufficiently disturbed to roll its mimic billows over the side of the canoe.

The wind being fair on the 19th of December, and deemed sufficiently fresh to take the ships from the harbour through the narrow opening in the reef, to sea, a signal to the Adams was made for her to get under way—the pilot

being on board of her, and directed to return for the frigate after the Adams had been taken through the reef. The beautiful corvette let fall her sails and was away, fearlessly standing out through the pass, with the breakers foaming on either bow, and apparently nearly tumbling into her fore-chains, so closely do the ships stand to the edge of the abruptly broken reef, whose extreme points nearly meeting leave their position distinctly marked by the cessation of the white line of the breakers, which loses itself in the deep water of the narrow pass. The topsails of the Adams were soon aback, awaiting for our own movements; but before the pilot was aboard the wind had fallen again, and as our sails, which had been loosened, were furled, the Adams filled away and stood to sea for the night. The next morning a sail was seen in the distance, and erelong the full outline of our consort was made out, as she stood on and off until another day passed; and the wind still failing to offer an opportunity for our getting to sea, the Adams again sought her safety from a coral-bound shore for the night in the far offing.

The day had been mild, and hardly a handful of wind had been poured over the unrippled bay on which we were lying; and all expectation of putting to sea during the afternoon had again ceased. But the still day had been favourable for Pomare, the queen, to make her passage along within the reef, from the direction of Point Venus, where it was supposed she might have spent the preceding night; and at four o'clock a line of whale-boats were seen standing from that direction, and soon passed near the stern of the Columbia. They bore her majesty, with her train.

The experience we had already had for the last two days, showed the possibility of a longer detention than was desired, and the propriety of securing the first wind that

should offer for getting to sea. The Commodore, therefore, made a call upon her majesty, the same afternoon of her arrival, and repeated, in person, the substance of communications which had been left for her.

The next morning a breeze from the land, before the sun had looked over the hills of Tahiti, called forth the summons of "all hands to get under way;" and in safety, and with a welcome that spoke still stronger than ever of our nearing our yet distant home, we were again at sea. A few hours more of light and of sailing from this Island-Queen of the South Seas, and the Adams had come down to us. Together we are now standing on our course to the west coast of South America.

SECTION X.

South America.

VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO.

Land Ho! South American coast. The sick at sea. Harbour of Valparaiso. Letters from home. Dine with the American Consul. Christening of his babe. Meet Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey and others. Preach at the private chapel, where the Protestants worship. An analogy. Santiago. Great altar in the cathedral. The Senora Carmen Bargas de Alexandri. Tertulia. Mass at the cathedral. Calls on different persons at Santiago. The President, Joaquin Priéto. American Charge d'Affaires. Return to Valparaiso. Dine with Admiral Ross. Farewell leave of the American families. Getting under way, and away.

"Land Ho!" was cried from the top yesterday, January 21, 1840, and we are to-day standing along the coast of South America, having made our run from the Society Islands in the unusually short passage of twenty-nine days from land to land. We only wait a breeze to put us into the harbour of Valparaiso, being a few miles south of the city. The outline of the coast lies distinctly before us, high land elevating itself in the interior, but less abrupt in its distant appearance than the islands among which we had been sailing in the Pacific. And this is the long expected west coast of South America. And how many, how full, how thrilling are the more than ten thousand associations which rush to the mind! How one re-lives over the first days of his existence, as he gazes for the first time on lands and on seas, about which he has read but before has never seen! He calls back all the feelings of romance and adventurous longing with which he read, in his young

days, the stories of travel, heroism, chivalry, war, bloodshed, tyranny, benevolence, adventurers singly and in armies, the establishment and the overthrow of empires. It makes one's life more than a double one. Pizarro, Montezuma, mines of silver and gold and other ores, and Indian toils, and Mexican and Peruvian wealth, are all words which have originated ideas in our young days, and served in their future combinations of the mind, in its imaginings and analyses, to form the thinking and feeling being that constitutes one's particular self.

One of the sick men I visited this morning I found yet more unwell. I had marked him often on the upper-deck, and was always struck by the soft and subdued tone of his voice. He was in the sick-bay this morning, and I supposed he was improving. "How are you, Mathews?" I asked kindly, as I had often before spoken to him. "Your cot being moved, I supposed you had gone to take a walk."

"I am very unwell, sir," he replied, in a plaintive tone, as he placed his hand upon his side, indicating the point of his pain. "I cannot move, sir. I wish God would be pleased to take me out of this world, sir; but I have been so sinful." And here the young sailor put the back of his hand to his face, to wipe away the tears that flowed successively down his cheek.

I could hardly restrain my own tears as I marked his sunken spirits, and his tone of voice so mild and suppressed, while I sat beside him and continued my conversation.

The Saviour, I assured him, came to save sinners, not those who deemed themselves righteous. It was the broken heart he asked. He showed his love towards us, in this, that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. He willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that all should come to repentance. I doubted not but that he had been very

sinful; but it was well if he so felt it, and a consciousness of it had brought him to feel that he had nothing to recommend him to the favour of his God, and that he needed his pardon. I endeavoured to guide his mind, while he continued to weep. And as I asked of his education, I learned, as is usually the case where these feelings are found, that his "mother used to read good books and had talked to him of religion." And that mother, I thought—whatever might be her situation in life—was yet a mother, with a mother's feelings; and what would be the swellings of her bosom could she look upon her dying son!

I returned to my room and wept over the scene of the sadness and stricken spirit of this young man, so humble, so mild, so indescribably gentle in the expression of his voice, and penitent in the appreciation of his own character and unworthiness. How unlike another to whom I had spoken but a moment before, who said he had long been suffering, and wished he was out of the world! I asked what he considered would be his situation were he at once removed according to his expressed wish? "It could not be much worse sir, anyhow," he replied, with as much grumness of voice as the technical deference of the ship service would allow. But, I continued, if your suffering here for so short a time is so distressing, how painful would it be if that suffering were to continue for ever! And if you would wish to be relieved from your present suffering, should you not strive, by a proper preparation to leave this life, to be for ever free from that which will pain and render unhappy?

The scenes often presented to the chaplain on board a man-of-war are peculiar, and frequently they are feeling beyond description. It must be so, where there are congregated among the crew so many whose lives have been

reckless and immoral, and yet in their early days instructed in the principles of a Christian education. I have been sent for by one who had declared himself an atheist, and endeavoured to spread his opinions among his messmates, but on his dying cot desired to make a public declaration of his folly. His forced convictions would not serve him, he said, to die by, and he renounced them, and warned others against a like folly of his own. It is to the chaplain many a poor tar confides his last words, and tells, as a relief to his own spirit, the incidents that led him from the parental roof. "My father once struck me," said a young man who first opened his feelings to me, as the tears involuntarily traced their way down his cheeks, after I had expressed my sympathy for his situation; "I could not brook it—my spirit was too haughty—and I left home for ever. But I would desire that they might hear from me." I assured him that I would write, as he gave me their address, a family in creditable circumstances of connection and property. "I must die," he continued, after he had made known all his wishes to me, and confided in my promise to communicate with his family; "but now I can die more willingly." He was a sensible man, and I trust possessed at this hour the proper frame of mind for a being hourly expecting to leave this for another world.

These are but few of the many cases which have presented themselves in the sad mortality, which, at one time, attended our crew. "I have sinned with an uplifted hand and an outstretched arm," said another, "but it is too late to remedy the past, and I can only supplicate my God to forgive." I may never forget the prayers that this man offered as I stood beside his dying hammock. His personal appearance, when in health, had attracted my interest for

his fine proportions and enviable figure. He died leaving a message for his wife, who constituted all his family.

I have reason to believe that the presence of a chaplain is always appreciated by the crew of a man-of-war. They feel that they can speak to him as they cannot to a watch-officer. And his Christian sympathies are often appealed to in his rounds among the sick, and other intercourse with the men, when it can be known only to himself; and the longest sea-going tar, whatever may have been his course, feels it to be a consolation in his last hours to know, that the service shall be performed, in decency and solemnity by the chaplain over his remains, at their interment on land or in the deep.

Harbour of Valparaiso.

The frigate's eight o'clock gun has been fired, and we are at anchor in the harbour of Valparaiso. The music from different ships of war, from three of the most powerful nations of the globe, is now hushed, and the bay sleeps again in its stillness. A long bank of dark hills throw their deep shade upon the water, as they sweep their crescent battlement around the bay; and here and there the lights of the shore, and from the inner shipping, gleam sparkingly, while the stars in the heavens twinkle from a pure and deep sky, as the moon yet lingers behind the high Cordilleras. The whole scene emblems forth much of the varied feelings which swell different hearts on board our ship to-night, after the perusal of the hundreds of letters which were awaiting us at this port. Joy, grief, delight, sadness, affectionate solicitudes answered, and fearful apprehensions confirmed, bright hopes realized, dreams of happy intelligence more than insured, all vary the mingled emo-

tions, which to-night hold many hearts in alternate happiness and sorrow. Some have heard of the death of fathers —one, of a child—some, of brothers—others, of other kindred and friends. Marriages, joyous incidents, and happy intelligence crowd the letters of others. Here are things that wake music mingled of the heart, as it breathes forth from the line of joyous narrative, or swells in the æolian strain of plaintive intelligence, or lingers in the slow elegiac over the memory of departed friends. A year has passed since our last intelligence from home. My own letters contain the mention of thirteen deaths of acquaintances and friends. What a world of change is this! But we would learn even the worst, and end our suspense. And there will ever be mingled, in all the circumstances of this existence, the shade with the sunshine; and the aching heart is never far away from the outgushings of the most unalloyed enjoyment.

The day succeeding our arrival at Valparaiso, I dined with our consul, George G. Hobson, Esq. and his estimable family. Their residence, with the other American families, is delightfully situated on one of the hills immediately overlooking the town, and commanding a full view of the bay and its shipping, with the wide ocean extending farther out and bounding the distant horizon. The promenade in front of the low cottage-formed houses is like a quarter-deck, extending in length some two or three hundred rods and three or four wide. The houses are constructed with reference to earthquakes, not unfrequently occurring here, though of late years unattended by the catastrophes of earlier times. There are ruins of buildings yet to be seen in town, which have crumbled beneath the unrest of these trembling regions.

Mrs. H. is an interesting lady from Maryland, and

blessed with a charming little group of daughters and one sweet babe, who is their only and cherished boy. I record his name in full here, and with interest, as a lovely child, whom I baptized on the succeeding Sunday. May kind blessings always attend the path of this same smiling little GEORGE HOBSON. I met at Mr. Hobson's, at the christening of his infant son, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey, who occupy an adjacent building of the same cluster of houses. Mrs. C. was a Miss A., of Middletown, Connecticut, and claims for the young ladies of her native town a pre-eminence in beauty, a particular from which I was far from dissenting, having had an opportunity, from personal observation, to confirm the correctness of her estimate and taste. Two English young ladies were present, and several American and English gentlemen.

I had preached in the Protestant chapel in the morning, which is fitted up in very good style, and, by sufferance, allowed to exist *as a private building*, in outward appearance being joined to a private dwelling as a part of it. The government of the city say that they will not interfere, so long as there shall exist no appearance externally of a Protestant house of worship, though I have been informed that an order from the ecclesiastical authority at Santiago has been received at Valparaiso to have the doors of this building closed, and the congregation suppressed. The reply of the governor was, that *he* should not put the order into execution; if required, however, to do it, he should hand in his resignation. That every precaution on the part of the Protestant community is adopted to enable them to retain their little place of worship, may be inferred from the circumstance of my proposing to wear my gown from the consulate to the room fitted up as the chapel; and it was suggested, for the reasons already alluded to, that it

might be as well for the servant to take it, though a short distance, to the chapel. What a pity that the Protestant frigate now in the harbour of Valparaiso should not send ashore a manifesto to this Catholic community, demanding a site for the building of a Protestant chapel and the free and open worship of the Protestant faith, or else, as the alternative, to fire upon their town. And more—suppose the American frigate should proscribe the Catholic *Frenchmen* in Valparaiso as identified with the religion of the government, and without proof affirm that they sanctioned the Catholic illiberality towards the Protestants, and in case of hostilities assure them that they should receive no quarters, but meet the fate intended for the enemies of Protestant America. We run not the parallel for the reader of the action of the l'Artemise at the Sandwich Islands. But we do call upon the sensitive and sensible Frenchmen *to disown the conduct of Captain La Place and the French consul at the Sandwich Islands.* And we do further call upon the government of the United States to look at the transactions of the l'Artemise at the Sandwich Islands in the light in which the present state of things in this Catholic republic presents them, and to express its feelings in all charity and justice for a Protestant cause, and rights of American citizens abroad.

SANTIAGO.

Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chili, is some ninety miles in the interior from Valparaiso. A visit to the capital we were assured would more than repay for the necessary exertion which it would cost us to reach it; the scenery on the way presenting some of the grandest mountain views, and Santiago itself possessing the best Chilian society. We therefore determined to take the earliest mo-

ment for making the excursion; and on the Tuesday after our arrival at Valparaiso were on our way over the Cordilleras to the elevated city, in a something of an I-don't-know-what-d'ye-call-it, mostly resembling a stout country gig, accommodating two passengers in its ample proportions of width, having one horse in its shafts, and two others, one on each side with his postillion, attached by hide ropes, leading from the cross-piece of the gig to the girth of the rider. Thus, with three horses abreast, and twice three ahead ready to be lassoed for a like convenience when the others were tired, we advanced on our course from Valparaiso of the sea-coast to the city of Santiago on the elevated plains in the interior.

We accomplished half the journey after twelve o'clock the first day, and reached Santiago in time for dinner the next. We crossed two ranges of mountains, or spurs of the Andes, by ascending a mountain-road which would be deemed almost impracticable in a land where horse-flesh is of much value; but here, where a very respectable draw-horse may be purchased for a doubloon, we accomplished the zigzag pathway, if not like a streak of lightning, which the track would resemble if delineated on canvass, we yet made the ascent every way comfortably to ourselves, save the dust that enveloped us in a cloud, and descended again in full spring, to the great excitement of weak nerves, lest the suddenness of the turns should prove our destruction, by our being precipitated, volante, horses, horsemen and all, down a thousand feet, before the horses could be checked, and bent to the winding path. But the Spanish bit, that terrible thing for a horse's mouth, enabled the postillion always to check the animals on the brink of the precipice, and to guide them at his pleasure, rendering our descent of the Cordilleras at full speed as safe, while

the harness proved true, as our passage over the plains. Santiago is said to be more than a thousand feet above the level of the ocean; and beyond it rises the snow-capped Andes, which, at the last pass of the Cordilleras, burst in full view upon the gaze of the traveller, before he descends to the extensive plain between the two, on which the capital is situated. To us, who have been so long cruising within the tropics, and looking at the ever-green hill-side, and mountains covered with fadeless foliage, the view of our old acquaintance in those piles of snow had nothing in it to chill, but every thing to delight. It carried us back immediately, in our home-associations, to the winter-scenes of our own northern land; and made us think how gladly we would once again welcome the sight of a north-east snow-storm.

We entered the city through a double range of mud houses, low and apparently crammed with many occupants, presenting, as the suburbs of all cities do, little of interest and much one would choose to avoid. Among the many faces, however, which gazed at the caballéros as they passed, a beautiful young woman, with her neck and arms naked, seemed luxuriating in the zephyrs that had just began to move at this early hour after the greater heat of the day. Our postillion guided our establishment by some creditable ranges of buildings into the Plaza, and in a few moments more we were at halt, in front of the Fonda Inglésa. The spurs of the postillion upon the pebbled pavements of the court of the hotel, as he dismounted, sounded like the clanking of some yards of iron chain cable, while the elongated proportions of his spurs resembled the arms of two capacious wind-mills. Mine host of the Fonda soon accommodated us with comfortable rooms; and an equally comfortable warm-bath, after our

dusty but interesting ride, made us in good humour with all the world again.

Four o'clock was the time for dining, and we had hit upon the hour quite appropos with a spare interim of forty-five minutes for bathing and the toilet.

Two officers of the squadron (Dr. Hazlett and Lieut. Turner) had preceded us; and as we entered the dining hall we found them with fork, *con carnéro balanceando*, which they readily dropped to give us welcome for old acquaintance' sake.

The next morning we called on the American chargé d'affaires, Richard Pollard, Esq., to whom our considerate friend, the American consul at Valparaiso, gave us letters, and we at once found in Mr. P. a friend, ready in every way in his power to contribute to the pleasure of our stay at Santiago.

In the morning we promenaded, marked the localities of the city, gazed, as strangers without impoliteness may gaze, on the passing citizens, senores, senoras, senoritas, padres in white and padres in black. One of these padres, in his white robes, at a point where the inside of the walk by accident had become disputed and the wall side was tendered to him, declined it with so much native politeness and grace, as he raised his broad brimmed hat, and added, "No Senor, pase usted," that it caused me to feel kindly towards all his fraternity during my whole stay at Santiago. At sunset we walked on the Alameda, a beautiful promenade, bordered on either side with a double row of poplars, and extending a half mile or more in length, with stone settees occupying either side of the main walk nearly its whole length, as an acceptable lounge to those who prefer sitting and chatting to chatting and walking. Here the elite gather at the late hour of the day, and the mob or populace,

soldiers, priests, merchants, lovers and the loved, and whomever it pleaseth. Children are sent out with their nurses, and friend expects to meet friend. It is an interesting spectacle, presented here. We have not seen it in its greatest interest, as many of the first families, we learn, are out of town, at their quintas, at this time of the year; others at Valparaiso and other points for sea bathing. But many families of interest are still in town; here we have seen several pretty native Chilenas passing, in dress for their evening walk, without bonnet, with their fine suits of hair arranged with care and tastefully.

At night, after nine o'clock, we were introduced to the family of General Lastra. His lady is la Senora Carmen Izquierdo, called after, the Spanish custom of the country, la Carmen Izquierdo de Lastra. The General is absent on duty. The pretty daughters whom we saw were the Senoritas Cardina, Carmen, and Rosa. The eldest reminded me of a young friend I had left in the United States. There was the same oval and white brow, long lashes and delicately pencilled eyebrow, and deeply and speaking blue eye; with a nose not truly Grecian, but yet more expressive for its variation, and characteristic of the interesting possessor. It seemed amusement for the party to compare Spanish words with English; and though I professed not to speak the Spanish language, I yet could well admire a beautiful Spanish woman. So I assured the young Chilena in great sincerity, as much perhaps on account of her resemblance to my North American friend, as for the personal attractions of my Chilian acquaintance herself. I am sure I shall not forget the peculiar intonations with which she pronounced "Si Senor," "No Senor." The Spanish language on the lip of a Chilian lady is indescribably sweet. But

more of this elsewhere. La Senora Carmen Izquierdo de Lastra spoke of the North Americans who had visited Santiago, and thought the North American women very beautiful. She remembered Mrs. A. and sister. The evening was spent very agreeably, though none of the family spoke English. Las Senoritas Carmen and Rosa, sisters of Carolina, were sprightly, the one with ringlets in the neck, the other with a golden fillet, confining the hair, smoothly and plainly parted on the brow. We left at twelve o'clock, receiving the assurances of Mrs. Lastra, that as we had now formed the acquaintance, her house was always open to us, whenever it should be convenient for us to call.

The next morning I rose early for mattins, being desirous of visiting the cathedral, which is deemed the finest church edifice of Santiago.

Besides the twenty altars decorating the sides of this extensive building, is the main altar located centrally, nearly at the farther end of the building, on an elevated platform, to which you ascend in front and on two sides by flights of steps. This central altar is the most gorgeous one in the building. The front is of massive silver; rather it is a heavy plate of chase-work with groups of figures in relievo, being some four feet in height by ten to fifteen in length. The massive candlesticks are of similar materials; and the different furniture, usual for the altar, is of the same costly and rich article. Above this, rises a doric canopy of eight columns, supporting a dome, the pillars being an imitation of marble, and the different parts of the canopy in proper proportion, exhibiting the beautiful harmony, though on a small scale, of Grecian architecture. Within this canopy rises the top of a central pillar, with its capital, so constructed as to rise or fall at

pleasure; and on this capital rests a plated globe several feet in dimension. Still behind it, on the same level, is the orchestra.

As I stood in front of this altar, on a succeeding day, when a polite priest had gone with me through the building, and showed me its inner rooms, the richly laced dresses, and silver and golden utensils for the altar and the procession, as well as its public halls, I could well imagine the effect capable of being produced upon the worshippers, whose imagination and devotion harmonized with the display of the scene before them. Imagine the full choir, chanting high mass—a hundred priests* in their rich and varied canonicals—the recitative of their sonorous and full voices, when, for a moment, the music hath ceased, and the cloud of incense rises and rolls in evolving perfume and fragrance from the silver censer—again the full chorus fills the cloister, rolling from arch to arch, from recess to recess, from dome to pavement, when all is stilled again in the hush of death, as the priest is about to elevate the host. The low tinkling of a single bell is now heard throughout the vast building, and all prostrate themselves upon their knees, while the pillar that supports the plated globe is seen suddenly to settle, leaving the globe suspended apparently in mid-air; but now it is seen to begin to spread itself longitudinally; and now, the lower parts of the meridians curve outward and yet more expand, until the whole, opening, spreads itself in a spacious cerulean heaven, studded with stars, on which a row of lighted tapers throw their sparkling light. And there, upon this column, in a golden vase, stands the eucharist. All behold, bow, and worship!

* It is said there are fifteen hundred priests in Santiago, of three different orders.

I saw not this gilded globe open even on the succeeding Sunday, which was a feast of great interest in the church; but the priest, already alluded to, exhibited for my pleasure this holy phantasmagoria, which is opened only on occasions of great solemnity. It is a French piece of mechanism, connected with the silver altar, all a beautiful piece of workmanship, and said to be a present to the cathedral.

An engagement was made for us each evening of our stay in Santiago. At ten o'clock in the evening of the same day of my morning visit to the cathedral, our party entered the drawing-rooms of la Senora Carmen Bargas de Alexandri, which had already been well lighted up and filled with Chilians of both sexes, in anticipation of the visit of the Americanos del Norte. We were introduced to the Senora Carmen Bargas, the interesting lady of the Senor Alexandri, who rose from the sofa and received us with the grace of an accomplished woman. Among the company there were several interesting young ladies—some officers of the Chilian army; and an ease characterized the association of the different members of the party, that divested the company of every appearance of embarrasing formality. One of the young ladies gave us music, and sang with feeling that evinced the susceptibility of her nature; and though occasionally too loud in the strains of her voice for the rooms, at times her intonations sunk with most agreeable effect to the pathos and thrill of the sentiment of the stanzas she sang.

The dance is a universal accomplishment in Chili, and is a part of the education of every child, as much so as the learning of the letters; and excellence in the accomplishment receives rewards equally with superiority in the departments of drawing and lessons in reading and writing.

"My eldest daughter," said the Senora, on a succeeding evening, "received the prize at her school for drawing, my youngest daughter, for dancing." She has two daughters who are both young. The dance this evening was a matter of course, and is introduced informally and as pastime in the same way as music is, though, in the one case, politeness would induce the visiter to listen in silence to the music, while he is at liberty to observe the dance and continue or not his conversation, during its performance. The grace with which many of the little girls go through the dances peculiar to the Spanish country, called "bayles de galpe," is very engaging. After a few quadrilles, in which I marked the eye of la Senora Bargas follow her elder daughter with an interest that seemed to cause *the mother*, for a moment, to forget even herself and others, though she too was in the dance, her younger and charming little girl, about eight years of age, performed with a Chilian officer the native dances, very much to our gratification. The guitar, accompanied by the voices of lady and gentleman, afforded the music as they sung the love ditty, and the dance served as the graceful pantomime. The little girl was applauded for the grace with which she performed her part, and I am sure each one would willingly have given her a kiss additional, had it been admissible, for her own loveliness' sake.

The succeeding evening la Senora Bargas repeated the little party or tertulia, in compliment to ourselves, when the company was varied by the presence of others whom we had not seen. A Miss Cortez, however, a young lady of much grace in her manners and in the dance, and la Senorita Mariquita, a diminutive endearment for Maria, and whose family name I am unfortunate not to possess, were present from among our acquaintances of the preced-

ing evening—the one walking like a queen, the other smiling as if the soul which lighted up the sweet expression of her countenance had never dreamed that the dark wing of sorrow could once throw its shadow within the circle of her consciousness. May it never reach a countenance so purely expressive of a happy and innocent heart.

La Senora Carmen Bargas de Alexandri is an interesting specimen of a Spanish lady. Her husband is said to be rich and in high standing with the government, to which he has afforded at different times *the essential*, which is necessary to add efficiency to the executive. Youth still favours this lady with most expressive features, an elasticity of step, and a personal appearance which would forbid a North American from supposing her the mother of the elder of the two daughters, as together the child and the mother moved in the same waltz. Her step pressed gently on the down of the flowered Wilton that carpeted the hall, as one would think of that mental abstraction, *the muse of music*, treading the golden edge of a sunset cloud. There was indeed music in all this graceful woman did, and more than English music in all she said, in the inimitable intonations of her voice while speaking in that combination of all harmonies, the Spanish language, when articulated from a Spanish lady's lip.

"The Americans are very amiable," she said, and looked the sincerity of her sentiment, as I occupied a privileged seat upon the sofa during the evening.

"Si Senorita, they should be so; and it is certain they give the Chilians their best wishes for their political happiness; and when they form their acquaintance here, it is said they are never less willing to return to their northern home than from Chili.

La Senora Bargas joined not in the dance this even-

·ing; and I thought seemed a little curious to know the reason why I should not have partaken of the amusement, so much the matter of course in these and European countries.

" Porque no baila usted, Senor ?" she asked, in a tone so soft, and a cadence sufficiently deferential to indicate that she almost feared she had put a question I might choose should have been left unasked.

I had presumed, and rightly, that my profession was known to this interesting lady, which would have been a sufficient reply to the question why I did not dance, to one in our own country. But here, I am told, it is the usual habit of the Catholic clergy to dance at the parties they may attend, and to play at cards, without a supposition on the part of the community that either is contrary to the highest propriety of the order.

I assured the Senora, that the sentiment was different in our own country, and that I myself deemed the dignity of the clerical profession to be such as to render it an undesirable exhibition for a clergyman to join in the dance.

" Y-e-s," said this beautiful woman, smiling at her own pronunciation of this one English word, which she seemed delighted to have learned during the evening.

" *Very well*," I repeated, as one other English expression, which she had seized upon for their " muy buéno," and for the meaning of which, together with " good night," I had the pleasure to learn previous to my leaving she considered she was indebted to myself; while they constituted the amount of her knowledge of the English language.

" And will you be with us to-morrow evening, Senor ?" she asked, as if she could not be denied.

" No, Senorita," I replied, without immediately giving a reason.

"What! not to-morrow evening, a feast day, Senor!"

It would be Sunday, which is the greatest holiday in Chili, and on which their largest parties are generally given; and the Senora had been anticipating a greater display of elegance, and a larger entertainment, on Sunday evening, for the pleasure of her North American friends. After the services of the morning on Sunday, the day is deemed to be especially a day for visiting, promenade, inspection of the troops; and the evening universally regarded as the period of the week for their parties. This is the habit of the country, and probably no suspicion, even in the mind of the best Catholic here, ever awakes, that this can be infringing upon the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath. And such must be the sentiment of the Catholic priesthood. The astonishment of la Senora Bargas, therefore, was undisguised, at my hesitation, and probably the first time in her life did this question, as one of Christian propriety, present itself to her mind, if indeed it was entertained long enough to gain a definite shape.

The evening had already advanced, and I had assured our interesting hostess that it was probable I should not be able again to call, and would therefore have to take my final leave to-night. She was polite and kind enough to dissuade, and hoped that another call, at least, would be given; with particular inquiries when again should I visit Chili.

My regrets were sincere as I answered these expressions of good will, so gently expressed.

The lady rose from the sofa, and entered an interior room, and had been gone but a short time when she re-appeared. Her delicate hand bore a beautiful flower—that richest of all nature's sweet perfumers, the white jessamine. She tastefully arranged the leaf and blossoms, and extended

it to me, with a silent smile, that said more than words speak of woman's compliment; and then added a sweet lemon, an equally choice gift from a lady in Chili to a gentleman. She had gathered them from her own shrubs. I took them as I added, that "they were greatly valued on account of their own sweetness, but gained their greatest interest to me from the hand that presented them."

The compliment was to a Chilian lady, and perhaps expected. In this instance it was most sincerely paid. The lady bowed in acknowledgment.

The presentation of flowers to a gentleman by a lady in Chili, is a token of marked respect. The gift of a sweet lemon, an additional expression of kindness; the presentation of the hand a familiar assurance of regard. I was happy, while aware of the custom of the Chilian society, to receive these evidences that my acquaintance had not proved unacceptable.

As my purpose in relation to visiting on the succeeding evening might not be changed, I took my final leave of my brief acquaintances, at this time. And having made my parting compliments to some others of the company, I added, as I received the extended hand of the graceful and beautiful woman who had entertained us, "Adios, Señorita."

It was rumoured during the week that a company of French singers, who had arrived at Santiago, would be present at the cathedral on Sunday, and join in the orchestra during the performance of mass. It was the festival of "La Purification de Maria Sanctissima.* The oc-

* In the Chilian Almanac for 1840, the following note is attached to the notice of this feast, opposite Feb. 2d: "Indulgencia plenoria en Santo Domingo y la catedral."

casion, it was presumed, would gather a large number of the people to the cathedral.

We had expected that some of the friends whom we had met would be present, and were interested, in the novelty of the scene presented to us, to mark them in their worshipping attire.

We had not long been in the seat we occupied, while the area before us had been filled, when I observed a graceful figure walking up the distant space, between us and the entrances of the cathedral, attended by a female friend and a maid bearing behind them a beautiful rug. She approached by the central division of the building. Her mantilla consisted of a dark lace veil thrown over her tastefully plaited hair and clasped with a gold broach on the left side of her head. It was the air and the person of la Senora Carmen Bargas. The maid had spread her mat, and the Senora knelt. Her hands reposed across each other upon the bosom of her dark dress, as she prayed.

There are no sympathies of the human bosom more sacred and deeply felt than those which awake in connection with religion. Its associations relate to all that is most dear in the long welfare of one's self and one's friend.

Not long where she worshipped, the Senora knelt, but in another moment she rose; and, attended by her friend, and followed by her maid, passed along the side altars to gain a more convenient and nearer position to the main altar than she possessed in front. Her eye had not seen us; and as she moved lightly by the side altar opposite to us, she presented to me my last view of the graceful Señora of Santiago.

I have already alluded to the circumstance that quite a number of the best families of Santiago are out of town, at their country residences. It is usual for them to retire

from the city in the summer season, more or less, to these situations, many of which are said to be very pleasantly located. They are called quintas, chácras, haciéndas, respectively, as they may be larger or smaller farms or estates. Our short stay at Santiago prevented us from accepting proffered courtesies, which would have gratified us much, could we have availed ourselves of them, to visit some of these country residences. We however visited the quinta of one of the principal families of the capital, situated on the borders of the city. The family's name is Alcade. The estate of this family is said to be entailed, and its possessions to be very large, if not the richest of any family in Chili. These entails have ceased to exist in all cases in Chili, except where the elder sons were born before the year when the law of primogeniture was abrogated by the Chilian congress. The family name of la Senora Alcade is Velasco. We had the pleasure of seeing this lady, and her two daughters, las Senoritas Carmen and Carolina.

We were introduced to several other families, some of which, as evidence of acceptable memories of our calls, I here make mention.

La Senora Gamera was at home, who is a lady of commanding appearance. She has a son in the Chilian navy, which led her to express an interest she felt towards officers of the same profession of other nations, and particularly the American. Her two daughters were out, but if we could in our short stay at Santiago (on account of which she politely expressed regrets) find it convenient to call, her daughters would give us music. As we rose to take our leave, she said, with an air, after the custom which characterizes the polite manners of the Chilians, "Mi casa esta á su disposicion," equivalent to our English, "You may be assured

that you will always be welcomed at my house;" literally, "my house is at your disposition." A similar assurance was given us by the lady of each family on which we had been privileged to call during our brief stay at the capital.

At Mrs. Castilla's we were favoured with music from the eldest of the daughters, la Senorita Carmen, and the youngest sister, Amadora, presented us a beautiful bouquet from their garden. The names of the other two sisters are Transita and Juana. The family has some French blood in its lineage, and the Castilian and the Gallic presented in the exhibition of the four daughters a combination of vivacity and sentiment that seemed the union of the characteristics of the two nations. The floating eye of la Senorita Carmen spoke not more sensitively than the delicate flush of the cheek, that came and went like mimic floods and ebbs over her fine brunette features, to tell the changing passage of her thoughts and sentiments. The complexions of the other sisters were lighter, one with lily cheeks, the other two with cheeks of roseate.

We also had the pleasure of making our compliments to the family of Mr. Ochagania, resident at the mint, who is himself its superintendent. Mr. O. was once in the United States as an attaché to a Chilian legation, and seems a very worthy gentleman. His wife and two daughters struck us as most worthy, and more intellectual than others whom we had met. They served for us a great variety of fruit; and there seemed an air of domestic kindness in the family that I greatly admired. The younger of the daughters, la Senorita Manuela, spoke French, and possessed some knowledge of the Italian; and the elder, la Señorita Rosa, I should deem a pattern of goodness. We left this family, impressed with a high consideration for their worth.

The name of the President of Chili is Joaquin Priéto. Our attentive Chargé accompanied us to the President's house, which fronts the public plaza. There are always more or less of the guards seen at the portal that opens to the court through which one passes to the President's apartments. In the same pile of buildings with the President's residence, forming nearly one complete side of the plaza, are the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives, and the public prison. We were received by the President's Aid, and soon the President presented himself. His manners are courteous and dignified, though easy; and his personal appearance the finest of any Chilian I have met. He has served nearly two terms; and according to the constitution of Chili is ineligible to another election. His second term expires in a few months. Rumour says the office of President here is regarded too much as a post for making money, rather than a position that excites in its occupant a laudable ambition to promote his country's best welfare. The government of Chili, however, it is supposed, has become more settled and permanent in stability, both as to its measures and political tranquillity, under the administration of the present occupant of the presidency, than has characterized its former existence. The party now in power and the priesthood are united; and while they remain so, public tranquillity is to be expected. The interests of the church are so great, that any measures against its privileges will continue to agitate the internal peace of the state. The Chilians are high in the estimate of their own prowess at the present moment, in consequence of their late successes in their expedition against Lima.

The time for our leaving the agreeable capital of Chili had come. And though we had spent but a few days at

Santiago, I had occasion to make many notes of interest, to myself at least, in connection with my visit. But the necessity of closing this volume with the addition of but a few more pages, will prevent me from extending my notices of the capital of Chili. The same will be true of Valparaiso and Lima, to which a volume should be devoted to do justice to the interest which these places, at a time beyond the moment of which I am now writing, secured in my own feelings, and gratified curiosity and experience. I therefore of necessity shall delay, for another place, more extended notices of these cities, and incidents connected with them, on the west coast of South America. I proceed, however, to occupy the brief space yet remaining to me, in completing the pages of these two volumes.

Having taken leave of our attentive Chargé d'Affaires, to whom we were greatly indebted for much of the pleasure which attended our visit to the capital of Chili, we left Santiago on Monday evening, the third of February, and were in fair prospect of making half way of our distance in very good humour with ourselves, when, by some spite of our postillion, and the injured sensibilities of the spirited steed within the shafts, said steed took it into his head that, with the assistance of his heels, he would clear himself from all further connection with the establishment. He therefore commenced his alto relievo gesticulation of the hind feet, to the great endangerment of the heads of the passengers, and to the demolishment of the washboard of the gig, and the fracturing of the first bow of the calash-top, an inch and a half square, as if it had been a stick of bamboo. I took counsel with myself to throw myself out of the gig at one of the intervals when his feet and the calash-top were farthest apart from each other; and with concern cast back a look the moment I had landed upon

the ground, for my friend, the professor of mathematics. To my considerable alarm I found, that instead of throwing himself out the opposite side from myself, he had preferred my own, and by some means of delay was tripped as the horses began to wheel in the road; and though the professor performed several evolutions by rolling in the dust, the tramp of the horses' feet neared him faster than the circles and quadrants he performed distanced their proximity. Fortunately the shaft-horse, at this instant, cleared himself from all encumbrances of the establishment, and the two riders snapped the hide-cords which attached their horses to the same vehicle. The frightened animal was in full speed on the road, while his harness served to goad him on. One of the riders in an instant put off in chase, as he swung the lasso around his head. In another moment the curls of the swinging coil elongated themselves as the rope straightened, and the noose, true to the cast, dropped over the neck of the runaway. The animal was soon brought to a halt, and returned to the vehicle. The irritated Chilian belaboured the trembling beast until I bespoke mercy for him, when he was again affixed to the shafts; and the two riders, with horses on either side of the shafts, advanced on our way again. We soon reached the foot of the first mountain, and were at the top of the pass of the Cuésta del Prado a short time after, from which we descended with a fearful rapidity, as the night had already come upon us, while the bright stars, in the absence of the moon, looked still benignantly from their deep blue above us.

We reached Valparaiso the succeeding evening, in time for tea.

The English Admiral, on the Pacific station, is Charles Ross, Rear-Admiral of the white. Mrs. Ross and her two

sisters, the Misses Ball, are the ladies of his family. They have a house on the Almendral, surrounded by a considerable collection of flowers and shrubs. The residence is fitted up under the directions and taste of Mrs. Ross, and is called "The Admiralty House." Here Mrs. Ross gives her soireés, once a fortnight. The day succeeding my return from Santiago I dined at the Admiral's. Commodore Read was too unwell, with a cold taken in his ride from Santiago, to comply with the invitation of the Admiral. The officers of the Admiral's fleet, at dinner, were Captain Mainwaring of the Electra, the Admiral's Secretary, and Captain Shepherd, of the Sparrowhawk, whom I had previously had the pleasure of meeting at Rio de Janeiro.

Miss Price was one of the pretty ladies at the table, possessed of a face that interests for its expression, and one that leaves its memory traced in the mind for future days, without an effort on the part of another to place it there, as a treasure among the interesting visions one would wish to retain.

The Admiral's lady is as worthy of admiration for her fine personal appearance as the Admiral himself evidently believes her to be. Mrs. Ross was dressed in a rich black velvet, with its bosom cut low and edged with wide lace. She reminded me of our fair countrywoman, who has awakened interest at home and admiration abroad, and formed a beautiful subject for the imitative and successful chisel of Greenough, in Florence.

Mrs. R. gave us music, and executes with taste, and sung with a voice of much sweetness. "But I would much rather paint well," she said, "than excel in music, for I could give a friend a drawing that would long serve to recall me in memory, when the song that is sung is soon forgotten." This was a very pretty but unintentional in-

troduction to the display of a valued scrap-book, which Mrs. R. opened for me, containing several pretty sketches. But I have forgotten them all, while I yet retain the memory of the air she gave us:

"O sing not to me thy song, sweet bird."

The two sisters performed a duet; and, at my request, added,

"The minute-gun at sea."

Mrs. C. and two daughters, residents of Santiago, joined the party in the evening. I talked of Wales with Miss B., a country I have much wished to see, for its picturesque in scenery and other associations. Miss B. admired the land of her young associations; and it is worthy of all admiration for the truth of its people, when it gives birth to such a character as Miss Clarendon, of romantic association.

The stars were bright this evening, as I attended Miss Price from the Admiral's, while the party, together, were moving along the Almendral.

"I often read the beautiful skies with my father at night," she said, "when we were coming from England here." She had been to England for her education. Her mother was a Spanish woman of Santiago. "And the Southern Cross, do you say that is it?" she asked, as it was pointed out to her. "I wish I could have had confidence enough to insist that it was there, when a gentleman assured me a few days since, that it was not seen in this latitude. But I could not pretend to be so much of the astronomer as himself, though I thought I knew it;" and the pretty and modest young lady at the same moment dropped her diamond ear-rings and bracelet, which glittered like the night brilliants above us, into my hand, while she adjusted the shawl over her dress of short sleeves, heavily laced. We were soon at the residence

they occupy during the warm season, in which many of the Santiago families visit the coast for sea beathing, of which they are extravagantly fond.

The captains, whom I now accompanied to the dock, politely offered me a passage to the frigate in their boat, which was waiting for them, but I excused myself for a room on shore, already engaged for the night.

The following day it was expected we would sail. I therefore made my last calls upon the American families to whose courtesies I had been indebted during my occasional visits to the shore at Valparaiso. These families were ever free in the proffers of their politeness, in my own case at least, beyond the power of my accepting it.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey are about to return to America, with the reputation of having secured a handsome amount of the *sine qui non* for living comfortably and genteelly after the estimates of modern times, which have strangely varied in many particulars from the days of our plainer forefathers.

He who rightly reads the human mind, will at once detect that *gentleness* of character which constitutes, in woman, one of the greatest charms of female excellence. It matters not where it is found, among the highest and most refined, or the humbler and impoverished. We give it our deference in respect and affection in association. So I thought as I said adieu to Mrs. W., a lady of piety and worth.

The family of our consul was the last I called upon, to say adieu. We had learned to esteem them, and felt regret that we should so soon be deprived of their amiable society. I had on a previous occasion casually remarked, that I had omitted to secure some curiosities which I intended to purchase at the nunneries in Santiago. As I was

now about to leave the consul's, Mrs. H. called my attention to the pier-table, on the marble slab of which were a collection of the particular articles I desired. "Take these, Mr. T.; you hurried away so soon the other day that I had no opportunity to offer them to you." I saw my dilemma, in which the unintentional notice of my omission while at Santiago and Mrs. H.'s generous benevolence placed me, for I have always felt a delicacy in accepting what I know to have been secured by others as curiosities for themselves. I therefore availed myself of two or three of these *handi-work oddities* of the Santiago nuns. "Take them all, Mr. T., we can get any quantity of them we wish." The command was repeated, and could not be avoided when coming with so much sincerity and generous good feeling, which had often displayed itself from the same amiable source, connected with that lady-like delicacy of manner which so certainly secures one's deferential consideration and kindness in feeling in the social intercourse. Mrs. Hobson has a tasteful collection of a variety of curiosities, arranged, as they should be, in small private collections, for the purpose of giving pleasure to the curious rather than for the instruction of the scientific,—shells, and minerals, and vases, etcætera. While I was yet lingering over the pier-table, delaying the final adieu to this amiable family, the sun had thrown the broad shadow of the hill-side far out on the bay, as his rays still fell, in their slant, on the inner side of the frigate. The shipping, with their hulls, like the houses of the city, lay in the shadows of the Altos de Valparaiso, while the tops of their highest spars were yet gilded by his beams. The pennant of the frigate still waved; showing that the sundown hour had not yet come, though the sun himself was lost to the citizens below. The frigate's boat was seen pulling for the shore, and in ano-

ther moment was at the pier. I said adieu to my friends, and wound down the hill on which the American residences are seen overlooking the city and the harbour, and in a moment more was in the boat. "Shove off," was the order of the officer. "Let fall together," was his second command. The oars fell into their places, and the dip of their blades soon sent the cutter clear from the dock. As I cast back a look to the city, which now I cared not again to see, my eye rested on the most prominent and the most pleasant site of the American dwellings. Our friends were on their charming promenade full in view and in front of their elevated houses. Their eyes were a moment upon us; and we fancied they gave us a second and final farewell, as the boat to the regular dip of the oars now rapidly glided over the waters of the bay to the frigate, lying at her moorings without the shipping of the inner harbour.

SECTION XI.

CALLAO AND LIMA.

The Carnival. Ride to Lima. The city deserted. Ride to Chorillos. Limanian lady on horseback. A man beguiled of his rest. A wet midshipman. Ash-Wednesday in Lima. Saya y manto. The beautiful Senorita receiving the dark cross on her brow. Descriptions of Lima necessarily brief. Cathedral vault containing Pizarro's remains. Evening walk. Host for the Infirmo. The cry of the night-watch.

A PASSAGE of eleven days found us in the harbour of Callao, where we anchored at midnight on February 27th, 1840. The succeeding morning I took a ramble on shore to inspect the town of Callao, but found nothing there of interest save the castles. Of these, and their thrilling associations, I defer my descriptions.

The carnival, the bacchanalia before Lent in Catholic countries, occurs here during the next three days of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday; and all advised that our intended excursion to Lima should be postponed beyond the latter day, as we might be subjected to the inconvenience of frequently changing our dresses, as all persons, strangers, priest, president, and every passer-by are deemed just objects for a shower-bath, whenever a boy from the street or mischief-making girl from the balcony, or playful friends or ill disposed enemies choose to throw water upon the wanderer in the street. But we chose to witness the manners of the people, even at the expense of a few wet jackets.

On Monday morning, therefore, in company with Commodore Read, Captain Bigelow of the Shark, and

Prof. Belcher, I started for Lima. Once it was deemed prudent for the passenger between Callao and Lima, though a distance of only seven or nine miles, to bear his arms for self defence, if he would save his purse-strings from being drawn by the Salteadores, a certain class of necessitous gentlemen, dwellers on the road, who deem themselves at liberty to take from the peaceable traveller not only his money but his clothes also, if he should happen to have the presumption to make any complaint of the manner of their salutation.

The topics of olden thieves, robbers, and murderers, and the olden carnival, afforded subjects of conversation as our coach rolled on, and each one adjusted himself in preparation for the sudden appearance in the atmosphere of any gathering water-spouts; while it was conceded, if an unexpected attack from the Salteadores should make opposition to our advance, our protection would devolve upon the Commodore, who alone wore a weapon of defence. We wheeled up to the half-way house, where, formerly, in consequence of these lawless brigands frequenting the road, a guard was stationed by the government. A church is its only neighbouring building. The Lima coach having anticipated us a few moments, was already at the stand, filled with passengers on their holiday ride to Callao. Another three quarters of an hour's ride brought us to the entrance of the city, the road leading to the gate being lined without the walls with willows, on either side, presenting a welcome and beautiful relief to the eye in contrast to the parched and dusty road, which we had passed over from Callao. From this avenue, called the Alaméda de la Portada, we passed beneath a heavy arched gateway into the storied city of Pizarro, "the city of kings," with its "thousand towers and hundred

gates." And this is Lima, "the city of the free," the field of Pizarro's dreams and proud success, and the spot of his assassination and burial. Story, as delineated on the historic page, has thrown much that is romantic, tragic, and poetic about this olden city of the new world. Its superstitions and manners have continued to perpetuate the mystic interest of other days, while the grandeur of its silver and golden age has passed, and the powers of a once unquestioned priesthood waned in the levelling process of revolutions and the introduction of the privilege of freer thought.

We found the city like a deserted hall, where the throng have been threading their way and the buzz of many voices heard, but when the muffled step and the mingled accents of the crowd have passed away. All the shops were closed—scarcely an individual seen moving through the streets—the "saya y manto" was nowhere moving abroad—the cowled priest retained his cell—the curvetting steed gnawed in his stall, and his rich laced rider lounged in the sala upon settee, enjoying his cigarros, while the Señorita forgot herself in the dreams of the siesta or rambled in the private grounds of the garden—all alike unwilling to venture beyond the puertecalle of their houses; while the boys, now sole heirs and exclusive possessors of the streets of the city, were gathered here and there in groups, and carrying on a warfare of water. Occasionally a group of figures might be seen in some balcony raising a shout of glee, as they poured the shower of water upon the head of some solitary and unwary wight who had ventured beyond discretion in his rambles on this, one of the days of the carnival.

Our rooms having been secured, I ventured forth on a stroll through the city, notwithstanding the caution re-

ceived, and the assurance that neither stranger nor intimate could rely on any favours or deference. But I wandered unmolestèd, though I passed by many a suspicious balcony, window and portal, and saw others, the occasionally few that were moving, deriving all the benefits of the season.

I reached the Plaza de la Independencia, or principal public square of Lima. On the north side is the palace of Pizarro; on the east, the spacious cathedral; on the south and west, two portáles, or covered walks, their arches and colonnades supporting irregular balconies, where are several public offices, the house of the municipality, the prison, and some private residences; while the centre of the plaza contains a brazen fountain, forty feet high, crowned with the goddess of fame, with the trumpet in her hand, and the tube to her lip for the blast. The streams of water are pouring from many mouths of masked faces, falling from two capacious and elevated basins into the general reservoir, seventy-two feet in circumference, whose upper rim is ornamented with lions and lizards. The whole is a cast of bell-metal; and, from an inscription upon the pedestal, was placed in its present position one hundred and ninety years ago. As I entered the plaza there were no sounds of the busy multitude, here usually heard in mingled hum—the shops were closed—the traders' stands removed, and only one group of moving beings before the portal of the palace seen, while the dripping of the fountain, and the purling of its many running spouts, gave forth their refreshing sound as they mingled together in the common reservoir beneath. It was like the still reign of a Sabbath at home—not like a Sabbath abroad. At this moment, however, a blast from French horns at a point diagonally from the corner of the plaza, where I had entered and still stood, came across the square, and the bugle

and clarion joined in the strain as the blast swelled louder and louder, when, immediately opposite me a coach and four, preceded by a herald and two lancers, and followed by a dozen other mounted lancers, entered the plaza. The heel of the lance of the out-riders rested on the right stirrup of each, as his right hand clasped the perpendicular shaft, to which was attached a red streamer, that quivered in the breeze as they passed on. It was the coach of the President of Peru, the Gamara, whose position and story I envy not. Like many of the citizens who had preceded him to the country, the President was on his way to Miraflores, a neighbouring village, to escape the town during the remaining days of the carnival. Again the strain from the bugles came over the plaza on the still and hushed air, as the noble steeds passed on in their measured trot, when all was still again, and the buglers dispersed to the palace.

All Lima, or the genteeler part of it, having vacated the capital, (so we were told,) and a great proportion of the Lima society being at Chorillos, a bathing-place seven or eight miles from the city, we were willing to take a ride to this watering-place, to spend the succeeding and last day of the carnival. It was supposed a favourable opportunity for seeing the Limanians, in the short time we should have to spend, and we started sufficiently early to take breakfast at the hotel in Chorillos, which is kept by the same individual at whose house we were stopping in Lima.

The morning was delightful. We had passed by some rich meadows in the neighbourhood of Lima, reminding us, in the similarity of their grasses, of our own meadows at home; and a short distance without the gate of the city, a genteel calésa, which had preceded us with a young

Limanian lady returning from mass, turned into the premises of one of the largest but now litigated estates of Peru. The birds, along the early part of our drive, were up and regaling the early passenger on the road with their songs, more than ever sweet to one who has so long been listening only to the sea-moan and the storm-dirge, as it wails through the cordage of the ship. We soon found ourselves not the only persons abroad, while we were pleased with ourselves for taking the early ride, and came up with a party on horseback, on the same course with ourselves. The principal object of interest in the group was a young Limanian lady, mounted upon a spirited and well-groomed steed, which she managed with perfect ease and confidence, while her maid was riding near her, and her father and others of the company some rods in the rear. Her light straw hat, with its brim free, sat lightly upon her head, as her hair, in a long and auburn braid, fell over her white poncho, which hung like a shawl over her shoulders low to the saddle, and prettily edged with a border of worked flowers. She sat easily in her pillioned saddle, as the toe of her satin slipper, which graced a small foot, occupied a morocco stirrup, displaying an ancle encased in a silk stocking and half concealed in the ruffles of a pantalette. The bridle of her horse was heavily silvered, with a crescent ornament of the same material floating freely beneath the throat of her noble animal. A light and ornamented collar and breeching, à la Espanola, was attached to the saddle, preserving it steadily in front and behind; and the reins of the bridle terminated in a braided lash that swept to the ground. She rode sideways, unlike most of the Limanian belles, who, like their brunette sisters of the Sandwich Islands, mostly ride *à califourchons*. We paused a moment, after having slowly passed this party in our

calésa, and had come up to a little chacra on the road side. The young lady curvetted by us, but, at the voice of her father reaching her, she changed the direction of her horse, as he caracalled, and with the rest of the party, gracefully came up to the stand. The father dismounted and passed refreshments to the party.

"Strangers in Lima, Senores, we presume," said the easy Spaniard, addressing ourselves. "Will you join us in Italia de Pisco," filling the small glasses, from which the mother and daughter had but slightly moistened their lips, and which, in comparison with our larger wine glasses, in size, were like the tea-cups of our grandmothers, in contrast with our modern and larger proportioned cups.

"Four days in Peru, Senor," we replied. "We came to see Lima yesterday, but found the city deserted. Learning that the better part of Lima had escaped to Chorillos, we are pursuing them to the baths."

Our postillion was again in his place, and the party bent with a smile of kindness, as we wheeled into the road again. An unexpected incident, hereafter to be narrated, made us acquainted with these interesting strangers.

We reached Chorillos (having passed Miraflores a half hour before on the right) just in time for breakfast, which was served at half-past nine o'clock. The rooms were all full, but the landlady showed us to her own apartment, just vacated by the ladies for breakfast; and we found a laving in cold water to be acceptable after our morning ride. A vacant seat was reserved for us at the table, at which we placed ourselves in a few moments more. Some fifty persons were at the table as we took our seats.

Most of the families who resort here for bathing take up their residences among the families of the town or hire vacant houses for the season. The bank constituting the

plain on which the town, a miserable collection of low houses, is built, is high above the sea, which here makes a beautiful indentation constituting the bay. The sea rolls in with heavy breakers, and the surf tumbles in grandeur and beauty. The surface of the water seen from the high bluff is clear; and during the morning we saw a number of porpoises sporting beneath the extended sweep of the curve lines of the inrolling swell, which here beautifully bends in conformity to the curvature of the shore of the bay in its roll almost the whole width of the spacious basin. These fish were seen several feet beneath the surface, as distinctly as if they had been on the shore, as the rays of the sun sent down their perpendicular beams, and they glided along now in parallel lines, occasionally changing their horizontal and elevating their noses above the water, and again gliding on together, curvetting beneath the bosom of the bay in imitation of the magnificent surges that rolled in above them. A hundred eyes from the porticos overlooking the bay were on those graceful sporters in the deep, as they glided at their pleasure across and around the bay.

The ladies mostly ride down the steep bluff to the beach, where the bathing houses are located, and again ascend the bluff on horseback. The bathing establishment consists of slight houses formed of cane and mats, where the women and men adjust their bathing dresses and reattire themselves after sporting in the surf. Both sexes bathe promiscuously together, and some of the Limanian women venture far out beyond the breakers, and are cradled in handsome style and on a grand scale upon the uncombing surge of the far-out rollers. To reach this position, however, it is essential to dive beneath the heavy crests of the same surges, which break in foam and cas-

cades and overwhelming and whirling currents, as they reach nearer in to the beach.

We met here several Americans from Lima. The Commodore, with Mr. Provost, our consul, arrived soon after breakfast, also to spend the day. A gentlemanly young Englishman, Mr. R., offered us his attentions, with whom we afterwards dined in Lima.

After the morning bath we dressed for dinner; and I was much amused by the animated manner of a Limanian near me at the table, who was narrating to the landlady his luckless misfortunes of the preceding night, and the villanous manner in which he had been deprived of his cot, which with several others occupied the same room. The gentleman narrating had retired rather late, having calculated on the luxury of a bed in this crowded place; but on his reaching the chamber he perceived, to his surprise and displeasure, that his cot was already occupied. Not knowing but there had been some mistake, and that the interloper was blameless, "I found the maid," said the gentleman, "and desired that she should wake her mistress, and ascertain if she had allowed any one to occupy my cot. But she was unwilling to wake you (the narrater was addressing the landlady) as you were quite unwell; I therefore, as the only resort, took a blanket upon the floor, and made the best of the remaining part of the night."

In the morning, the gentleman continued, he awoke and found the stranger still soundly taking his rest. This he could not longer endure, in view of his own comfortless spent night.

"Up, Senor!" cried the Limanian; "up! the sun is on the bay, and men who have deprived others of their rest should be moving."

This however did not move the sleeper, but additionally

irritated the gentleman who had been robbed of his cot. He therefore gathered all the shoes adrift in the room, and began by tossing one into the neighbourhood of the sleeper's night-cap. The irritated Limanian had exhausted his quantity of shoes, and began to levy on the straggling canes in the room.

"I say, sleeper, arise!" cried the Limanian again, as he pitched his bundle of half a dozen sticks upon the cot, "an earthquake could have but little effect on such ears."

But, to the utter astonishment of the provoked Limanian, the dozer moved not; and he therefore walked up to the cot to rouse the gentleman by rocking him with his own hands, from his dreams; when he found, instead of the presumptuous stranger whom he supposed had occupied his bed, that some one had so arranged the pillows as to exhibit the appearance of a person in bed.

The clever landlady, who speaks several languages with fluency, enjoyed, with others, the joke, as she laughed quite interestingly in Spanish, French, and English.

Many of the Lima ladies I saw at Chorillos were interesting in their personal appearance, but few strikingly pretty. We were pressed to attend a party, where all the belles were to be assembled, in the evening, but our arrangements had been made to return to Lima, and, with the Commodore, we left Chorillos at sunset.

We found at our hotel that several of the officers of the squadron had arrived in Lima from Callao, and some of them had ventured to ride out on horseback. To the considerable inconvenience of one of them, his horse, after leaving town, was found to have already spent his vitality of muscle and sensitiveness of nerve, and, like a ship in distress, he was obliged to put back. In doing this he reentered the city, and his sorry steed took his own time, as

he measured his slow steps through the streets. Whip nor spur could get him out of a walk. What object so suitable for the water-spouts from the windows and balconies? It was not undiscovered, and the amiable young gentleman (he must have been amiable, even on the last day of the carnival, to have endured it) arrived at the Fonda as wet as he could have been, had he been two hours overboard at sea.

Ash-Wednesday in Lima.

The early bells, on the morning succeeding our visit to Chorillos, were summoning, as usual, the Limanians to confession and matins. But this was the morning of Ash-Wednesday, and the first day of Lent—a season when there is more than usual attention to church-duties, and frequenting of the confessional. I had risen early to take a walk to several of the churches, as they are kept open two or three hours in the morning,—the great bell of the cathedral, by its peal above all others, generally announcing the elevation of the Host in that church about nine o'clock in the morning. Already the city had put on a new appearance. The streets were alive with hundreds passing to and fro—the shops were open—the plaza exhibiting a scene of preparation for the sales and the business of the day—and what more than aught else attracts the stranger's eye, the *saya y manto* was abroad, worn by the female worshippers, now hurrying to their early prayers. No one longer cast an anxious glance at the balcony, or watched the suspicious group of sporting boys, or thought of the mischief-making multitude of the three days of the carnival. It was passed; and the season had come when it was expected by the church that all its members, small and great, would address themselves to the practice of the graver duties of the season of Lent.

As I stood a few moments in the puertecalle, or large doorway, that leads from the outer court of the hotel to the street, to mark the passers-by, several females moved along the walk in their sayas y mantos, presenting masked

figures whom no one could know while they kept the manto over their faces, but whose graceful step all would admire. The saya y manto is the dress in which all females frequent the churches and promenade the streets. It is a dress pe-

culiar to the city of Lima, being found, it is said, in no other part of the world. The present fashion in the cut of the saya differs from the older one, giving greater freedom to the step of the wearer, and not materially differing in appearance to many quilted silk winter-dresses worn as an over-garment by our own countrywomen. The olden saya, however, sat tighter to the person, developing more strikingly the contour of the figure.* Many of these are still worn, and the style of each is faithfully exhibited in the two accompanying prints. But it is the *manto* which effectually serves as the mask, and entirely disguises the wearer if she chooses, though the least imaginable slip of the finger will most accidentally discover the features of the face to a friend. The saya is no more nor less than a quilted-silk petticoat, of any colour, which ties about the waist. The manto is simply a plain piece of black silk, hemmed at either end. A cord passing through the hem of one end of it, and around the waist, confines it in a gather at the back, over which the saya is sufficiently elevated to conceal the cord. The loose end of the black silk veil, or manto, is then thrown up the back, over the head, and the two corners so gathered by the hand over the face as to conceal all the features but one eye, which contemplates at discretion the objects that may secure its interest, as the lady-masker passes on to the cathedral, or the shop, or promenades, on her errand of pleasure, or business, or devotion.

I first entered the cathedral, the finest building of the city, but the naves of the spacious church were still vacant as the eye extended through the long aisles, while in a lesser building immediately at its side, and constituting a

* See the second cut, further on.

part of the same pile, numbers were kneeling. I paused but a moment, as I saw several of the worshippers advance to the altar and receive upon their brow the mark of a cross, drawn by the finger of the priest, dipped in a jet black fluid, as the emblem characteristic of the day; and which I afterwards saw on the foreheads of many who suffered their mantos to lie back from the brow as they were returning from their prayers, while I still pursued my way to several of the church edifices. I was now at a third church; and though I had not then familiarized myself with the names of the buildings, I believe this was the *Compania de Jesus*. There was more shadow than usual in the mellowed light that held the side altars of this church in solemn and poetic effect; and, unlike the others, the priest stood near the door beside the table, on which rested the silver basin, containing the dark fluid resembling the mixture of lampblack. Here the priest crossed the worshippers, as they knelt in the light of the door before him. I had entered, passing the priest, and a little surprised myself to step so suddenly upon the different arrangement met with at this church; and as I was advancing to ascend the side aisle, I surprised a beautiful young woman turning the corner of the buttress of a heavy arch with her manto thrown from her face and the light from the door falling full upon her features, as she seemed on her way to depart. There were a few persons kneeling in the neighbourhood, at the first altar near the door. I paused as she passed, and stood uncovered, with an irresistible curiosity to see if this beautiful Senorita would kneel at the table and receive the cross upon her pure brow. She evidently was a little surprised at first by recognising a stranger, and next at the memory that her manto discovered fully her features; and the first impulse seemed to be to gather her manto over

her face, but she as suddenly smiled and recovered herself as she stepped with a foot of air, inimitably light, to the confessional at which an elderly woman was sitting, and whispered a few words, with her manto still discovering a face more beautiful than I had before met with, in Lima or at Chorillos. Her hair was a blond, her eye a dark

blue, and her complexion that of a lily. She knew that she was beautiful. No woman with such a face and with such a smile could be ignorant of such possessions. She paused but a moment—already a piece of mingled surprise

and a slight affectation—when she stepped from the confessional towards the door. That step was purely Limanian, though more airy than others, as her form was more sylph-like than most of her sisters. She paused—turned with the precision and the ease of a double step in the waltz, and knelt with her face towards myself. A sunbeam fell upon her brow, so purely white—her eyes were turned gently upwards—the smile of complacency had not yet left her slightly curled lip—and the man of God put the emblem of the cross upon a brow, than which nothing could be more fair, blending in with features, than which nothing could be more innocent and sweet, if aught could ever be more beautifully classic than was there. She rose, gathered the manto with a beautiful hand over her face, turned towards the door, and was gone.

I stepped forward a few paces and leaned, in the shadow, against the heavy base of the arch, and for a moment listened to another priest who was repeating the mass at the only lighted altar, by the door. Another moment, and I left this for another church in the neighbourhood, where I found a large number collected before different side altars with officiating priests at each, while a body of clerigos and canonigos were celebrating high mass in the central nave of the church. There were apparently forty or fifty of these tonsured personages whose full voices filled the surrounding arches of the spacious house. But every now and then the full toned organ would join in the chant, or swell alone in strains of worship. I moved up the central nave near the balustrade of the chancel at the farther end, on the right of which a temporary figure of the Saviour was elevated upon a square altar, representing him in sadness and sorrow. Before his bent figure a carpet had been spread of a few

feet square, where the worshippers had knelt singly or in groups. I occupied a seat at this position during the continuance of the service; at the close of which the priests advanced in double file to the chancel from the farther end of the church. They knelt according to their standing in precedence of office, and were crossed, as I had seen others, with a black cross. But the cross, instead of being placed upon their brow, was traced upon the crown of their head, or the small circular and bare spot which all Catholic priests abroad have shaven on the top of the head, called the tonsure. When the priests had received the emblem, the crowd promiscuously advanced to the chancel, and the crossing continued until the dark sign had been imprinted on many brows. I advanced to one side of the chancel and witnessed the scene, as the women threw back their mantos—now discovering the face of a matron, who received the emblem with gravity—now a younger and smiling countenance and greater gentility of mien and person—and now a brunette—a bronze or black—the last apparently constituting the vast majority, while many crowded here, and not a few smiled there as they were huddling together around the chancel, exhibiting a peculiar scene as four or five of the priests continued their services in drawing the dark emblem upon the advancing and receding mass. It seemed rather a holiday scene than one of particular solemnity connected with a day of mourning Some children also received the cross, but scarcely a male adult besides the priests was there. I know not the intention of the ceremony, but suppose it emblematic of the "ashes and sackcloth" of other times; and as I marked the multitude here, and the passers-by in the streets as I returned to the hotel, I was forcibly carried back to the Hindoo, the Bramin, the Banian, and the Gentoo, who draw their various marks

of various colours upon the brow, when they pay their visits to the temples.

But I must abruptly close the account of my visit to Lima, where so many scenes of other days have occurred; about which associations of the deepest interest cluster, and where my own wanderings through the palace of Pizarro —the hundred and more monasteries and churches and nunneries, all buildings of interest for the space they cover, and many for the style of their architecture, though now crumbling in their solitude and dust; and the plaza—the alameda —the arena for the bull-fights—the ruins of the inquisition—the views from the high steeples of St. Domingo and the Franciscan Convent and garden walks—and some pleasant acquaintances formed—and the cathedral—all, here, must be omitted, save a single scene in the spacious buildings of the last named pile, whose corner stone was placed by Pizarro, the founder of the empire and the conqueror of Peru. I had several times entered this noble pile, now the fit mausoleum of its founder, but now sought it for the purpose of entering the vault where the bones of Pizarro repose, in their slumber of years. I found the doors closed, but soon a person whom I had not before seen presented himself, who had been directed to attend me, should I finally make my appearance. I was later than the hour of my appointment with one of the priests, owing to my delay at the palace. We advanced to the great altar, from which my attendant took a key. The doors of the immense building were closed. The sombre of mellow light threw its solemn effect over the more than twenty altars that lined the sides of the spacious building, rendered still more shaded by the heavy bars of the doors that shut in these altars, forming for each a side chapel with a space of many feet square. And in this solemn house, three hundred and

twenty feet deep and a hundred and eighty-six feet in width, there stood, in their shady recesses and sacred niches, upon their altars, a thousand images of saints of every age, the apostles, cherubs, angels, the Saviour, the holy family and canonized santas—some arrayed in gaudy tinsel, some in sorrow and sackcloth—some exhibiting the Saviour crowned with thorns and pierced by spear; but here they were, at this moment, in their silence and shade and solemnity. The lightest step upon the tiled pavement could be heard throughout the massive pile, and a whisper would find its way in distinctness to the farthest corner of the walls and the highest curve of the ceiling. We walked down from the great altar, along the middle nave of the building, which is elevated several feet above the floor of the side aisles, beneath which is the vault said to contain, with others of the great in church and state of olden times, the relics of Pizarro.

We descended from the spacious platform or central terrace, where the high mass is chanted; and as we came upon the floor of the side nave, my guide placed his heavy key in the door that opened beneath the platform which we had left. The iron hinges grated as the door opened inward to the vault; and the rays of a lighted taper, that the guide bore in his hand, struggled to overcome the thick darkness, that here seemed to have reigned so long, that the shades had condensed to a materiality of blackness that could be felt, as we entered among them. We descended slowly several steps that brought us to the ground floor of a room, on the left side of which were closed vaults, comparatively of modern construction, sealed with mortar; and the rubbish of useless lumber, such as broken column and capitol of olden altars, and their various ornaments and accompaniments, filled the space with their heaps. We

turned to the right through a low and short passage which ended in an inner room, lined with two tiers of boxes, three high, on three sides. The outer edges of some of them had fallen in, discovering their enclosed skeletons crumbling to slow but final decay. Having examined several on the right, the guide directed me to pass to the opposite side, pointing out to me several loose boards in the centre of the floor, which he cautioned me to avoid. I did not inquire the secret of the dark well they covered, as I well knew that it was the charnel house for the bones of hundreds, for whose souls the masses—how many masses!—have been offered up from the altars that were above us, that their spirits might ascend from purgatory to a happier region. The guide now followed me, and holding low down his taper to a box occupying the farther side of the wall, he added, "Este, Senor, es el cuérpo de Pizarro."—"This, sir, is the body of Pizarro." The edge of the box was broken, and the top gone, showing the dusty and crumbling skeleton, said to be the remaining bones of the conqueror of Peru. The flesh had gone. The scull was naked, showing that it was once the inhabited of a spirit of many years tarry upon earth, as only a few teeth remained in the jaw, while the alveola process, save in two or three spots, had been absorbed. His hands lay crossed upon his breast, exhibiting the skeleton of a remarkably small hand—and his feet corresponding in size. Quicklime, that covered parts of the body, had hardened into white lumps, and was dry. Such is the arid property of the atmosphere here, that all fluids are soon evaporated, and no moisture remains in the deepest cells. And to this circumstance is attributed the long preservation of the relics of the departed. For now, it is three centuries, wanting less than a year, since Pizarro fell. Parts of a dingy

linen shroud still wrapped portions of the relics, and a knotted button clasped a worked thread-lace wristband around the ulna bone of the skeleton. It was a dark place, that depository of the olden dead; and the unlabelled boxes bore the dust of centuries upon their crumbling slabs. I now held in my hand a small relic from the shroud of Pizarro, which lay loose in the skeleton box, and was returning over the planks that covered the well in the centre of the low and narrow room. The guide following my steps, trod upon a rolling block, which canted him against the wall. The taper affixed to the end of a wooden handle which he carried in his hand, brushed against the buttress that supports the terrace of the altar above, and was extinguished, and we were left in darkness. Not a ray from a crevice or crack penetrated the shades of the vault; but we were already in the narrow passage that formed the only outlet into the first room of the lumbered vault. My guide was too familiar with the dead to become alarmed at our situation, and we carefully and safely grouped our way to the door. We passed from the silent vault, by the flight of six or seven steps, to the side nave of the church. The guide closed again the grating door, and turned the key upon that dark and silent repository of the dead!

In the evening I was again passing through the plaza, having proposed a walk with a friend over the bridge, spanning the Rimac. We had reached the plaza, the centre of interest, whatever may be going on by day or by night intended to attract public attention, when a procession of a long train of lanterns was seen advancing from the direction of the cathedral towards us, headed by a bareheaded priest in his canonicals, while the plaintive voices of three females broke on the still air in the strains of a most affecting dirge. A crowd followed with waxen

tapers and painted lanterns, all uncovered; and as they advanced, the gazers-on fell upon their knees as the melancholy procession in slow and solemn step went on their course. It was a striking scene. The night was dark. Not a whisper was heard around the plaza as the procession moved on, and every head was bare, while many crossed themselves, and others told their beads as they knelt on the pavement. It was the Host, moving to the house of the *Infirmo*. The procession moved on, the plaintive dirge dying away in the distance as the lanterns became more and more dim; and the hushed crowd, that had paused on their steps till the procession had passed, now moved again upon their separate ways.

We walked on to the bridge and listened to the murmur of the waters, that, at this season, roar in their rapid course beneath the arches of this fine structure. We thought that we could fancy the scene before us, when Rolla, with the rescued child of Alonzo and his once affianced Cora, rushed across the wooden bridge, with Pizarro's emissaries full in pursuit. And there, in the dim shade, were the rocks by which the retreating hero passed and evaded his pursuers, though a shot had pierced his noble heart. My friend seemed in like musing mood with myself, as we together leaned over the side parapet of the bridge, practically illustrating the sentiment of the dramatist, that

> "They only babble who practice not reflection."

But my friend soon discovered the drift of his thoughts, by asking if I believed Elvira, in Pizarro, to have been a real character.

"I believe, at least, *the truth of her language*," was the reply. "To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the

few privileges poor women have;" which recalls to my mind an expression of a lady more interesting than Elvira was. When asked for the reason of a sentiment she had advanced, "Ladies," she said, "are not required to give their reasons,"—all a very convenient response.

My friend, I concluded, had not followed me quite to the end of my answer, exhibiting my preferences in characters, as he now soliloquized, in the language of Elvira,

> "O men! men! ungrateful and perverse,
> O women, still affectionate, though wronged."

When we had reached the lower side of the plaza, on our return, the procession which had been to bear the Host to the house of the sick woman, said to be at the point of death, was just entering the square again. They advanced along the cathedral, to the smaller chapel at its side, as the plaintive dirge or chanted mass for the Infirmo came again to us over the plaza, in its soft and affecting wail. The lights streamed in the distance through the painted lanterns or from tapers that were borne over the heads of the female singers, the cross and the priest. We passed into the chapel while the last strain from the female voices was ending; and the priest added his Dominus Vobiscum et finem. The lights were extinguished, and the crowd dispersed.

I sat until a late hour this night in the balcony that jutted slightly out from the windows of my room over the side-walk of the street. The city was wrapped in silence; and the tapers that but dimly lighted the city in the early part of the night had gone out. The moisture of the night-fall rendered more distinct the step of the watchman, the shrill sound of whose thrice-blowed whistle, and salutation to the Virgin recurred at every hour. Nowhere

have I heard the watch cry of the hour so sweetly sung as here, succeeding the shrill pipe, which comes to the ear, with its pauses, as a prelude to the sonorous and clear voice, waking after it, in the words of

"Ave Maria Sanctissima—las doce handado,
Viva Peru—y sereno."

Hail Maria, virgin most pure,
By the night-watch twelve is the hour;
Long live Peru, home of the free,
The night is serene, peace be with thee.

To our fathers of the revolution the cry of the old watchman at Philadelphia on one occasion as he passed upon his midnight round, may have been yet more sweet, if not equally sonorous. The town clock struck twelve; and the old watchman regained his youth as his cry repeated the time, and the welcome news,

"Twelve o'clock—all's well—*and Cornwallis is taken.*"

As we entered Callao, on our return from Lima, we passed our amiable First Lieutenant and two or three other officers, who were taking a stroll on shore. They soon came up to the neighbourhood of our landing, and Lieutenant P. introduced to me the Rev. Mr. Small, chaplain of H. B. M. ship President, who had left his card on board the Columbia during my absence to Lima. He waved his invitation to me to dine with him on board the President the succeeding day, and did me the pleasure of taking dinner with myself and the ward-room mess, on board the Columbia.

"But you have not seen the first beauty of Lima, Mr. T.," said an officer very partial in his estimate of Miss Vivéro, as the interest of my visit at the capital was discussed at the mess-table, in the morning. "I have found an old acquaintance on shore, and you must see her."

I had a high opinion of the fine taste of my friend, and consented to make my compliments to the family. Mrs. Vivéro received us with the ease of one of the old Spanish ladies of the country; and in a few moments more, her interesting daughter, la Senorita Gertrudes, made her appearance, with a step that recalled to me the vision of the Lady of the Lake, in whose path

> "Even the light hair-bell raised its head
> Elastic from her airy tread;

and yet, with a becoming reserve that greatly added to her lady-like manner. Her dark eye floated in its clearness and light, correspondent in its shade with the tresses of a suit of fine hair, which since the morning bath had been gathered, *à l'abandon*, in rolls upon the head. The perfect mouth, and fine teeth, and brow so purely fair and womanly, constituted, in their blended features, a face that delayed not to interest, and left its image distinctly traced in the memory. She was in her morning dress and silk slippers, so purely Limanian; and few beautiful women lose interest to their charms in their dishabille of the morning, when adjusted with a negligent air of neatness and taste. La Senorita Gertrudes is an interesting specimen of a Limanian beauty. She preferred Chorillos, she said, to Callao as a bathing place, to which I assented, as all would that love the beauty of the inrolling surf in its finest magnificence, and the grander view there, than at Callao, of the majestic sea. And the North American cities, she thought, she would like to visit, but from the descriptions she had received, would prefer Philadelphia to New-York; to which I demurred, presuming that some interested Philadelphian had prepossessed the young lady in the colourings of partiality he had used, in his graphic delineations

of these rival emporiums. I left this family, with regret that our immediate sailing would prevent me from renewing my calls upon them, agreeably to the very polite invitation of Mrs. Vivéro, as we made them our adieus.

The religious services of the succeeding day were over. The breeze came in, and our two ships got under way together; and under a press of canvass stood out to sea. More than ever before, do we now feel, that we are on our way to blessed home.

SECTION XII.

Doubling Cape Horn. Rio de Janeiro. Home.

The two ships part company. Gale off Cape Horn. Piece of a wreck. Arrival at Rio de Janeiro, the point of our last departure from the West for the Eastern world. Rest. Story of the second visit to Rio delayed. Leaving the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Difficulty in regaining the impression that we are nearing home, after a long voyage abroad. Off Cape Hatteras. Reflections. Things seen in the cruise. Anticipated welcome. Lines —The Traveller's return to his own dear Home.

The Columbia parted company with her consort, the John Adams, when but two or three days out of Callao, and the two ships stood separately on their track, to double Cape Horn.

The Cape is ever regarded as a disagreeable necessity to be encountered, in making the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the return, though less dreaded, is still formidable in the apprehensions of seamen. For ourselves, after a voyage of near two years in the tropics, we anticipated some suffering from cold; with some severe weather, though the season of the year was favourable for doubling a point, which had been more appropriately called by the early appellative of the sister promontory of the Eastern hemisphere, the "Cape of all Terrors."

The winds continued to freshen as we made our southing, until a gale and snow storm and hail greeted us as boon companions, on our course. But our ship, under close-reefed topsail and reefed foresail drove before it, and with the exception of laying to for some five hours, continued on our course with a traverse of ten or eleven

knots the hour. On the seventh of April, we reached our southernmost point—the winds blowing, at times the preceding night, a hurricane, and on one occasion during the mid watch a sea was shipped, in which the men, for a moment, were swimming as if overboard; and though the officer of the deck thought the quarter-boats, for the instant, must have gone, no injury was sustained. The gale continued during the day, the sea running higher than we have before seen it, and the snow drifting in its dark sheets, as seen at sea, before the driving tempest. The hour had reached near the meridian, and a sight of the sun was desirable in view of his absence for the few preceding days; and it was a fortunate, as it was a beautiful coincidence of the hour, that precisely at twelve o'clock, the clouds, as if conscious of our necessities, and in kindness for our solicitudes, gathered up their dark folds. The sun, for one moment, came forth. The next, he was again shut in, and the clouds, in their wild drift again through the heavens, were on their dark and fleet wing. We see how utterly impossible it would be to make headway against such a sea as was this day prevailing, with the winds ahead. But our lively bark drives on before it, buoyant in her own element on the surge, as is the albatros on his wing as he strikes with his pinion his own native air. How terrible would be a wreck in these tumultuous waters, amid the tempest and the cold and the wild rage of the ocean! No hope could long be cherished. We thought of the schooner, belonging to the exploring expedition, which we supposed must have been swamped somewhere near our present position. And in the height of the storm of this day a piece of a wreck drove by us. The first view gave the appearance of three persons, upon a few spars. The First Lieutenant sprang into the rig-

ging, but the drift, in a moment more, was out of sight, though a second glance at it had been sufficient to assure us that no living person was upon it.

The succeeding day we were standing on our course with studdingsails set, and our passage continued to be favourable. In forty-six days from the time of our weighing anchor in Callao Roads, we were moored, once more, in the beautiful and romantic harbour of Rio de Janeiro. We passed through the narrow entrance of the bay, as a figure upon the ramparts of the fortress hailed us through his trumpet; and having learned the port we last left and the number of days out, he waved his trumpet, adding, "Thank you sir; good luck to you."

And now we felt, and with a strangely mingling emotion, that we could say we had made the circuit of the globe. From this point we weighed our anchors nearly two years since, for our long traverse around the world. We have accomplished it; and our noble ship, that has proved us kindly and true, rests again in the waters of this sleeping and lovely bay, after having cut, with her keel, almost every sea and ocean of the globe. And there has been much which we have marked, thought, felt, hoped, feared, and realized, which, at this hour, calls for a remembrance of the Power which has presided over us—directed the winds—stilled the tempest—arrested disease—and preserved the lives of those, who again re-greet the point for which we took our last departure from the western hemisphere, for the eastern world. And it is grateful to the eye, and a cordial to the heart, again to look upon these well known views, the picturesque bay and surrounding mountains, organ peaks, and abrupt precipices, and mellowing of the granite mountains by the evergreen of the luxurious tropics. And Rio de Janeiro

itself, with its white walls and tiled roofs of houses, occupying the hills and plains and ravines and the beach, diminutive in their distant proportions in contrast with the giant elevations of nature around them, yet presents a beautiful whole, which has retained its outline of loveliness in our vision the wide world around. And here we rest, for a moment at least. The English and French men-of-war are numerous in the harbour. And what is worth a thousand men-of-war, *letters* from those we love have been awaiting us, which we devoured with weeping eyes and heaving hearts.

We delayed a number of days at Rio, and the time spent there was agreeably occupied—many objects of interest presenting themselves—new acquaintances formed—rides and walks taken—conversations enjoyed—and reflections made; but all these and the story of our second call at Rio de Janeiro, must be elsewhere told, if told at all.

Thursday morning, May the 6th, was the time fixed for our sailing. I had taken leave of my friends. The land breeze came early over the bay, and all hands, to get under way, were in their stations at daybreak. The ship was cast from her moorings, and fell off gracefully from our nearest neighbour, H. B. M. ship Stag, and with the John Adams already following our motions, we glided towards the mouth of the harbour, passing the two U. S. sloops, the Falmouth and the Decatur, as yet but just awake as we moved near them. The breeze was favourable; but just before we had entered the narrow pass of the harbour the fog fell heavily upon our decks, and the two ships, now abeam, were no longer seen by each other. But the boats were on each side of us, and a hail from one of them soon cried, "The fort is directly ahead, sir." "Ay, ay," was the response, and "Port the helm," was an accompanying

order, which, with a knowledge of the bearings, carried the frigate safely through the narrow passage. The fog lifted, and the John Adams was seen at the windward of us, having unperceived crossed our bows; and, together, once more we are at sea, *on the sixth morning of May*, it being the anniversary morning of our leaving the United States, for our cruise of the world, two years ago.

Our track was now to be a direct one for the homes which we had left so many months before, and after having accomplished so long a traverse around the world. It seemed, however, a difficulty to realize the fact that our next anchorage-ground would be within the waters of the United States—so long and so often had we left foreign ports for still other foreign ports. But the frequent congratulations that were passing—the daily reckoning up of the distance from the port we anticipated to make—and the frequent sound of "Home, sweet, sweet home," on the band, and flute, and in vocal solo from ward-room, state-room, and steerage, began to make their impression, until incredulity itself was forced to yield to the conviction, that it was even so—our next port would be Boston or New-York—Boston, if winds favoured—New-York, if they opposed.

And now, while I am writing this page, on the ninth of June, we are off Cape Hatteras, some hundred miles east of it. The passage from Rio de Janeiro has been favourable thus far, with the exception of the first ten days out; and it has been a time for leisurely reviewing some of the incidents of the cruise. Many of them have been pleasant. Great varieties of the human species have been seen. Greater variety of incident, perhaps, has also been attendant on the cruise, than is usual for a peace-ship to witness. The olden East has been seen—the thousand

casts that go to make up the medley mass of the brown, and bronzed, and ebony faces of Africa, Arabia, and Hindoostan, the lighter-complexioned millions of the Tartars and the Chinese, and the yellow and copper-featured islanders of the north and southern oceans. The beautiful lands of the tropics delight, for a season at least, the gaze of the voyager, as they spread out to his view the luxuriousness of their foliage, and delight his taste with the varieties and deliciousness of their fruits. The adventurous Europeans and Americans abroad have also been seen. The Englishman, in his wide rule, ambition, wealth and taste, beautifying whatever his nation touches, and possessing whatever his nation can frame apology for securing and holding. The Portuguese, those first voyagers on the seas, have left their traces everywhere, but all now with them is decay, evidencing the wreck of superstitious institutions, and the passing away of the intolerance and the arbitrary rule of the earliest possessors of the East, in the goings and in the actions of their first viceroys; but their impressions, their language, and their descendants, still remain as monuments, though in decay, of early enterprise, dominion and power. And the indolent and not unchivalric Spaniard has left, on the western shore of Southern America, a race that has covered the many and beautiful provinces on the shores washed by the Pacific, whose gold and silver and superstitions have been their ruin, but who are beginning to exhibit the evidences of more than recovering their downfall, and elevating themselves to dignity and worth among the independent nations of the world. And France, though her foreign possessions are few, her citizens are everywhere abroad, and amalgamate, with all their native flexibility and frugality, with the descendants of their European neighbours. And Americans, those

everywhere enterprising and adventurous people, have been seen in every corner of the globe, careless alike what revolutions take place, or tumults in morals, politics, or physics, provided they all contribute, as they often do, to fill their treasures with the precious materials from the mines of the earth. And yet money-making as they are, they show themselves to be a race capable of feeling and acting for the advancement of their species universally, in all that is intellectual and moral, as evidenced by the numbers of American missionaries abroad, on every foreign strand of the main in each hemisphere, and almost on every island of every sea—men and women too, that do credit to American intellect, and American Christianity. And the superstitions of heathen nations, in their thousand-formed variety, cruelty, deformity and absurdity, have passed before our observation, in contrast with the benevolent and lovely, and elevating and fit system of the religion of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

And we trust, in the review, that the movements of the squadron have been attended by the acquisition of some addition of honourable consideration, for the nation, whose flag it has borne, in courtesy and dignity, around the world. The ships have everywhere done themselves credit as fine models of their class—for the order and neatness in which they have invariably been kept—and the courteous and honourable bearing they have preserved, wherever they have been. Their civilities have been reciprocated with apparent cordiality and sincerity of feeling. And while foreign nations have spoken kind things of the good ships and the nation whose courtesies they have borne, they have also served, as one of the chief purposes for which they went, to reassure the American abroad, that he has a protecting government at home, which feels a care for the interests of its citizens in other lands.

But on this cruise, many of those who commenced it have been left, in their different places, to their long repose of mortality. Of the frigate's crew more than seventy have died—mostly with diseases attendant on the climates of the East.

But it is known that the crew of a man-of-war is often and most generally made up of men whose constitutions have been broken by previous dissipation, which renders them ready victims of the diseases of tropical climates. The scenes which have been presented to myself, on my rounds among the ill and the dying, have often been affecting. The complaint with which most have died, left the mind clear to the last; and the approaches to the last hour were generally known to the patients themselves. The tear of regret I have often seen to line the emaciated cheek of the departing sailor, as he confessed his wanderings, and lamented his delay of repentance till so late an hour. Again, I have witnessed the trace of despair on the gravely settled features, as a hopelessness possessed the sunken bosom. And again, I have, sometimes, marked the relieving light of hope throwing its brightness on the confiding features, as the spirit left the body for ever.

The cruise of the world will have afforded the lover of the natural sciences many opportunities for gratifying his curiosity, and for illustrating and confirming his theories of the phenomena of the earth and the universe. He has seen the sun and the moon on his south and on his north, and the northern and the southern constellations alternately to go down and come up, as he receded from or neared the equator. The earth he has measured with his own track. Ours, on reaching Boston, will have been *nearly fifty thousand miles*, on our traverse from port to port, as we have accomplished the circuit of the globe.

And to regain a view of the north star, an old

familiar friend, whom we have several times lost on our winding way around the world—having five times crossed the equator, on our cruise—is indeed a welcome incident. And now to read again the stars of the northern hemisphere is most acceptable, many of them having been so long lost on our southern course. They awaken their thousand associations of other days, and look down from their blue halls upon one again with smiles, that seem to re-assure him of a welcome, that shall be sincere, to the climes on which they for ever shine. And we will trust these bright omens, as we continue to near the land of our homes. We know that warm hearts await us, if the life-stream is still coursing them. Solicitudes awake, however, that, in the changes that every epistle bears to us, that others yet nearer of our kindred and choicest friends may have gone, before we shall re-greet them. But the Providence which has been so favourably directing, towards us, so far, is worthy of our trust; and whatever may be its metings-out of good or ill for this life, we will confide in the assurance that "God doeth all things well."

So had I written, a few days since. Our ship has urged on her way until to day, the 11th, she lies on the parallel of New-York, distant some two hundred miles; and this evening, while the sea was as smooth as a lake—the sun mild—and a gentle breeze filling the sails, a large ship, supposed to be one of the "liners" out of New-York, was seen to be standing on, with her studdingsails set; while close-hauled ourselves we were laying across her track.

The "liner" coming on, with the fair breeze filling her canvass under an easy pressure, was anticipated by the courteous frigate, as the men, already at their stations, furled the royals, run up the courses, and hauled down and

stowed the flying-jib. Another moment the yards of the main were braced aback, and the frigate slept on the waters as if she were a fairy ship, that, like some bird of passage, had, for one moment, so bent its pinions as to rest over some object, which attracted the gaze of its peering eye.

Every eye from the "liner" was on the man-of-war. Long ranges of passengers were gazing—ladies in their bonnets and gentlemen in their hats—as if some phantom-ship, by some magic, and in her beauty, had suddenly woke to their sight—for not a head aboard the frigate was seen above the bulwarks, and the distant eye, as it gazed on the war-ship, could find no living being among her rigging, while she was yet held in her place obedient to the will, and every movement seemed but the volition of her own unread and quiet bosom. Not a whisper was heard aboard the frigate as the "liner" was gliding by, and stillness deep as a death-sleep possessed her decks. No hail was given as the vessels were now abeam—nor on board the frigate could a being have been seen, to answer the hail. Not even the ripple beneath the bows of the frigate was heard, as the two ships glided so stilly by on their slow and opposite and even way, until they now began to recede from each other, while the flag of the Columbia, floated, as her only recognition, in its gentle waves on the breeze.

I know not why, but the scene had in it, to me, the height of the melancholy. There were ranges of faces on the decks of the passing ship which I felt I would gladly have recognised and spoken with. And yet no word was heard, and they passed on—and not by uneven steps and varied motion that destroys the spell of enchantment; but as a cloud sails through the deep blue of heaven, on its

soft and monotonous passage, which causes the tide of sadness to flow uninterruptedly out from the bosom of him who gazes upon its even course, with a broken heart. The ship had borne home my own thoughts, as her name and hull were known to me. And in the combinations of the magic scene, I almost fancied that I had reached my home, and found it all as a deserted hall—or, rather, that I dreamed that I was there, and my friends that loved and whom I loved came and gazed kindly on me, but spoke not, and passed on and away for ever. I gazed upon the slowly receding ship, with emotions that each moment continued to deepen, until I leaned upon the nettings as I stood upon the arm-chest of the quarter deck, and, burying my face in my handkerchief, gave freedom to the strangely mingling emotions of my heart. Surely, man's bosom is a strange thing in the ebb and flow of its tides of joyous and melancholy emotions:

> No scale hath measure for its bounding joy,
> No number tells its bitterest alloy;
> And light and shade no quicker come and go
> Than are the changes which our bosoms know.

Our boat had been lowered as the "liner" approached; and with the First Lieutenant in her, she pulled across the bows of the nearing ship and boarded her for the news. He brought us back papers almost wet from the press, and reported the delight which our frigate had created on board the packet-ship. In the language of her captain, "his ship's company were all crazed, even to his own steward," most of them never having before met an American man-of-war at sea.

The breeze freshened after we had parted with the "liner," and our ship stood on her course during the night and the succeeding day, our excitement increasing each

league our good frigate reached on towards our port of destination, until, this morning, the thirteenth of June, twenty-eight days from Rio de Janeiro, the sandy shore of Cape Cod was seen to stretch along its golden rim—golden to us, however barren to those who till it, for it is the long hoped-for strand of our native land that was destined to give us welcome again to the shores of our western homes. Nor could those same banks, with here and there the fields of turf and distant hamlet and church, in contrast with their sandy sides, have been more grateful to the sight of the weather-beaten pilgrims of the May-Flower, than to the vision of ourselves, on our return to end our pilgrimage around the world. And it has now been accomplished. The ship still stood in—the Boston light loomed on the view—a hundred sails were seen gliding along the coast—the pilot received on board—and while I write, the nine o'clock music is heard, as the tattoo rolls through the ship, now lying at her rest and anchors, off the light-house of Boston harbour.*

The boat has gone with our letters, telling our friends that we are again in the waters of the United States, and that we soon will present *ourselves* for their cordial welcome and affectionate embrace.

And it is to this re-greeting of friends and kindred, that the returning voyager gives his thoughts with concentrating feelings, as the anchors of his ship drop in the waters of his own beloved country. The memories of enjoyed scenes among those friends now fill his fancies with visions more dear than any foreign recollections can awaken. And with his friends again he will rest, after a succession of changes which have begun to tire, however interesting they may have been, in the vari-

* The corvette arrived in safety a day or two after us.

-ety they have presented. And it will be a welcome rest, amid welcome circumstances. Such, at least, are the emotions of my own bosom—such the combinations of my own fancies. And I wait but the coming of the orders from the department, which will bear the leaves of absence to the officers of the ship, to realize all that fancy dreams and bosoms feel, on the return of one with warm attachments to kindred, than whom none can be more endeared; and to a home, than which none can be more beloved. At such a moment and with such feelings it is fit to terminate this manuscript. And though all the associations of the following lines may not be exclusively connected with the descriptions of these volumes, now ending, they yet emblem forth the present feelings of the writer, as

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN TO HIS OWN DEAR HOME.

I've wandered 'mid palaces where pleasures are known,
And I've traversed the ocean where the blue waves foam;
I've mingled with great ones, seen the gay earth,
But found nought so dear as my own native hearth:
Home, home, yes, I come,
Oh welcome me back again, my own dear home.

I've strolled on the sea-shores, 'neath suns ever mild;
And I've trailed with the Indian his dark wooded wild;
I've wandered on mountain tops, in valleys below,
But the warm-gush of home-love dearer would flow.

I've breathed with the Zenian* in his own inner land,
The aroma of his teas, and the flowers from his hand;
But the cup and the flower have a richness more dear
Round the board and the mantel where my kindred are near.

I've read the bright night-lights that fairer have shown
From a deeper blue vault than smiles o'er my home;
But longest I've gazed on a pale northern star,
That pointed to the land where my home lay afar.

* Zenia is the ancient name of China.

I've gazed on the disk of the pale beaming moon,
As she rode in her cloud-car high in her noon;
But her wake on the wave as she waned to her rest,
Bore on my sad thoughts to my home in the West.

I've sat by the gifted, as the fair one hath swept
The strings of the lyre while the pæan slept;
But the spell of the lyre that thrilled the fond breast,
Hath served but to bear me to my home in the West.

At far distant altars in worship I've bowed,
But not as a stranger I prayed with the crowd;
For the same hallowed prayers,* my heart oft would melt
In the ever loved temple, at home, as I knelt.

And on my lone cot when my pulses ran low,
And the fever's wild beat hath throbbed my pale brow,
I've heard, in my dream, the death-plunge to the deep,
But I prayed, with my kindred, at last, I might sleep.

However kind strangers in splendour have come
To proffer the traveller their friendship and home,
The smile of the wise, the caress of the gay,
Withheld not his thoughts from the dearer than they.

In shadows of evening when day melts away,
And memories of home o'er the heart hold their sway,
Affection's fond tears their barriers o'ercome,
And the spell that is on me cries back to my home.

No more then I'll roam from the land of my birth
To gaze on the world in its splendour or mirth;
'Twill more than suffice that I've learned its false glare,
As the days of my future with loved ones I share:
Home, home, ay, I come,
And ever I'll cling to thee, my own dear home.

* Service of the Episcopal Church.

THE END.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016